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*Christinae /
from his friends H. F. E. Smith, F. C.
and G. C. Bradley.*



CONFESSIO AMANTIS



GOWER'S CONFESSTION OF A LOVER

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.



CONFESSIO AMANTIS OF

John Gower

EDITED AND COLLATED

WITH THE BEST MANUSCRIPTS BY

DR. REINHOLD PAULI



VOL. I.

LONDON

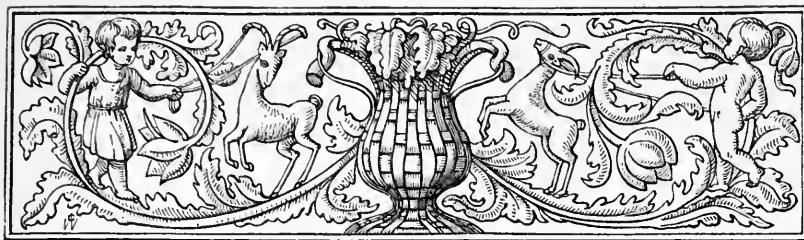
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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

I.—LIFE OF JOHN GOWER.



THE materials for a biography of John Gower the poet are scanty, and quite insufficient for a sketch of his personal history; and his writings contain very few of those allusions to himself which are so frequently met with in similar works. The date of his birth is unknown, and within seventy years of his death his descent and the place of his birth seem to have been entirely forgotten. Caxton, who in 1483 printed the first edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, styles him, *Johan Gower squyer borne in Walys in the tyme of kyng richard the second*; Gower being the name of a family of some repute, resident in a district of South Wales called Gowerland, which occurs occasionally in the public records of the poet's day;* but beyond Caxton's assertion, no proof that he was a native of the principality is known to exist. We have no direct evidence

* Henry le Gower, the well known bishop of St. David's, died in 1347. Thomas Gower, Burgenis ville de Havreford in Suthwallia, occurs on Rot. Pat. 18 Ric. II. p. 1. memb. 22.

that he was educated either at Oxford or Cambridge, though his great knowledge in all branches of medieval learning, especially as displayed in his *Confessio Amantis*, affords a strong presumption, that he must have been a student at one of the universities. It is one of the many inventions of Leland,* that Gower was a lawyer; others have made him a member of the Temple and even a judge; there is however as little proof of such representations as of those respecting Chaucer having belonged to the legal profession: nor does it appear that a judge bearing the name of Gower sat on the bench during the fourteenth century.† It is certain, however, that he was the owner of much landed property, and received a learned education; and his compositions in Latin, French and English, prove that he was a highly cultivated English gentleman, and one of the earliest poets in his mother-tongue.

The next mention of the poet occurs in Leland, who heard‡ that he belonged to the ancient family of the Gowers of Stitenham in Yorkshire, the ancestors of the marquis of Stafford, which family, tradition states, came from Britanny with William the Conqueror in his expedition to England. This statement has been repeated by Bale, Pitts, and Holinshed, who contented themselves with merely copying from Leland; but the late Rev. Henry J. Todd§ has attempted to support it by documentary evidence, which, he asserts, remained un-

* *Commentarii de Script. Brit.* p. 414. Coluit forum et patrias leges lucri causa.

† *Foss*, *Judges of England*, iv. p. 28.

‡ *Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis*, ed. Hall, p. 414. Johannes Goverus, vir equestris ordinis, ex Stitenhamo, villa Eboracensis provinciæ, *ut ego accepi*, originem ducens, etc.

§ *Illustrations of the Lives and Writings of Gower and Chaucer*, London, 1810.

noticed up to his time. Mr. Todd's evidence however has, unfortunately for his argument, very little foundation. He expresses his desire “to connect, according to a proud family tradition, the poet Gower with that illustrious house of the same name,” and conjectures that a remarkable manuscript of the *Confessio Amantis*, of which the marquis of Stafford was then in possession, and which is now the property of the earl of Ellesmere, “was a present from the author to one of the Gower family soon after the completion of the work.”* It will appear hereafter, how very slightly Mr. Todd examined this manuscript.

He mentions also, as further evidence of this Family connexion, a deed in the archives of the marquis of Stafford executed by Robert de Ranclif of Stitenham, dated the Wednesday next after Easter, the 19th of April 1346, which was witnessed amongst others by a John Gower. But this charter is indorsed, as Mr. Todd himself remarks, “in the handwriting of at least a century later.”† “1346. *Johannes Gower, witness only Sr John Gower the poet.*”

Mr. Todd has likewise published the poet's last will; but this document has not the slightest reference to Yorkshire, and a number of records exist in which property of the very same testator, situated in several southern and eastern counties, is mentioned.

Since Todd's publication other particulars have been brought to light, principally through the research of that indefatigable genealogist and antiquary, the late Sir Harris Nicolas, which go far to show, that the poet belonged altogether to a different family, and that he was born and dwelt in Kent, where he possessed considerable pro-

* Illustrations of Chaucer and Gower, p. 109.

† Ibid. p. xviii. 91.

perty. Sir H. Nicolas observes,* that “the strongest evidence against the opinion, that the poet was of the Yorkshire family of Gower, exists in the entire difference of their arms.” On the poet’s tomb in Southwark and on a seal attached to a deed executed by John Gower and dated 1373, the same coat is emblazoned, thus demonstrating that the poet and this John Gower are one and the same person. These arms are Argent on a chevron, Azure, three leopards’ heads, Or. Both crests are also identical, on a chapeau a talbot passant. Whereas the Gowers of Stitenham bear Barry, Argent, and Gules, a crofs patee flore, Sable; and for their crest a wolf passant, Argent, collared and chained, Or. Sir Harris Nicolas on the authority of one of the Cottonian MSS. (*Julius C.* vii. fol. 152) states that there was living at the same period another John Gower, who bore a coat entirely different from the two families above mentioned. He was a party to a deed with Ralph Spigurnell and Sir John de Byshopston, dated Westminster, the 20th of August 1359, and enrolled on *Rot. Pat.* 33 Edw. III. p. ii. membr. 6. By this instrument the king confirms to him and others certain grants for life made by Roger Mortimer, earl of March. One of the manors granted is that of Bridgewater in Somerset, with which the descendants of the Gowers of Stitenham have only recently been connected.

In the fourteenth century a family of respectability of the name of Gower dwelt in Suffolk and probably resided occasionally in Kent, to which attention was first drawn by Weever,† who, when mentioning the epitaph of Sir Robert Gower on his tomb at Brabourne, adds: “From this familie John Gower the poet was descended.”

Sir Robert Gower, knight, obtained on the 25th of June

* *Retrospective Review, Second Series,* ii. p. 111.

† *Funeral Monuments,* p. 270, fol. 1631.

1333 from David de Strabolgi, earl of Athol, who was killed in the Scotch wars in 1335, a grant of the manor of Kentwell with its appurtenances in Suffolk. Sir Robert died in or before the year 1349, for the said manor was granted at that time to Katherine, Countess of Athol, to hold until the heirs of the deceased became of age.* He was buried in the church of Brabourne near Ashford in Kent, where a brass monument was formerly preserved with his effigy, holding a shield charged with the same arms as those on the poet's tomb and on the seal of the above-mentioned deed executed by John Gower in 1373. Sir Robert Gower left two daughters as his heirs, of whom Katherine, the elder, died in the year 1366, and her sister Joan, the wife of William Neve of Wyting, succeeded her in her moiety of Kentwell. Neve must have died within two years of that date, for on the 28th June 1368 Thomas Syward, pewterer and citizen of London, and Joan his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Gower, knight, granted the manor of Kentwell in Suffolk to John Gower,† who certainly was the next heir and a near relative to Joan, though we do not learn whether he was her cousin, nephew, or brother.

By a deed executed at Orford, on Thursday the 30th of September 1373, John Gower conferred the whole of his manor of Kentwell in Suffolk upon John Cobham, knight, William Weston, Roger Ashburnham, Thomas Brokhill, and Thomas Preston, rector of Tunstall. Some of the feoffees, especially Sir John Cobham, resided in Kent, and the document was likewise executed in that county. Can it be a mere coincidence, says Sir Harris Nicolas, that the poet in his will mentions his manor of

* Nicolas, Retrospect. Rev. p. 107, from the original charters and inquisitions.

† Ibid. pp. 107-8.

Multon in Suffolk, which is scarcely fifteen miles distant from Kentwell, and appoints Sir Arnold Savage, a Kentish knight, whose family was closely related to the Cobhams, and William Denne likewise of Kent, to be his executors?* It appears far more probable that John Gower the owner of Multon, and John Gower the owner of Kentwell, who bore the same arms, lived at the same time, held property in Suffolk, and possessed at least friends in Kent, was one and the same person.

The name of Gower does not occur very frequently either in royal or private grants, and that of John Gower is still rarer. All records therefore in which a John Gower is mentioned as having lived during the second part of the fourteenth century in *Suffolk* and *Kent*, may reasonably be referred to the poet himself, and not to the Gowers of Stitenham, from whom the present noble family of Gower is descended.

Fortunately a careful search of the Close Rolls of Edward III. and Richard II., undertaken for the purpose, has yielded some evidence unknown to previous writers, which converts the conjecture of Sir Harris Nicolas into a certainty. The first document bearing upon the subject is a charter dated the 1st of August 1382, by which Guy de Rowcliffe, clerk, grants and confirms the manor of Feltwell in the county of Norfolk and the manor of Multon in Suffolk, which had been granted to him by Thomas de Catherton, to John Gower, *esquire of Kent*, to have and to hold in fee to the said John Gower and his heirs male by due and accustomed services. The next is a deed dated the 3rd of August 1382, by which John Gower, *esquire of Kent*, releases for ever to Guy de Rowcliffe, clerk, who had granted to him and his heirs on the 1st of August the manors of Feltwell and Multon, all manner of warranty

* *Retrospective Review*, p. 106.

for the said manors. This release was acknowledged in Chancery by the aforesaid John Gower in person on the 28th of the same month.*

These instruments show that John Gower belonged to the county of Kent, and that on the 1st August 1382 he became legally possessed of the manors of Feltwell in Norfolk and Multon in Suffolk; mention is also made of the Manor of Multon in Suffolk in his will, which proves almost to demonstration, that the John Gower referred to in those deeds was also the author of the *Confessio Amantis*, who lies buried in St. Saviour's, Southwark, and whose will has happily been preserved at Lambeth Palace.

On the 6th August 1382, John Gower the poet granted his manors of Feltwell and Multon to Thomas Blake-lake, parson of the church of St. Nicholas at Feltwell and four other persons for the sum of £40 to be paid annually in the conventional Church at Westminster. This indenture was entered in Chancery on the 24th of October in the same year, and the same grant was repeated on the 29th of February, 1384.†

Two similar documents remain to be mentioned. By one dated the 3rd of February 1381, 4 Ric. II. Isabella, daughter of Walter de Huntingfield, remits all the right and claim she has from her father to certain lands and tenements belonging to the parishes of Throwley and Stalesfield in the county of Kent to John Gower and John Bowland, clerk.‡ By the other dated the 10th of June

* Rot. Claus. 6 Ric. II. p. 1. memb. 27 dorso. Both documents are in French : Sachent toutes gentz moy Guy de Rouclif' Clerc' auoir donee grauntee et par ceste ma chartre conferme a Johan Gower Esquier de Kent etc. A tous iceux, qui cestes lettres verront ou orront, Johan Gower Esquier de Kent salutz en dieux. Sachez que come Guy de Rouclyf' Clerc' etc.

† Rot. Claus. 6 Ric. II. p. 1. membr. 23 dorso. Rot. Claus. 7 Ric. II. membr. 17 dorso. see Retr. Rev. p. 117.

‡ Rot. Claus. 4 Ric. II. membr. 15 dorso, entered in Chancery on the 28th March.

1385, 8 Ric. II. the same Isabella, daughter and heir of Walter de Huntingfield of the county of Kent, remits to John Gower of *the same county* for herself and her heirs all actions, plaints, and demands which may have arisen between them from the beginning of the world up to the present day.* In the document dated the 3rd February 1381 Gower is not described as belonging to the county of Kent; perhaps he did not enter upon his property in that county until the year in which the great rebellion of the Commons took place; an event which he has so circumstantially noticed in his Latin poem the *Vox Clamantis*.

In 39 Edw. III. 1365, William, son of Sir William Septvanvs, knight, granted to John Gower and his heirs a rental of ten pounds out of the manor of Wygebergh in Essex, and released to him and his heirs by a second instrument the manor of Aldyngton in Kent with the rent of 14*s. 6d.* and of one cock, thirteen hens, and forty eggs out of Maplescomb.† From this it would appear that Gower also possessed property in Essex.

But the only reliable facts to be gathered from these documents are, that John Gower the poet, if not the direct descendant, was at least the heir of a knight, whose property was situated in Suffolk, and who was buried in Kent; that the poet called himself esquire of the county of Kent; that he held various manors at least in three, if not in more counties; that he was careful in entering for his own security all leases and releases to which he was a party on the rolls of Chancery, and that he was a member of an opulent family in the south of England.

An extract from the register of W^m de Wykeham

* Rot. Claus. 8 Ric. II. membr. 5 dorso, entered in Chancery on the same day, in perpetuum quietum clamasse Johanni Gower de eodem Comitatu.

† Rot. Claus. 39 Edw. III. membr. 21 dorso.

preserved in the registry of Winchester mentions the marriage of a John Gower to Agnes Groundolf at St. Mary Magdalen's, Southwark, on the 25th of January, 1397, and the facts that the poet's wife was named Agnes and that he does not mention any issue in his will suggest the inference that the person mentioned is John Gower the poet, and that he was not married until he reached old age.*

His tastes and perhaps residence in the same vicinity may have occasioned an intimacy between him and his great contemporary and brother poet Chaucer, who like himself was connected with the county of Kent; but we do not find any evidence to show that they were fellow students either at Oxford or in the Temple: although when Chaucer, soon after the accession of Richard II., was sent on a mission to the Continent, he, in a deed dated the 21st May, 1378, appointed John Gower and Richard Forrester his attorneys during his absence.† That the two poets were friends, and considered each other fellow labourers, is satisfactorily confirmed by the compliments they pay each other in some of their works. Chaucer inserts at the end of *Troilus and Crefeide* a dedication:

“*O morall Gower, this booke I direct
To thee and to the philosophicall Strode,*

* Willelmus permissione divina Wyntoniensis Episcopus, dilecto in Christo filio, domino Willelmo, capellano parochiali ecclesiæ S. Mariæ Magdalenaæ in Suthwerk, nostræ diocefis, salutem, gratium, et benedictionem. Ut matrimonium inter Joannem Gower et Agnetem Groundolf dictæ ecclesiæ parochianos sine ulteriore bannorum editione, dumtamen aliud canonicum non obfistat, extra ecclesiam parochialem, in Oratorio ipsius Joannis Gower infra hospicium cum in prioratu B. Mariæ de Overee in Suthwerk prædicta situatum, solempnizare valeas licenciam tibi tenore præsentium, quatenus ad nos attinet concedimus specialem. In cuius rei testimonium sigillum nostrum fecimus his apponi. Dat. in manorio nostro de alta clera vicesimo quinto die mensis Januarii A. D. 1397, et nostræ consecrationis 31mo.

† Nicolas, Life of Chaucer, pp. 37, 125.

*To vouchsafe there need is to correct
Of your benignities and zeales good.”**

The epithet moral is applied very properly to the general character of Gower's writings ; and it may be remarked, that Chaucer's desire that Gower should correct whatever was needed, shows that he considered him a competent judge in matters of poetry.

As if in answer to this compliment, Gower makes Venus say in some copies of the *Confessio Amantis* :

“ *And grete well Chaucer, whan ye mete,
As my disciple and my poete.
For in the floures of his youth,
In sundry wise, as he well couth,
Of dittees and of songes glade,
The which he for my sake made,
The lond fulfilled is over all,
Wherof to him in speciall
Above all other I am most holde.
Forthynow in his daies olde
Thou shalt him telle this message,
That he upon his later age
To sette an ende of all his werke
As he, which is min owne clerke,
Do make his testament of love,
As thou hast do thy shrifte above,
So that my court it may recorde.”†*

Nevertheless it has been suggested that their friendship was afterwards interrupted,‡ and the following reasons

* Aldine edition, 1845, v. 172.

† See the present edition, Vol. III. p. 374.

‡ Tyrwhitt, Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales, § 14. Todd, Illustrations, p. xxvii ; and Godwin, Life of Chaucer, II. p. i. *et seq.*

have been adduced in support of the conjecture. Chaucer declaims in the Prologue to the *Man of Lawes Tale** against such dreadful and lewd tales—“ unkinde abominations”—as he calls them, as those of Canace and Appollinus of Tyre, which are undoubtedly amongst the best stories told in the *Confessio Amantis*. Tyrwhitt first suspected this to be a direct attack by Chaucer on Gower, with whom Godwin imagines he must have quarrelled. However, it has not escaped Tyrwhitt, that the *Man of Lawes Tale* and that of the *Wife of Bath* are either directly borrowed from Gower, or have been taken by both poets from one common source. It is therefore highly improbable, that Chaucer, speaking in the person of the *Man of Law*, really intended to express in such a strange manner his disrespect for a friend, who like himself had attained to an advanced age. Another supposition for the disturbance of their friendship has arisen from the complimentary verses on Chaucer, which only appear in the loyal edition addressed to king Richard II, having been omitted in a number of copies of the *Confessio Amantis*, dedicated to Henry of Lancaster. But this may be thus accounted for. The verses occur at the end of the poem, and the Lancaster copy which appeared in 1392-3, at a time when Chaucer was in trouble with the existing government, terminates altogether differently; † it is therefore not unlikely, that Gower, timid and obsequious by nature, had some reason for not mentioning his friend in the edition destined for the acceptance and perusal of Henry. The omission may show selfish feeling on the part of Gower; but it certainly does not prove that their friendship was interrupted.

In the 17th year of Richard II. 1393-4, Henry of Lancaster presented “un esquier John Gower,” “perhaps”

* Aldine edition, II. 135.

† Nicolas, Life of Chaucer, p. 50.

one of that prince's retainers, with a collar. The poet is represented on his tomb with a collar of SS, to which a swan, Henry's badge, is appended ; but, as that badge is believed not to have been assumed by Henry until after the demise of Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, in September 1397, the swan may have been given to Gower at a subsequent period.* It does not seem too much to presume, that the collar was presented to the poet as a direct acknowledgment of the dedication of his work, which, as has already been mentioned, was addressed in the previous year to Henry earl of Derby.

In the year 1400, about the time when Chaucer died, Gower, who in the dedication to the *Confessio Amantis* had previously complained of sickness,† became blind from old age, and in the year following was obliged to give up writing, as appears from some Latin verses, which are found in several MSS.‡ Feeling the approach of death, he abandoned to others writing about the things of this world, and made preparations for a pious end.§

* Nicolas, in *Retrospect. Rev.* p. 117, from a record in the Duchy of Lancaster Office.

† *Though I sikenesse have upon bonde*, vol. i. p. 4, 5.

‡ Printed in Thynne's edition of Chaucer, 1532. fo. 377., b. and, with some variation, in Balades and other Poems of John Gower, Roxburghe Club, 1818. It has the following Epigraph :

“ Explicit carmen de pacis commendatione, quod ad laudem et memoriam serenissimi principis domini regis Henrici quarti suis humilis orator Johannes Gower composuit.”

“ *Henrici quarti primus regni fuit annus,
Quo mibi defecit visus ad acta mea,*” etc.

and in MSS. of *Vox Clamantis* :—

“ *Henrici regis annus fuit ille secundus,
Scribere dum cesso, sum quia cecus ego.*”

See *Retr. Rev.* p. 116.

§ *Ibid.*

“ *Vana tamen mundi mundo scribenda reliqui
Scriboque finali carmine vado mori.
Scribat qui veniet post me discrecior alter,
Ammodo namque manus et mea penna silent.*”

A circumstantial will was executed by him on the day of the Assumption of the holy Virgin, the 15th August 1408 in the Priory of St. Mary Overy's, the mother-church of Southwark. By it he bequeaths to the Prior, the Sub-prior, the Canons and the servants of the said convent liberal donations varying from £1 to 1 shilling each ; he makes similar gifts to the church of St. Mary Magdalen and the four parish churches in Southwark,—St. Margaret's, St. George's, St. Olave's, and St. Mary Magdalen's near Bermondsey—for lamps, garments, and prayers for his soul ; and he leaves other sums to the masters and inmates of the Hospitals of St. Thomas the Martyr in Southwark, St. Thomas Elsingspital, Bedlam, Bishopsgate without, and St. Mary's, Westminster. He desires that his body shall be buried in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist in St. Mary Overy's, and he bequeaths as a perpetual gift for the altar in the said chapel two costly silken priest's dresses, a large new missal, and a new chalice. The Prior and Convent are also to preserve in memory of him a large book entitled *Martilogium* (*Martyrologium*), which had recently been written out at his own expense. He next leaves a hundred pounds to his wife Agnes, who is not mentioned in any other document. She is likewise to retain three cups, one coverlet, two saltcellers and twelve spoons of silver, and to have all his beds and chests with all the appurtenances of hall, pantry, and kitchen, a chalice and garment for the altar of their private chapel, and for the time she survives her husband the full enjoyment of all rents due to him from the lease of his two manors, Southwell in Nottingham, and Multon in Suffolk. He appoints his said wife; Sir Arnold Savage, knight; an esquire Robert; William Denne, canon of the king's chapel; and John Burton, clerk; his executors. The will was proved by Agnes Gower at Lambeth before Archbishop Thomas Arundel on the 24th of October;

and the administration of the property not specified therein was granted to her on the 7th of November following.* Consequently the poet must have died between the 15th of August and 24th of October in that year.

Several subjects connected with this document must remain undecided. A search made for the poet's title to the manor of Southwell in Nottingham has been unsuccessful. No mention is made of his property in Kent, Essex, and Norfolk, and there is no clause whatever referring to a son and heir. It is asserted by Sir Harris Nicolas :† "that such an omission renders it unlikely that he had issue, but it is not conclusive. It is manifest from the probate,‡ that he had other property than that spoken of in his will, and if he had only one son, or if he had female issue only, he or they would have succeeded to it ; hence it was not requisite, that he should specially provide for them by legacies." The research of the same distinguished genealogist has connected, as the probable descendants of the poet, such persons of the name of Gower as occur in Kent and Surrey during the fifteenth century.§

Another important record concerning Gower is preserved on his tomb and monument still extant in St. Mary Overy's, now St. Saviour's Southwark, of which Blore || has given a good engraving and the following description :

"The monument of John Gower is in the Chapel of St. John,¶ in the north aisle of the nave of St. Mary Overy's,

* Johannis Gower nuper defuncti, see Testament, Todd, Illustrations, p. 87. Blore, Sepulchral Antiquities, and Nicolas, Retr. Rev. p. 103.

† Retr. Rev. p. 111.

‡ Pro eo, quod idem defunctus nonnulla bona optimuit in diversis dioceſibus nostri Cantuariensis provincie.

§ See pedigree, Retr. Rev. p. 114.

|| The monumental remains of noble and eminent persons comprising the Sepulchral Antiquities of Great Britain, 1826.

¶ The chapel of St. John has long since disappeared ; the tomb stood

commonly called St. Saviour's Church, in Southwark. It is entirely of stone, and consists of a canopy of three arches with bouquet [crocketed] pediments, parted by finials, and at the back of each pediment three niches, of which there are also seven in front of the altar tomb." Berthelette, in the introduction to his edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, published in 1532, gives the following description of the representations of Charity, Mercy, and Pity, now nearly obliterated, which were painted against the wall within the three upper arches. " Beside on the wall where he lieth, there be peinted three virgins, with crownes on their heades, one of the whiche is written Charitie, and she holdeth this diuise in her hande :—

" *En toy qui es filz de dieu le pere
Sauve soit qui gisit souz cest piere.*

" The second is written Mercie, which holdeth in her hande this diuise :—

" *O bon Jesu fait ta mercie
Al alme, dont le corps gisit icy.*

" The thyrde of them is written Pitee, whiche holdeth in her hande this diuise followynge :—

" *Pour ta Pite Jesu regarde
Et met cest alme en sauve garde.*"

On the top of the altar tomb is the effigy of the poet; his head reclining on three volumes, representing his three great works and inscribed with their respective titles. The hair falls in large curls on his shoulders, and is crowned with a chaplet of four roses, originally, as Leland* tells us, intermixed with ivy, " in token, says Berthelette, that a little westward of the north transept, until 1830, when it was removed into the south transept.

* *Commentarii*, p. 415. Habet ibidem statuam dupli insignem nota, nempe aureo torque et hederacea corona rosis interferta, illud militis, hoc poetæ ornamentum.

he in his life daies, flourished freshely in literature and science." It is inscribed, *ihi merci*. A long robe, closely buttoned down the front, extends from the neck to the feet, which are entirely covered. A collar of SS., from which is suspended a small swan, chained, the badge of Henry IV, hangs from his neck ; his feet rest upon a lion, and above, within a panel of the side of the canopy, a shield is suspended, charged with his arms, Argent on a chevron, Azure, three leopards' heads, Or ; crest, on a cap of maintenance, a talbot seiant [passant]. Under the figure of Mercy are these lines :—

*Armigeri scutum nihil a modo fert tibi tutum ;
Reddidit immolatum morti generale tributum ;
Spiritus exutum regaudeat esse solutum
Est ubi virtutum regnum sine labe statutum.*

On the ledge of the tomb was an inscription, now entirely gone :—

*Hic jacet J. Gower, arm.
Angl. poeta celeberrimus ac
Huic sacro edificio benefac^r insignis.
Vixit temporibus Ed. III. et R. II.*

Adjoining the monument there hung originally a table granting 1500 days' pardon, "ab ecclesia rite concessos," for all those who devoutly prayed for his soul."*

It is affirmed by Leland,† that Gower was one of the principal benefactors of the Priory of St. Mary Overy's, which had been burnt down in 1212, and that he contributed considerable sums towards rebuilding it in the reign of Richard II. His monument has been repaired three times ; first in 1615, next in 1764, and lastly in 1830 by earl Gower, marquis of Stafford, the present duke of Sutherland.

* Caxton's Edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, 1483, fol. 211^b.

† *Commentarii*, p. 416, & *Collectanea*, I, p. 106.

II.—HIS WRITINGS AND CHARACTER.

A YOUNG and healthy literature is generally the offspring of some remarkable epoch in the history of the nation to which it belongs ; for men's minds are fertilized and invigorated by the actions of great political events, and an impulse is given to their imagination and language, which more tranquil times would probably never have evoked. This observation especially applies to England in the fourteenth century, when the long reign of Edward III. had been marked by circumstances the most varied and extraordinary in its history. The eyes of all Europe were fixed for a time on a struggle between two empires for the crown of one of them. Great wars with France had been crowned with unparalleled success to the arms of the king and his brave son ; but at last a sudden check reversed the splendid picture. The once glorious king, borne down by premature old age and decay of intellect, saw nearly all his conquests snatched from him, and the security of his island empire menaced by the enemy, while his people, who for many years had borne the burden of the war with cheerful patriotism, for which they had obtained concessions of inestimable political rights, began to clamour against the king's ill success, and to demand a direct share in the administration of public affairs. The vicious and corrupt state of the church had brought on the first serious attempt at a reformation ; and a bold and honest priest had risen to preach the Gospel in the vernacular tongue “ free and truly.” The whole order of things as they then existed seemed on the point of collapsing, when Edward, by this time become a wretched dotard, died in the arms

of a concubine, and his grandson, a mere boy, succeeded to the throne. Ere Richard had reigned four years, the Commons, who had long viewed with indignation the possession of wealth and the exclusive enjoyment of political privileges by the higher orders of society, and who had imbibed very erroneous ideas of property, government, and religion, revolted, and for a moment threatened the country with a general conflagration. Their rising struck terror into the hearts of the more peaceable part of the community. Nor were the disasters consequent on this event unaccompanied by others of equal gravity. Crown and country being both exhausted, no fresh successes against the French were obtained, and a spirit of discontent began rapidly to pervade all classes. This young and headstrong prince made two dangerous attempts to wrest from the people what they claimed as their ancient and hard earned rights, and for a short time succeeded in ruling them with true despotism ; but the century closed with his deposition, the accession of a skilful usurper and a universal reaction in church and state.

Nevertheless not only did civil and religious liberty take so firm a root as to enable it to withstand the most violent political tempests of succeeding ages, but the first blossoms of English literature, forerunners of repeated brilliant displays of genius, began to expand during this period, and it is as one of the earliest labourers in this hitherto uncultivated field, that John Gower will ever be honourably mentioned.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, there existed in England no national language ; the court, nobility, parliament, and even the courts of law spoke French, the church generally made use of Latin, and public acts were written in either language, while the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race employed a dialect of direct Saxon

derivation, but modified and softened by time, and occasionally mixed up with words of Romance origin. These three tongues, from all of which the English language was rapidly forming itself, remained in public use throughout the century. In 1362 Parliament was first opened by a speech in English, and the courts of law subsequently adopted the same language; Chaucer had already begun to write, and Gower, whose earlier works had been composed in French and Latin, now used his mother-tongue. There is no better illustration of this singular transition to the English language than a short enumeration and description of Gower's writings.

The head of the figure sculptured on his tomb reclines on three volumes representing his three great works, written in as many languages: the *Speculum Meditantis*, the *Vox Clamantis*, and the *Confessio Amantis*. Several MSS. and Caxton's edition of the English poem contain the following short characteristic sketch of each of them drawn up probably by the poet himself, but differing, like his two editions of the *Confessio Amantis*, according to his position in relation to the political events of the day.

Quia unusquisque prout
a Deo accepit aliis impartire
tenetur, Johannes Gower
super hiis que Deus sibi in-
tellectualiter donavit, villica-
cacionis sue rationem dum
tempus instat secundum ali-
quid alleviare cupiens, inter
labores et ocia ad aliorum
noticiam tres libros doctrine
causa forma subsequenti
propterea composuit.

Primus liber Gallico ser-

Quia unusquisque prout
a Deo accepit aliis impartiri
tenetur, Johannes Gower
super hiis que Deus sibi
sensualiter donavit, villica-
cacionis sue rationem dum
tempus instat secundum ali-
quod alleviare cupiens, inter
labores et ocia ad aliorum
noticiam tres libros doctrine
causa forma subsequenti
propterea composuit.

Primus liber Gallico ser-

mone editus in decem dividitur partes et tractans de viciis et virtutibus necnon de variis huius seculi gradibus viam, qua peccator transgressus ad sui creatoris agnitionem redire debet, recto tramite docere conatur. Titulus libelli istius *Speculum hominis* nuncupatus est.

Secundus enim liber sermone Latino versibus exametri compositus tractat super illo mirabili eventu, qui in Anglia tempore Regis Ricardi Secundi anno regni sui quarto contigit, quando serviles rustici impetuose contra nobiles et ingenuos regni insurrexerunt, innocentiam tamen dicti Domini Regis tunc junioris etatis causam inde excusabilem pronuncians culpas aliunde, et quibus et non a fortuna talia inter homines continentur enormia, evidencius declarat. Titulusque voluminis huius, cuius ordo septem continet pagas, *Vox Clamantis* nominatur.

Tercius iste liber Anglo sermone in octo partes divisus, qui ad instanciam

mone editus in decem dividitur partes et tractans de viciis et virtutibus necnon de variis huius seculi gradibus viam, qua peccator transgressus ad sui creatoris agnitionem redire debet, recto tramite docere conatur. Titulusque libelli istius *Speculum Meditantis* nuncupatus est.

Secundus enim liber sermone Latino metrice compositus tractat de variis infortuniis tempore Regis Ricardi Secundi in Anglia contingentibus, unde non solum regni proceres et communes tormenta passi sunt, sed et ipse crudelissimus Rex suis ex demeritis ab alto corruens in foveam quam fecit finaliter proiectus est. Nomenque voluminis huius *Vox Clamantis* intitulatur.

Tercius iste liber qui ob reverenciam strenuissimi domini sui Domini Henrici

serenissimi Principis dicti Domini Regis Anglie Ricardi Secundi conficitur secundum Danielis propheticam super huius mundi regnorum mutacione a tempore Regis Nabogodonosor usque nunc tempora distinguit. Tractat eciam secundum Nectanabum et Aristotelem super hiis, quibus Rex Alexander tam in sui regimine quam aliter amorem et amantum condiciones fundamentum habet, ubi variarum cronicarum historiarumque finem necnon poetarum philosophorumque Scripture ad exemplum distinctius inferuntur. Non menque presentis opusculi *Confessio Amantis* specialiter nuncupatur.

The French poem is placed first in order, and there is sufficient reason to believe, that Gower in the earlier part of his career chiefly made use of this language. No copy of the *Speculum Meditantis* has yet been discovered; what Warton† and his copyists erroneously describe as such, is another short French poem under the title, “*Un Traitee felonc les aueteurs pour ensamplier les amants marietz au fin qils la foy de lour feints espousailles pourront pur fine loyalte garder et al honeur de Dieu*

* MS. Harl. 3869, fol. 366, and Caxton, fol. 210^b.

† History of English Poetry, ed. 1840, II. p. 226.

de Lancastria tunc Derbie Comitis Anglo sermone conficitur secundum Danielis propheticam super huius mundi regnorum mutacione a tempore Regis Nabogodonosor usque nunc tempora distinguit. Tractat eciam secundum Aristotalem super hiis, quibus Rex Alexander tam in sui regimine quam aliter eius discipline edocitus fuit. Principale tamen huius operis materia super amorem et infatuatas amantum passiones fundamentum habet. Nomenque sibi appropriatum *Confessio Amantis* specialiter sortitus est.*

* It has lately been discovered in French, entitled “*Miroir de l’ame*.”

salvement tener." This work is occasionally met with in manuscript, and has been partially printed.* The contents, examples from mythology, and history, correspond with the title. But there are fifty French Ballads, found only in a very valuable MS. in the possession of the duke of Sutherland, and printed in 1818 for the Roxburghe Club, which are undoubtedly the productions of the poet's younger years. They are tender in sentiment and not unrefined with regard to language and form, especially if we consider that they are the work of a foreigner. They treat of love in the manner introduced by the Provençal poets, which was afterwards generally adopted by those in the north of France. A few specimens cannot fail to give a favourable idea of Gower's skill and expression.

Balade xv.

*"Com lesperver qe vole par creance
Et de son las ne poet partir envoie,
De mes amours ensi par resemblance
Jeo sui liez sique par nulle voie
Ne puiss aler samour ne me convoie,
Vous manetz, dame, estrait de tiele mue,
Combien qe vo presence ades ne voie
Mon coer remanit qe point ne se remue.*

*"Soubtz vo confreignte et soubtz vo governance
Amour mad dit qe jeo me supple et ploie,
Sicome foial doit faire a sa ligeance
Et plus dassetz si faire le porroie,
Pour ce, ma doule dame, a vous motroie.
Car a ce point jai fait ma retenue,
Qe si le corps de moi fuist ore a Troie
Mon coer remanit qe point ne se remue.*

* Balades and other Poems by John Gower; Roxburghe Club, 1818.

“ *Si come le Mois de May lesprees avance,
Qest tout flori quant lerbe se verdoie,
Ensi par vous revient ma contienance
De vo bealte si penser je le doie,
Et si merci me volt vestir de joie
Pour la bounte que vous avetz vestue
En tiel espoir, ma dame, unques jeo soie
Mon coer remanit qe point ne se remue.*

“ *A vostre ymage est tout ceo qe jeo proie,
Quant ceste lettre a vous serra venue,
Qa vous servir come cil qest vostre proie,
Mon coer remanit qe point ne se remue.”*

Balade xx.

“ *Sicom la nief, quant le fort vent tempeste,
Pur halte mier se torna ci et la,
Ma dame, ensi mon coer manit en tempeste,
Quant le danger de vo parole orra,
Le nief qe votre bouche soufflera,
Me fait sigler sur le peril de vie,
Qest en danger falt qil mera supplie.*

“ *Rois Ulyxes, sicom nos dist la geste,
Vers son païs de Troie qui sigla,
Not tiel paour du peril et moleste,
Quant les Sereines en la mier passa,
Et la danger de Circes eschapa,
Qe le paour nest plus de ma partie,
Qest en danger falt qil mera supplie.*

“ *Danger qui tolt damour tout la feste,
Unques un mot de confort ne sona,
Ainz plus cruel qe nest la fiere beste
Au point quant danger me respondera.
La chiere porte et quant le nai dirra,*

*Plusque la mort mestoie celle oie
Qest en danger falt qil mera supplie.*

*“ Vers vous, ma bone dame, horpris cella,
Qe danger manit en votre compainie,
Cest balade en mon message irra
Qest en danger falt qil mera supplie.”*

A few lines are preserved in the same manuscript, in which the poet asks the reader's indulgence for his French :—

*“ Al Universite de tout le monde
Johan Gower ceste balade envoie,
Et si jeo nai de francois la faconde,
Pardonetz moi qe jeo de ceo forsvvoie.
Jeo sui Englois si quier par tiele voie
Eſtre excuse mais quoique nulls endie,
Lamour parfit en dieu se justifie.”*

There are no indications of the dates of his French productions, but that the poet in later days still used this language appears from some French verses addressed to king Henry IV. after his accession, and preserved in the same volume.

Soon after the rebellion of the Commons in 1381, an event which made a great impression on his mind, he wrote that singular work in Latin distichs, called *Vox Clamantis*, of which we possess an excellent edition by the Rev. H. O. Coxe, printed for the Roxburghe Club, in 1850. The name, with an allusion to St. John the Baptist, seems to have been adopted from the general clamour and cry then abroad in the country. The greater bulk of the work, the date of which its editor is inclined to fix between 1382 and 1384 is rather a moral than an historical essay ; but the first book describes the insurrection of Wat Tyler in an allegorical disguise ; the poet having a dream on the

11th of June 1381, in which men assume the shape of animals. The second book contains a long sermon on fatalism, in which the poet shows himself no friend to Wiclif's tenets, but a zealous advocate for the reformation of the clergy. The third book points out how all orders of society must suffer for their own vices and demerits; in illustration of which he cites the example of the secular clergy. The fourth book is dedicated to the cloistered clergy and the friars, the fifth to the military, the sixth contains a violent attack on the lawyers, and the seventh subjoins the moral of the whole, represented in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, as interpreted by Daniel.

There exist several other small Latin poems, written generally in the medieval (leonine) hexameter, viz :

Cronica Tripartita, containing a mere outline of the latter part of Richard II.'s reign and vindicating the accession of Henry IV, printed in the same volume.

Latin verses, addressed to Henry IV. and some others, about the poet's old age and blindness, published from the duke of Sutherland's MSS.

Carmen de variis in amore passionibus breviter compilatum.

Contra Demonis astuciam in causa lollardie, in MS. Harl. 3869, fol. 362.

In the list of his writings Gower himself assigned the third and last place to his English poem, the *Confessio Amantis*. There is reason to believe that he was induced to compose in his native tongue when he was an old man, by the great success which his friend Chaucer had achieved by his English works. The exact date of the poem has not been ascertained, but there is internal evidence, in certain copies, that it existed in the year 1392-3.

As this point involves a question of grave importance with respect to the author's behaviour and position in the

political events of the day, it will be necessary to enter more fully into the subject. He unquestionably issued two editions of the work, which, however, as will be distinctly seen in the present edition, vary from each other only at the commencement and at the end ; the one being dedicated to king Richard II, the other to his cousin Henry of Lancaster, earl of Derby. In the king's copy the poet describes at length, how he came rowing down the Thames at London one day, and how he met king Richard, who, having invited him to step into the royal barge, commanded him to write a book upon some new matter. In that addressed to Henry he says, that the book was finished :—

“*the yere sixtenthe of king Richard,*”

an important fact, which has been hitherto overlooked by all writers on the subject, including even Sir H. Nicolas,* who states that Gower did not dedicate his work to Henry until he had ascended the throne. But this date in conjunction with the other fact, that in the *Confessio Amantis* Henry is never called king, nor duke of Hereford, nor duke of Lancaster, but simply Henry of Lancaster, and the circumstance, that in a marginal note occurring in all copies which contain the dedication to him, he is styled *Dominus Henricus de Lancastria, tunc Derbie comes* (a title, which he bore in the year 1392-3), entirely prove, that the work, which he had formerly dedicated to the king, was now addressed to the earl. The one version abounds in expressions of the deepest loyalty towards his sovereign, for whose sake he intends to write *some newe thing* in English ; the other mentions the year of the reign of king Richard II, is full of attachment to Henry of Lancaster :—

“*with whom my herte is of accorde,*”

and purports to appear in English for England's sake.

* Life of Chaucer, p. 39.

It is not possible that both dedications could have been written at the same time ; for, if we consider the political situation in those days, only a very abject mind would have made simultaneously two such opposite declarations. Besides it is distinctly stated in one version, which unquestionably is the earlier, that the first idea of the work originated with the king, whereas in the other the poet takes no notice whatever of his having been induced by Richard to write an English work, but merely mentions the year in which he addressed it to earl Henry. It is well known, that Henry as early as the year 1387 had joined the opposition and had been one of the lords appellants, who forced the king to rule according to the will of parliament. Gower, who was a close observer of the political events of his days, saw how the young king, after attaining his majority, attempted in the years 1386 and 1387 in conjunction with his favourite the young duke of Ireland, to annihilate the opposition headed by the duke of Gloucester and the earls of Arundel, Warwick, Nottingham, and Derby. He perceived that the king from disposition and inclination was hurrying himself and the affairs of his realm to ultimate destruction and ruin. He therefore changed his politics early in the reign of Richard II, altered the dedication of his English work in 1392-3, received in the year next following a collar from Henry of Lancaster, and looked upon him ever afterwards as the final restorer of peace and order. From that time he appears to have been a firm adherer to the Lancastrian interest, for the same sentiment which he expressed in the dedication of 1392-3 is found in some Latin and French scraps, addressed to king Henry IV. and mentioned above, and also in an English poem of fifty-five stanzas entitled “*a Balade to Kyng Henry the fourth,*” in which he praises him highly and recommends for his imitation

the examples of former great rulers.* This is a very simple solution founded on facts and dates, by which the honour of the poet is entirely saved from the injurious accusation that he was “an ingrate to his lawful sovereign, and a sycophant to the usurper of his throne.”†

The date, therefore, when Gower began to write the *Confessio Amantis* would fall before the year 1386, and before the young king, who had just become of age, developed those dangerous qualities which estranged from him, amongst others, the poet, who, as he states himself, composed his work in English in consequence of an invitation from his sovereign. The *Confessio Amantis* was certainly complete in the year 1392-3, and was therefore written about the time at which Chaucer was engaged upon the latter part of his immortal work, the *Canterbury Tales*.

We now come to the work itself. It consists of a prologue and eight books, written entirely, with the exception of a poem at the end of the eighth book, in verses of eight syllables, rhyming in pairs.

The prologue confirms what has just been stated with regard to the author's political opinions. Like his contemporaries, Piers Plowman and Wiclit, he imagines, that in consequence of the absence of all order and justice, the end of the world is at hand. He accuses the church, especially since the beginning of the great schism between Rome and Avignon which nurtures

“*This newe secte of lollardie,*”

as well as the state and the people in general, of being incurably infected with this universal disease. It is not accident or fortune, he says, which rules the destinies of the world, but God's governance, as revealed in the vision of

* Chaucer's Works, ed. Thynne, 1532, fol. 375^b.

† Ritson, *Bibliographia Poetica*, 1802, p. 25.

Nebuchadnezzar, and explained by the prophet Daniel, whose interpretation he next largely comments on, bringing all the historical knowledge at his command to bear upon the subject.

The poem opens by introducing the author himself, in the character of an unhappy lover in despair, smitten by Cupid's arrow. Venus appears to him and, after having heard his prayer, appoints her priest called Genius, like the mystagogue in the Picture of Cebes, to hear the lover's confession. This is the frame of the whole work, which is a singular mixture of classical notions, principally borrowed from Ovid's *Ars Amandi*, and of the purely medieval idea, that as a good Catholic the unfortunate lover must state his distress to a father confessor. This is done in the course of the confession with great regularity and even pedantry: all the passions of the human heart, which generally stand in the way of love, being systematically arranged in the various books and subdivisions of the work. After Genius has fully explained the evil affection, passion, or vice under consideration, the lover confesses on that particular point; and frequently urges his boundless love for an unknown beauty, who treats him cruelly, in a tone of affectation which would appear highly ridiculous in a man of more than sixty years of age, were it not a common characteristic of the poetry of the period. After this profession, the confessor opposes him, and exemplifies the fatal effects of each passion by a variety of apposite stories, gathered from many sources, examples being then as now a favourite mode of inculcating instruction and reformation. At length, after a frequent and tedious recurrence of the same process, the confession is terminated by some final injunctions of the priest—the lover's petition in a strophic poem addressed to Venus—the bitter judgment of the goddess,

that he should remember his old age and leave off such fooleries :—

*“ For loves lust and lockes hore
In chambre accorden never more”*

—his cure from the wound caused by the dart of love, and his absolution, received as if by a pious Roman Catholic.

The materials for this extensive work, and the stories inserted as examples for and against the lover's passion, are drawn from various sources. Some have been taken from the Bible, a great number from Ovid's Metamorphoses, which must have been a particular favourite with the author, others from the mediæval histories of the siege of Troy, of the feats of Alexander the Great—from the oldest collections of novels, known under the name of the *Gesta Romanorum*, chiefly in its form as used in England—from the Pantheon and the Speculum Regum of Godfrey of Viterbo—from the romance of Sir Lancelot, and the chronicles of Cassiodorus and Isidorus. We believe that all the stories in the work may be referred with certainty to one or other of these sources, except one tale, perhaps the latest in date, taken from the apocryphal life of Pope Boniface VIII. In the sixth book the confessor enters into a long discourse on the contents of the Almagest, he explains the doctrines of the age concerning the vegetable, mineral, and animal stones, and asserts his own belief in the existence of the philosopher's stone. The seventh book contains an exposition of a great portion of Aristotle's philosophy, chiefly his physics, ethics and metaphysics, not taken from the original, but very likely borrowed from the medieval Pseudo-Aristotelian compendium, known under the name of the *Secretum Secretorum*.

This great amount of knowledge and science, as studied and revered in those days, gives the work the appearance

of a cyclopædia, in which the author was anxious and vain enough to amass whatever he had learnt and extracted from his own library, the contents of which from what has been said before, the reader may easily imagine. The accumulation of such stores, both of narrative and scientific matter, left necessarily very little space for a display of the author's imagination, and for poetic invention. He did not possess the deep love for the beauties of external nature, nor the inimitable humour and diversified natural passion, which we admire in Chaucer. But wanting these essentially poetical attributes, he indulges freely in reasoning and moralizing on the happiness and misfortunes of love, which in former times he may have amply experienced. But however dry his poetic vein, it is not altogether without its charms. The vivacity and variety of his short verses evince a correct ear and a happy power, by the assistance of which he enhances the interest in a tale, and frequently terminates it with satisfaction to the reader.*

The style in which the *Confessio Amantis* is written, bears strong marks of the author's labour ; but he did not succeed in blending together the two principal elements of his mother-tongue so skilfully and harmoniously as Chaucer, whose earliest compositions show a considerable practice in the use of what was then a modern language. As Gower wrote much in French, it is but natural, that there should be in his English a large proportion of Norman-French words ; even in the spelling, in which he adheres, if we go back to the more ancient MSS, to the form used by the French writers of his day. Yet the Saxon ingredient in his language is as large as in the works of his great contemporary, and comprises a considerable number of words, which at present are either

* W. W. Lloyd, in Singer's *Shakespeare*, vol. iv. p. 261.

obsolete, or have altogether changed their meaning. There are very few examples of alliteration and other characteristics of pure Saxonism. Some of his words, the pronunciation of which is frequently regulated by the rhyme, or may perhaps be referred to his provincial dialect, are curious. For instance, instead of *I saw*, he invariably wrote *I sigb*; for *not*, he always wrote *nought*. In many instances, especially where words change their vowels in deference to the preceding rhyme, he sets all rules at defiance, and verbs of the strong conjugation are frequently used indiscriminately in the present or preterite tense without the slightest regard to the sense of the period. His sentences are often diffuse, and ungrammatical; and it was evidently no easy task for him to compose this long poem in English.

In spite of all these defects the *Confessio Amantis* very soon became a favourite in England. Copies were transcribed for the court, the nobility, and the general reader. The work is among the earliest productions of the English press, and retained its admirers until brighter stars made their appearance above the horizon of our national literature.

We have already seen, how Chaucer characterized the style of his brother poet. Even a contemporary chronicler seems to borrow occasionally from the *Confessio Amantis*. The Monk of Evesham, in the Life of Richard II. says of the prelates: “*Dimiserunt oves expositas luporum rictibus, sed nullus erexit baculum ad abigendum;*”* which agrees with Gower’s Prologue 2.:

“*For if the wolf come in the way,
Their goostly staffe is than away,
Whereof they shuld her flock defende;*”

* Ed. Hearne, p. 114.

and again : “Sed domina fortuna, quæ rotam instabilem non sinit semper in suo statu permanere, proiecit eum Regem quasi subito a summa usque ad yma,”* which at least resembles Gower’s Prologue i. :—

“*After the torning of the whele,
Which blinde fortune overthroweth,
Wherof the certain no man knoweth.*”

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, Skelton dedicated a few lines to Gower, which are not without interest as descriptive of his poetry ; in the Boke of Philip Sparrow, he says :—

“*Gowers englyshe is olde,
And of no value is tolde ;
His matter is worth gold,
And worthy to be enrold,*”

and again in the Crowne of Laurell :—

“*Gower, that first garnished our English rude,
And maister Chaucer, that nobly enterprised,
How that Englyshe myght freshly be ennewed.*”

At last Shakespeare, or whoever wrote or touched with true Shakespearean genius the play of Pericles, Prince of Tyre, took his subject directly from the story of Appollinus of Tyre, as told in the eighth book of the Confessio Amantis, and introduced in the place of Chorus old Gower himself, prologuizing and epiloguizing in his own lively metre. The words by which the drama is opened—

“*To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man’s infirmities,
To glad our ear and please our eyes,*”

* Ed. Hearne, p. 149.

are a sufficient proof, that at the date of this play, (1596 or 1598,) the name and poem of Gower were familiar to many who went to see the performance of *Pericles*. Gower appears also in the second part of Shakespeare's *King Henry IV.* as one of the king's party, and in the scene with Falstaff is evidently treated as a person of considerable importance.

III.—MANUSCRIPTS AND EDITIONS OF THE CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

THE Manuscripts of Gower's English work are very numerous ; there are copies at Oxford, at Cambridge, at Dublin, in the British Museum, and in private collections. At the first-mentioned place there are no less than ten, for a short notice of which the editor is indebted to the *Rev. H. O. Coxe*, of the Bodleian Library.

MS. Laud, 609, MS. Bodl. 693, MS. Selden, B. 11. and MS. Corp. Chr. Coll. 67, contain the version addressed to Richard II. with the complimentary verses on Chaucer at the end.

MS. Fairfax, 3, MS. Hatton, 51, MS. Wadham Coll. 13, and MS. New Coll. 266, contain the Lancaster copy.

Besides these there are two hybrids : MS. Bodl. 294, which has the dedication to Richard at the commencement, and omits the verses on Chaucer ; and MS. New Coll. 326, which is dedicated to Henry of Lancaster, and compliments Chaucer at the end. The first of these has the same scribe and illuminator throughout ; the latter part of the second appears to have been written by a different hand. All these MSS. are of the fifteenth century.

The four copies at Cambridge have been briefly described by Todd, in his *Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer*.

For the present edition the next following MSS. have been used :

MS. Harl. 7184, in the British Museum. It is a very fine copy, written on vellum, in large folio, and double columns; but the first and last pages are somewhat defaced. The illuminations of the initial letters, at the beginning of each book, are magnificent. The handwriting is as nearly as possible that of the end of the fourteenth century. The orthography is of the same date, and very little tinged with provincialisms. The two Saxon letters *b* and *ȝ* never occur. The volume is imperfect. In books i, ii, and v, a leaf is occasionally missing, there is a considerable chasm in book vi., and a great part of book vii and the whole of book viii are entirely wanting. This volume, on account of its antiquity and its judicious and consistent orthography, has been adopted as the basis for the spelling in this new edition.

MS. Harl. 3869 in the British Museum. A small stout folio of the fifteenth century, on vellum and paper mixed. The initials are blue and red without much art. Folio 5 contains a rude picture, representing king Nebuchadnezzar's vision; and on folio 18 the priest of Venus is listening to the lover's confession. This copy is very remarkable on account of its orthography, which has been carried through almost rigorously according to simple and reasonable principles. The letter *b* is used uniformly, but the letter *ȝ* only occasionally, a simple *h* standing generally for *gb* or *ȝ*. A final *e* is always inserted, wherever the metre requires a syllable. Double consonants and the letter *y* are almost entirely dispensed with. At the conclusion of the work, on folio 357^b, Gower's smaller poems in Latin, and some verses in French occur. This volume, as well as MS. Harl. 7184, are exemplars of the Lancaster version; both have been collated throughout for the text of the present edition.

MS. Harl. 3490 in the British Museum. A fine copy of the version dedicated to king Richard II, written in the fifteenth century, on vellum, in folio and double columns. The volume is complete, and opens with S. Edmundi speculum religiosorum, which is followed by the Confessio Amantis at folio 8. With the exception of the beginning and end it offers no variety, and no important deviation in the spelling. The verses addressed to king Richard, and the compliment to Chaucer printed at the foot of the page in the present edition, have been taken from this manuscript.

MS. Stafford, now in the library of the *earl of Ellesmere*, an inspection of which has been kindly granted by the noble owner. A middle-sized folio in double columns. Todd, in his Illustrations of Chaucer and Gower, asserts his belief, that this copy was a present from Gower to one of his relatives belonging to the Stafford family. He saw on the first leaf three armorial shields : over the largest of which, he says, the poet's crest, a talbot, is still conspicuous. After a careful examination it is impossible to agree with this opinion ; we have come to the conclusion, that the volume is of still greater value. On the right hand border is a crest, gold and red, a chapeau with a lion, which Todd calls a talbot, and under it an escutcheon quartered blue and red, the contents of which are entirely defaced. The first initial letter embraces another escutcheon, red on a blue ribbon, containing a swan, Argent. Suspended at the bottom of the border is a third shield, Sable, with three ostrich feathers, Or. *Sir Charles Young, Garter King of Arms*, is of opinion that these illuminations represent the arms and badges of king Henry IV, the swan never having been used by any other king of the Lancaster dynasty. The volume most probably belonged to that prince, and was written between

the years 1399 and 1413. The capitals at the beginning of each book are richly gilt and painted in blue, red, and white, but not of very finished workmanship. The handwriting is clear and pointed, like that of the middle of the fifteenth century, and resembles the characters found in the first printed books. This MS. which is a copy of the Lancaster version, is remarkable on account of certain considerable alterations, omissions, and additions, especially in the latter part of the fifth and in the sixth and seventh books, which are not met with in the majority of the more ancient copies, but which are found in Berthelette's editions of the poem. As our text is compiled from the older MSS. these variations have been carefully indicated, and no passage has been omitted. This manuscript moreover is not complete, the beginnings of the first, fifth, seventh and eighth book, having been cut out, probably for the sake of the illuminated pages. On the fly-leaves at the end are several memoranda in different handwritings of the sixteenth century ; mostly receipts against various diseases. One of them states : “William Downes mee tenet,” which suggests that the book at that time was neither in royal hands nor the property of the Gower family. The orthography approaches closely that of MS. Harl. 3869, the letters þ and ȝ being employed throughout the volume.

These MSS. may be arranged in three classes ; the king's copy, the Lancaster copy, and a third, likewise addressed to Henry, but with certain alterations in the middle of the work. With the exception of these variations, the text in all the MSS. is alike.

The *Confessio Amantis* was first printed by Caxton and with the following title :—

This book is entituled *Confessio Amantis*, that is to saye in englyshe the confessyon of the louer maad and compyled by Johan Gower squyer borne in Walys in

the tyme of kyng richard the seconf, etc. Colophon : Enprynted at Westmestre, by me Willyam Caxton, and fynysfhed the 2 day of Septembre the fyrst yere of the regne of kyng Richard the thyrd the yere of our lord a thousand cccc, lxxxixiiii. (mistake for 1483). Six leaves are appropriated to a table of contents ; the text commences on fol. 2, and is continued to fol. 211, leaves 32, 91 and 132 being repeated, and leaf 157 being omitted altogether. At the end the summary of the poet's three great works and a few of his minor Latin poems are added.

The next edition, printed by Berthelette, was entitled *Jo. Gower, de Confessione Amantis*. Imprinted at London, in Flete-strete by Thomas Berthelette, printer to the kinges grace, An. M. D. xxxii. cum privilegio. Eight preliminary leaves contain the title, a dedication to Henry VIII, an address “To the Reder” on the variations at the beginning and end of the poem, a dedication to king Richard II, the verses about Chaucer, a notice of Gower's tomb in St. Mary Overy's, and a corrected table of contents. The text extends from fol. 1 to fol. 191. Besides the alterations in the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, derived from a MS. very similar to the Stafford MS, the spelling has been considerably altered and modernised in this first edition of Berthelette. Old forms, retained by Caxton, as *hem* and *touchend*, have been removed, and *them* and *touching* substituted. The modernisation has been general at the commencement, but the editor's zeal seems to have slackened afterwards, and many ancient forms have escaped his eye. The promiscuous use of the letters *u* and *v*, *i* and *y*, for which no rule whatever can be discovered, occurs throughout, as in many books of Henry VIII's time ; and a want of correspondence in the rhyme indicates that whole verses have been omitted.

Berthelette published another edition under the following title : Jo. Gower de confessione Amantis. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Thomas Berthelette the XII daie of Marche An. M. D. LIII. cum privilegio. Six preliminary leaves have the same contents as in his first edition. The text extends from fol. 1 to fol. 191. In this copy the compliment paid to Chaucer is inserted in the text. The spelling is now and then even more modernised than in his first edition, and punctuation, which is wanting altogether in Caxton's edition, and rarely and irregularly inserted in the edition of 1532, has been added throughout.

Blore, in his Sepulchral Antiquities, quoted above, and Chalmers, in his English Poets, mention another edition by Berthelette, dated 1544, of which, however, there is no copy in the collections of the British Museum.

The text of the *Confessio Amantis* in Chalmers' English Poets, is a mere literal reprint of Berthelette's edition of 1554.

Some fragments of the *Confessio Amantis* have occasionally been published. Ellis, in his Specimens of Early English Poets, has printed the story of Florent from the first book. Todd, in his Illustrations of Chaucer and Gower has collated the Tale of the Coffres in the fifth book with the Stafford MS. as illustrating the story of the caskets in the Merchant of Venice. And Payne Collier has printed in his Shakespeare Library the story of Appollinus of Tyre from the eighth book, according to MS. Harl. 3490.

The present text, founded on Berthelette's first edition, has been carefully collated throughout with the two first mentioned Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. And the third MS. Harl. and MS. Stafford have been used at the particular places, where they become of im-

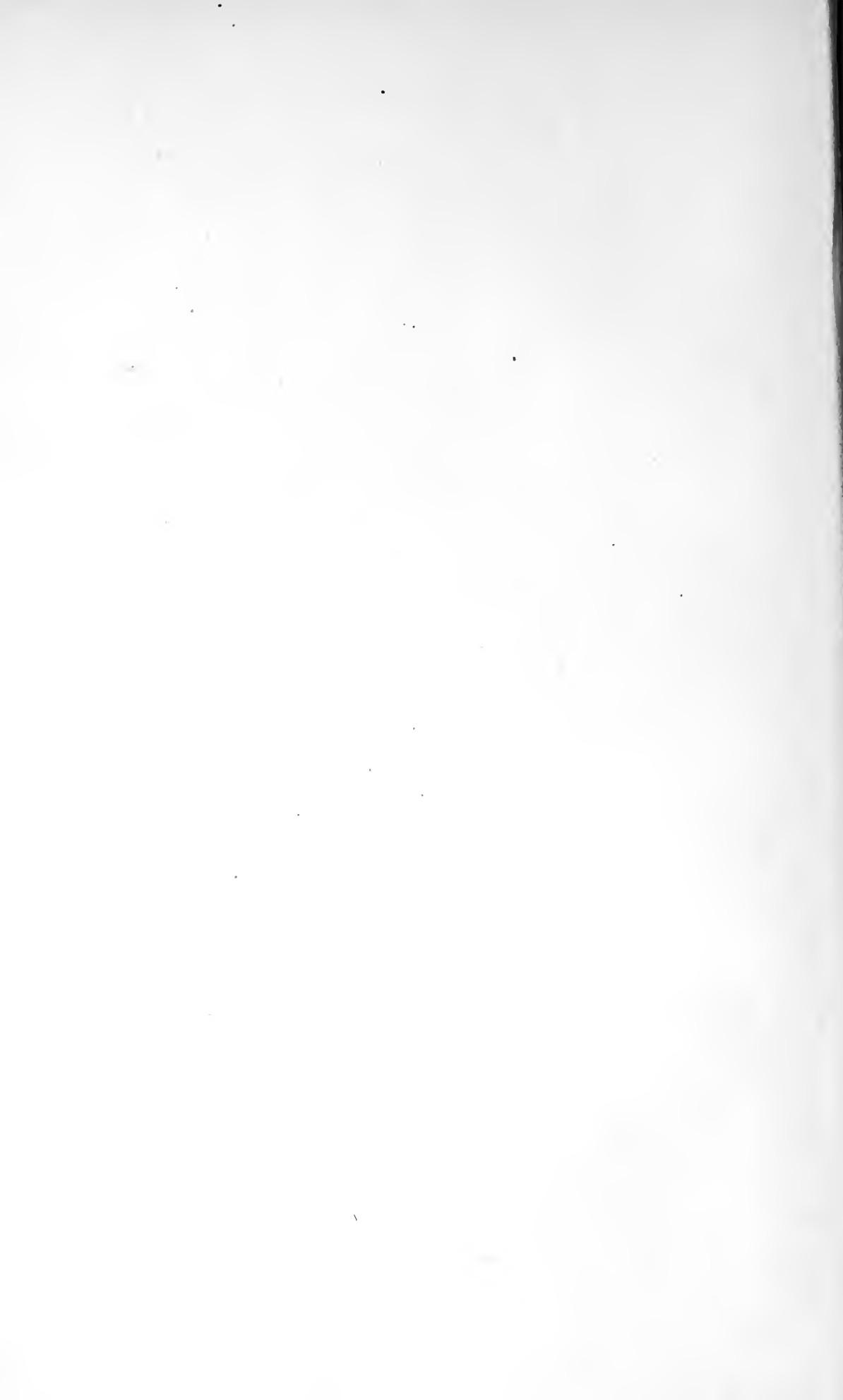
portance. The chief labour, however, consisted in restoring the orthography and in regulating the metre, both of which had been disturbed in innumerable places by Berthelette. The text of a work like the *Confessio Amantis* does not require the same scrupulous attention to every existing MS. as that of an ancient classical author. Everybody who examines the MSS. of Gower will soon be satisfied that the principal differences are merely of an orthographical nature. Some spell the word *eye* as we do now, others have *ighe*, *ize*, *yhe*. After mature consideration, the Saxon letters *þ* and *ȝ* have been rejected, together with the promiscuous use of *y* and *i*, *u* and *v*, which does not occur in the oldest MSS. It has been found necessary that some rule and symmetry should be observed, and consequently *i* and *u* are used wherever the vowels are required, and *y* has been left for certain words and proper names, in which it invariably occurs in Latin MSS. of the same age; as for instance in *ymage*, and for a distinct class of words as *ayein*, *yive*, where it stands instead of the soft *g*, the Saxon *ȝ* *ȝ*, and is confirmed by the oldest of the Harleian MSS. *U* instead of *v* has been retained only in *pouer* and *recouer*, where it evidently is not a consonant, but forms a diphthong with the preceding *o*, the word being pronounced in two syllables and not like the present *poor*. In other cases, and with regard to words of French origin, it has been thought best to use the old orthography.

The Latin verses and the marginal Latin index are undoubtedly Gower's own composition, and have therefore been carefully restored to the shape in which they appear in the first two Harleian MSS. The verses, imitations in the manner of Boethius, like Gower's other Latin poetry, abound in instances of false prosody and even of bad grammar; they are frequently intricate, and

sometimes nearly unintelligible. As they always head a new sub-division, it has been thought useful for the sake of quotation to number them through each book. The Latin prose notes, which in the old editions stand between and interrupt the text, have been placed in the margin, where they generally occur in the MSS. serving as a table of contents.

The editor desires to embrace this opportunity to thank his friends *Th. Duffus Hardy, Esq.*, keeper of H. M. Records in the Tower, the *Rev. H. O. Coxe, M.A.* of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and *W. B. Donne, Esq.*, of the London Library, for their kind and ready assistance, and *Mr. F. R. Daldy, B.A.* for the useful Glossary which he has added.

London, May 1856.

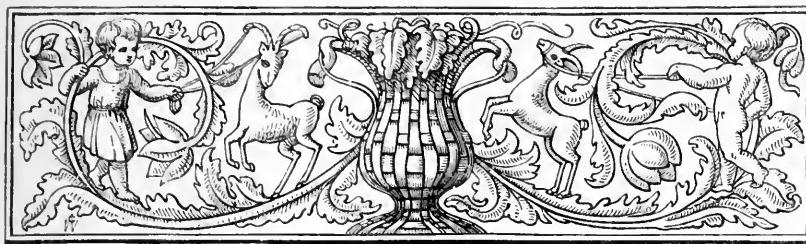




CONFESSIO AMANTIS







Prologus.

*Torpor hebes sensus, scola parva labor minimusque
Causant, quo minimus ipse minora canam,
Qua tamen Eugisti lingua canit insula Bruti
Anglica carmen te metra juvante loquar.
Offibus ergo carens qui conterit offa loquelis
Ab sit et interpres stet procul oro malus.*

F hem, that writen us to-fore,
The bokesdwelle, and we ther-
fore
Ben taught of that was writen
tho.

For thy good is, that we also
In oure time amonge us here
Do write of newe some matere
Ensamped of the olde wife,
So that it might in suche a wife,
Whan we be dede and elles where,
Believe to the worldes ere
In time comend after this.
But for men fain, and sothe it is,
That who that al of wisdom writ
It dulleth ofte a mannes wit

15 To hem that shall it alday rede,
 For thilke cause if that ye rede
 I wolde go the middel wey
 And write a boke betwene the twey
 Somwhat of lust, somwhat of lore,
 20 That of the lasse or of the more
 Som man may like of that I write,
 And for that fewe men endite
 In oure englifshe, I thenke make*
 A bokè for Englondes sake

Hic in principio libri declarat, qualiter in anno Regis

* MS. Harl. 3490 :

In our englifshe I thenke make
 A boke for king Richardes sake,
 25 To whom belongeth my legeaunce
 With all min hertes obeisaunce,
 In all that ever a lege man
 Unto his king may done or can,
 So ferforth and me recommaunde
 30 To him, which all me may commaunde,
 Preiend unto the highe regne,
 Which causeth every king to regne,
 That his corone longe stonde.
 I thenke and have it understande,
 35 As it befell upon a tide,
 As thing, which shulde tho betide,
 Under the town of newe Troy,
 Which toke of Brute his firste joy,
 In Themse, whan it was flowend,
 40 As I by bote came rowend
 So as fortune her time sette,
 My lege lord perchaunce I mette.
 And so befell as I came nigh
 Out of my bote, whan he me sigh,
 45 He bad me come into his barge.
 And whan I was with him at large,

Hic declaratinprimis,
 qualiter ob reveren-
 ciam serenissimi prin-
 cipis Domini sui Re-
 gis Anglie Ricardi
 secundi totus suus hu-
 milis Johannes Gow-
 er, licet quam infir-
 mitate a diu multipli-
 citer fatigatus huius
 opusculi labores sus-
 cipere non recusavit,
 sed tanquam favum
 ex variis floribus re-
 collectum presentem
 libellum ex variis cro-
 niciis historicis poeta-
 rum philosophorum-

- 25 The yere sixtenthe of king Richard,
 What shall befall here afterward,
 God wote, for nowe upon this fide
 Men seen the worlde on every fide
 In sondry wise so diversed,
- 30 That it wel nigh stant all reversed.
 As for to speke of time ago
 The cause why it chaungeth so
 It nedeth nougnt to specifie,
- 34 The thing so open is at eye,

Ricardi secundi
 sextodecimo Johannes Gower pre-
 sentem libellum
 composuit et fina-
 liter complevit,
 quem strenuissimo
 domino suo Domi-
 no Henrico de Lan-
 castria tunc Derbie
 Comiti cum onni-
 reverencia speciali-
 ter destinavit.

- Amonges other thinges said
 He hath this charge upon me laid
 And bad me do my besinesse,
- 50 That to his highe worthynesse
 Some newe thing I shulde boke,
 That he him self it mighte loke
 After the forme of my writing.
 And thus upon his commaunding
- 55 Min herte is well the more glad
 To write so as he me bad.
 And eke my fere is well the lasse,
 That none envie shall compasse
 Without a resonable wite
- 60 To feigne and blame, that I write.
 A gentil herte his tungē stilleth,
 That it malice none distilleth
 But preise, that is to be preised.
 But he that hath his worde unpeised
- 65 And handleth out wrong any thing,
 I pray unto the heven king
 Fro fuche tunges he me shilde.
 And netheles this world is wilde
 Of fuche jangling and what befall,
- 70 My kinges heste shall nougnt falle,
 That I in hope to deserve

que dictis, quatenus
 infirmitas permisit,
 studiosissime compi-
 lavit.

- 35 That every man it may beholde.
 And netholes by daies olde,
 Whan that the bokes weren lever,
 Writinge was beloved ever
 Of hem, that weren vertuous.
- 40 For here in erthe amonges us,
 If no man write, howe it stood,
 The pris of hem that were good
 Shulde, as who saith a great partie,
 Be lost, so for to magnifie
- 45 The worthy princes that tho were
 The bokes shewen here and there
 Wheroft the worlde ensampled is
 And tho that diden than amis

His thank ne shall his will observe
 And elles were I nought excused.

- For that thing may nought be refused,
- 50 What that a king him selfe bit.
 Forthy the simplesse of my wit
 I thenke if that I may availe
 In his service to travaile,
 Though I sikenesse have upon honde
- 55 And longe have had, yet woll I fonde,
 So as I made my beheste,
 To make a boke after his heste
 And write in such a maner wise,
 Which may be wisdome to the wise
- 60 And play to hem that list to play.
 But in proverbe I have herde say,
 That who that wel his werk beginneth,
 The rather a good end he winneth.*
 And thus the prologue of my boke
- 65 After the world, that whilom toke,
 And eke somdele after the newe,
- 70 I woll beginne for to newe.

Through tiranny and cruelte,
50 Right as they stonden in degré
So was the writinge of here werke.
Thus I which am a borel clerke
Purpose for to write a boke
After the worlde, that whilom toke
55 Long time in olde daies paffed.
But for men fain it is now lassed
In worse plight than it was tho
I thenke for to touche also
The world, which neweth every day,
60 So as I can, so as I may.
Though I sikenesse have upon honde
And longe have had, yet wol I fonde
To write and do my besinesse,
That in some part so as I gesse
65 The wife man may ben advised.
For this prologue is so assised,
That it to wifdome all belongeth,
That wife man that it underfongeth
He shal drawe into remembraunce
70 The fortune of this worldes chaunce,
The which no man in his persone
May knowe but the god alone.
Whan the prologue is so dispended,
This boke shall afterward ben ended
75 Of love, which doth many a wonder
And many a wife man hath put under,
And in this wife I thenke to treate
Towardes hem, that now be greate,

Betwene the vertue and the vice,

⁸⁰ Which longeth unto this office.

But for my wittes ben to smale

To tellen every man his tale,

This boke upon amendment

To stonde at his commaundement,

⁸⁵ With whom min herte is of accorde,

I fende unto min owne lorde,

Which of Lancastre is Henry named.

The highe god him hath proclaimed

Full of knighthod and alle grace,

⁹⁰ So wol I now this werke embrace

With hol truste and with hol beleve,

God graunte I mote it well achieve.

^{2.} *Tempus preteritum prefens fortuna beatum
 Linquit, et antiquas vertit in orbe vias.
 Progenuit veterem concors dilectio pacem,
 Dum facies hominis nuncia mentis erat.
 Legibus unicolor tunc temporis aura refulgit,
 Justicie plane tuncque fuere vie.
 Nuncque latens odium vultum depingit amoris,
 Paceque sub ficta tempus ad arma tegit.
 Instar et ex variis mutabile cameliontis
 Lex gerit, et regnis sunt nova jura novis.
 Climataque fuerant solidissima, sique per orbem
 Solvuntur, nec eo centra quietis habent.*

De statu regnorum ut dicunt secundum temporalia, videlicet tempore regis Ricardi secundi, anno regni sui sextodecimo.

If I shall drawe into my minde

The time passed, than I finde

The world stode in al his welthe,

Tho was the life of man in helthe,

Tho was plente, tho was richeffe,

Tho was the fortune of prowesse,

Tho was knighthode in pris by name,

¹⁰⁰ Wherof the wide worldes fame

Write in croniques is yet witholde.
 Justice of lawe tho was holde,
 The privelege of regalie
 Was sauf, and all the baronie
 105 Worshiped was in his estate.
 The citees knewen no debate,
 The people stode in obeifaunce
 Under the reule of governaunce,
 And pees with rightwisnesse keste,*
 110 With charite tho stode in reste,
 Of mannes herte the corage
 Was shewed than in the visage.
 The word was liche to the conceipte
 Withoute semblaunt of deceipte,
 115 Tho was there unenvied love,
 Tho was vertue set above,
 And vice was put under fote.
 Now stant the crope under the rote,
 The worlde is chaunged overall,
 120 And therof moste in speciall
 That love is falle into discorde.
 And that I take to recorde
 Of every lond for his partie
 The comun vois, which may nought lie,
 125 Nought upon one, but upon alle
 It is that men now clepe and calle
 And sain, that regnes ben devided,
 In stede of love is hate guided,
 The werre wol no pees purchace,
 130 And lawe hath take her double face,

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8 *CONFESSIO AMANTIS.*

- So that justice out of the wey
 With rightwisnesse is gone awey.
 And thus to loke on every halve
 Men sene the sore without salve,
 135 Whiche al the worlde hath overtake.
 Ther is no regne of alle out take,
 For every climat hath his dele
 After the torninge of the whele,
 Which blinde fortune overthroweth,
 140 Wheroft the certain no man knoweth.*
 The heven wot what is to done.
 But we that dwelle under the mone
 Stonde in this worlde upon a were,
 And namely but the power
 145 Of hem, that ben the worldes guides,
 With good counseil on alle fides
 Be kept upright in suche a wife,
 That hate breke nought thaffise
 Of love, whiche is all the chefe
 150 To kepe a regne out of mischefe.
 For alle reson wolde this,
 That unto him, which the heved is,
 The membres buxom shall bowe,
 And he shulde eke here trouth alowe
 155 With all his hert and make hem chere.
 Salomon. Omnia
 fac cum consilio. For good counseil is good to here,
 All though a man be wise him selve,
 Yet is the wisdome more of twelve.
 And if they stonden both in one,
 160 To hope it were than anone,

1,43,126,130,157,207,212,220,238
 1,164, 2,165, 3,166, 4,167, 5,168, 6,169, 7,170, 8,171, 9,172, 10,173, 11,174, 12,175, 13,176, 14,177, 15,178, 16,179, 17,180, 18,181, 19,182, 20,183, 21,184, 22,185, 23,186, 24,187, 25,188, 26,189, 27,190, 28,191, 29,192, 30,193, 31,194, 32,195, 33,196, 34,197, 35,198, 36,199, 37,200, 38,201, 39,202, 40,203, 41,204, 42,205, 43,206, 44,207, 45,208, 46,209, 47,210, 48,211, 49,212, 50,213, 51,214, 52,215, 53,216, 54,217, 55,218, 56,219, 57,220, 58,221, 59,222, 60,223, 61,224, 62,225, 63,226, 64,227, 65,228, 66,229, 67,230, 68,231, 69,232, 70,233, 71,234, 72,235, 73,236, 74,237, 75,238, 76,239, 77,240, 78,241, 79,242, 80,243, 81,244, 82,245, 83,246, 84,247, 85,248, 86,249, 87,250, 88,251, 89,252, 90,253, 91,254, 92,255, 93,256, 94,257, 95,258, 96,259, 97,260, 98,261, 99,262, 100,263, 101,264, 102,265, 103,266, 104,267, 105,268, 106,269, 107,270, 108,271, 109,272, 110,273, 111,274, 112,275, 113,276, 114,277, 115,278, 116,279, 117,280, 118,281, 119,282, 120,283, 121,284, 122,285, 123,286, 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346,509, 347,510, 348,511, 349,512, 350,513, 351,514, 352,515, 353,516, 354,517, 355,518, 356,519, 357,520, 358,521, 359,522, 360,523, 361,524, 362,525, 363,526, 364,527, 365,528, 366,529, 367,530, 368,531, 369,532, 370,533, 371,534, 372,535, 373,536, 374,537, 375,538, 376,539, 377,540, 378,541, 379,542, 380,543, 381,544, 382,545, 383,546, 384,547, 385,548, 386,549, 387,550, 388,551, 389,552, 390,553, 391,554, 392,555, 393,556, 394,557, 395,558, 396,559, 397,560, 398,561, 399,562, 400,563, 401,564, 402,565, 403,566, 404,567, 405,568, 406,569, 407,570, 408,571, 409,572, 410,573, 411,574, 412,575, 413,576, 414,577, 415,578, 416,579, 417,580, 418,581, 419,582, 420,583, 421,584, 422,585, 423,586, 424,587, 425,588, 426,589, 427,590, 428,591, 429,592, 430,593, 431,594, 432,595, 433,596, 434,597, 435,598, 436,599, 437,600, 438,601, 439,602, 440,603, 441,604, 442,605, 443,606, 444,607, 445,608, 446,609, 447,610, 448,611, 449,612, 450,613, 451,614, 452,615, 453,616, 454,617, 455,618, 456,619, 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568,731, 569,732, 570,733, 571,734, 572,735, 573,736, 574,737, 575,738, 576,739, 577,740, 578,741, 579,742, 580,743, 581,744, 582,745, 583,746, 584,747, 585,748, 586,749, 587,750, 588,751, 589,752, 590,753, 591,754, 592,755, 593,756, 594,757, 595,758, 596,759, 597,760, 598,761, 599,762, 600,763, 601,764, 602,765, 603,766, 604,767, 605,768, 606,769, 607,770, 608,771, 609,772, 610,773, 611,774, 612,775, 613,776, 614,777, 615,778, 616,779, 617,780, 618,781, 619,782, 620,783, 621,784, 622,785, 623,786, 624,787, 625,788, 626,789, 627,790, 628,791, 629,792, 630,793, 631,794, 632,795, 633,796, 634,797, 635,798, 636,799, 637,800, 638,801, 639,802, 640,803, 641,804, 642,805, 643,806, 644,807, 645,808, 646,809, 647,810, 648,811, 649,812, 650,813, 651,814, 652,815, 653,816, 654,817, 655,818, 656,819, 657,820, 658,821, 659,822, 660,823, 661,824, 662,825, 663,826, 664,827, 665,828, 666,829, 667,830, 668,831, 669,832, 670,833, 671,834, 672,835, 673,836, 674,837, 675,838, 676,839, 677,840, 678,841, 679,842, 680,843, 681,844, 682,845, 683,846, 684,847, 685,848, 686,849, 687,850, 688,851, 689,852, 690,853, 691,854, 692,855, 693,856, 694,857, 695,858, 696,859, 697,860, 698,861, 699,862, 700,863, 701,864, 702,865, 703,866, 704,867, 705,868, 706,869, 707,870, 708,871, 709,872, 710,873, 711,874, 712,875, 713,876, 714,877, 715,878, 716,879, 717,880, 718,881, 719,882, 720,883, 721,884, 722,885, 723,886, 724,887, 725,888, 726,889, 727,890, 728,891, 729,892, 730,893, 731,894, 732,895, 733,896, 734,897, 735,898, 736,899, 737,900, 738,901, 739,902, 740,903, 741,904, 742,905, 743,906, 744,907, 745,908, 746,909, 747,910, 748,911, 749,912, 750,913, 751,914, 752,915, 753,916, 754,917, 755,918, 756,919, 757,920, 758,921, 759,922, 760,923, 761,924, 762,925, 763,926, 764,927, 765,928, 766,929, 767,930, 768,931, 769,932, 770,933, 771,934, 772,935, 773,936, 774,937, 775,938, 776,939, 777,940, 778,941, 779,942, 780,943, 781,944, 782,945, 783,946, 784,947, 785,948, 786,949, 787,950, 788,951, 789,952, 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894,1007, 895,1008, 896,1009, 897,1000, 898,1001, 899,1002, 900,1003, 901,1004, 902,1005, 903,1006, 904,1007, 905,1008, 906,1009, 907,1000, 908,1001, 909,1002, 910,1003, 911,1004, 912,1005, 913,1006, 914,1007, 915,1008, 916,1009, 917,1000, 918,1001, 919,1002, 920,1003, 921,1004, 922,1005, 923,1006, 924,1007, 925,1008, 926,1009, 927,1000, 928,1001, 929,1002, 930,1003, 931,1004, 932,1005, 933,1006, 934,1007, 935,1008, 936,1009, 937,1000, 938,1001, 939,1002, 940,1003, 941,1004, 942,1005, 943,1006, 944,1007, 945,1008, 946,1009, 947,1000, 948,1001, 949,1002, 950,1003, 951,1004, 952,1005, 953,1006, 954,1007, 955,1008, 956,1009, 957,1000, 958,1001, 959,1002, 960,1003, 961,1004, 962,1005, 963,1006, 964,1007, 965,1008, 966,1009, 967,1000, 968,1001, 969,1002, 970,1003, 971,1004, 972,1005, 973,1006, 974,1007, 975,1008, 976,1009, 977,1000, 978,1001, 979,1002, 980,1003, 981,1004, 982,1005, 983,1006, 984,1007, 985,1008, 986,1009, 987,1000, 988,1001, 989,1002, 990,1003, 991,1004, 992,1005, 993,1006, 994,1007, 995,1008, 996,1009, 997,1000, 998,1001, 999,1002, 1000,1003, 1001,1004, 1002,1005, 1003,1006, 1004,1007, 1005,1008, 1006,1009, 1007,1000, 1008,1001, 1009,1002, 1010,1003, 1011,1004, 1012,1005, 1013,1006, 1014,1007, 1015,1008, 1016,1009, 1017,1000, 1018,1001, 1019,1002, 1020,1003, 1021,1004, 1022,1005, 1023,1006, 1024,1007, 1025,1008, 1026,1009, 1027,1000, 1028,1001, 1029,1002, 1030,1003, 1031,1004, 1032,1005, 1033,1006, 1034,1007, 1035,1008, 1036,1009, 1037,1000, 1038,1001, 1039,1002, 1040,1003, 1041,1004, 1042,1005, 1043,1006, 1044,1007, 1045,1008, 1046,1009, 1047,1000, 1048,1001, 1049,1002, 1050,1003, 1051,1004, 1052,1005, 1053,1006, 1054,1007, 1055,1008, 1056,1009, 1057,1000, 1058,1001, 1059,1002, 1060,1003, 1061,1004, 1062,1005, 1063,1006, 1064,1007, 1065,1008, 1066,1009, 1067,1000, 1068,1001, 1069,1002, 1070,1003, 1071,1004, 1072,1005, 1073,1006, 1074,1007, 1075,1008, 1076,1009, 1077,1000, 1078,1001, 1079,1002, 1080,1003, 1081,1004, 1082,1005, 1083,1006, 1084,1007, 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1176,1009, 1177,1000, 1178,1001, 1179,1002, 1180,1003, 1181,1004, 1182,1005, 1183,1006, 1184,1007, 1185,1008, 1186,1009, 1187,1000, 1188,1001, 1189,1002, 1190,1003, 1191,1004, 1192,1005, 1193,1006, 1194,1007, 1195,1008, 1196,1009, 1197,1000, 1198,1001, 1199,1002, 1200,1003, 1201,1004, 1202,1005, 1203,1006, 1204,1007, 1205,1008, 1206,1009, 1207,1000, 1208,1001, 1209,1002, 1210,1003, 1211,1004, 1212,1005, 1213,1006, 1214,1007, 1215,1008, 1216,1009, 1217,1000, 1218,1001, 1219,1002, 1220,1003, 1221,1004, 1222,1005, 1223,1006, 1224,1007, 1225,1008, 1226,1009, 1227,1000, 1228,1001, 1229,1002, 1230,1003, 1231,1004, 1232,1005, 1233,1006, 1234,1007, 1235,1008, 1236,1009, 1237,1000, 1238,1001, 1239,1002, 1240,1003, 1241,1004, 1242,1005, 1243,1006, 1244,1007, 1245,1008, 1246,1009, 1247,1000, 1248,1001, 1249,1002, 1250,1003, 1251,1004, 1252,1005, 1253,10

That god his grace wolde fende
To make of thilke werre an ende,
Whiche every day now groweth newe.
And that is gretely for to rewe
165 In speciall for Cristes sake,
Which wolde his owne life forfake
Amonge the men to yeven pees.
But nowe men tellen netholes,
That love is fro the world departed,
170 So stant the pees uneven parted
With hem that liven now a daies.
But for to loke at all affaies
To him, that wolde reson seche
After the comun worldes speche,
175 It is to wonder of thilke werre,
In which none wote who hath the werre.
For every lond him self deceiveth
And of disese his parte receiveth,
And yet ne take men no kepe.
180 But thilke lorde, whiche al may kepe,
To whom no counseil may be hid
Upon the world, whiche is betid,
Amende that, wheroft men pleine
With trewe hertes and with pleine,
185 And reconcile love ayeine
As he, whiche is king soveraine
Of all the worldes governaunce,
And of his highe purveiance
Afferme pees bitwene the londes
190 And take here cause into his hondes,

16389 done on three year book with Barbara France, etc.

So that the world may stande appesed
 192 And his godhede also be plesed.

3. *Quas coluit Moses vetus, aut novus ipse Joannes,
 Hesternas leges vix colit ista dies.
 Sic prius Ecclesia bina virtute polita
 Nunc magis inulta pallet utraque via.
 Pacificam Petri vaginam mucro resumens
 Horruit ad Christi verba cruoris iter.
 Nunc tamen assiduo gladium de sanguine tintatum
 Vibrat avaricia lege repente sacra.
 Sic lupus est pastor, pater hostis, mors miserator,
 Prædoque largitor, pax et in orbe timor.*

De statu cleri ut
 dicunt secundum
 spiritualia, vide
 licet tempore Ro
 bertii Gibbonensis,
 qui nomen Cle
 mentis sibi sortitus
 est tunc Antipape.

- To thenke upon the daies olde
 The life of clerkes to beholde
 Men fain, how that they were tho
 Ensample and reule of alle tho,
 Which of wisdom the vertue sougten.
 Unto the god first they besoughten
 As to the substaunce of here scole,
 200 That they ne sholden nougnt before
 Her witte upon none erthly werkes,
 Whiche were ayein thestate of clerkes,
 And that they mighten fle the vice,
 Which Simon hath in his office,
 205 Wheroft he taketh the golde in honde.
 For thilke time I understande
 The Lumbarde made non eschaunge
 The bisshopriches for to chaunge,
 Ne yet a letter for to sende
 210 For dignite ne for provende
 Or cured or withoute cure,
 The chirche keie in adventure

Of armes and of brigantaille
Stood no thing than upon bataille
²¹⁵ To fight or for to make cheste
It thought hem thanne nought honeste.
But of simplefce and pacience
They maden thanne no defence.
The courte of worldly regalie
²²⁰ To hem was thanne no bailie.
The vein honour was nought desired,
Which hath the proude herte fired.
Humilite was tho witholde
And pride was a vice holde.
²²⁵ Of holy chirche the largefse
Yaf thanne and did great almesse
To pouer men that hadden nede.
They were eke chaft in word and dede,
Wherof the people ensample toke.
²³⁰ Their lust was al upon the boke
Or for to preche or for to preie
To wiffe men the righte weie
Of such as stode of trouth unlered.
Lo, thus was Peters barge stered
²³⁵ Of hem that thilke time were.
And thus came first to mannes ere
The feith of Criste and alle good
Through hem, that thanne weren good
And sobre and chaste and large and wise.
²⁴⁰ And now men fain is other wife.
Simon the cause hath undertake,
The worldes swerde on hond is take,

- And that is wonder netheles,
 Whan Criste him self hath bode pees
 245 And set it in his testament.
 How now that holy chirche is went
 Of that here lawe positife
 Hath set to make werre and strife
 For worldes good, which may nought laſt.
 250 God wote the caufe to the laſt
 Of every right and wronge also.
 But while the lawe is reuled so
 That clerkes to the werre entende,
 I not how that they sholde amende
 255 The woful worlde in other thinges
 To make pees betwen the kinges
 After the lawe of charite,
 Which is the propre duete
 Belongend unto the preſthode.
 260 But as it thenketh to make manhode,
 The heven is fer, the worlde is nigh,
 And veingloire is eke to ſligh,
 Which covetife hath now witholde,
 That they none other thing beholde,
 265 But only that they mighten winne.
 And thus the werres they beginne,
 Wheroft the holy chirche is taxed,
 That in the point as it is axed
 The diſme goth to the bataile,
 270 As though Crist mighte nought availe
 To don hem right by other weie.
 Into the ſword the chirche keie

Is torned, and the holy bede
 Into cursinge, and every stede
²⁷⁵ Whiche sholde stonde upon the feith
 And to this cause an ere leith
 Astoned is of the quarele.
 That sholde be the worldes hele
 Is now men fain the pestilence,
²⁸⁰ Which hath exiled pacience
 Fro the clergie in speciall.
 And that is shewed overall,
 In any thing whan they be greved.
 But if Gregoire be beleved
²⁸⁵ As it is in the bokes write,
 He dothe us somdele for to wite
 The cause of thilke prelacie,
 Where god is nougnt of compaignie.
 For every werke as it is founded
²⁹⁰ Shall stonde, or elles be confounded.
 Who that only for Cristes sake
 Desireth cure for to take
 And nougnt for pride of thilke estate
 To beare a name of a prelate,
²⁹⁵ He shal by reson do profite
 In holy chirche upon the plite,
 That he hath set his conscience
 But in the worldes reverence.
 Ther ben of suche many glade,
³⁰⁰ Whan they to thilke estate ben made
 Nought for the merite of the charge,
 But for they wolde hem self discharge

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- Of pouerte and become grete,
 And thus for pompe and for beyete
- 305 The scribe and eke the pharisee
 Of Moises upon the see
 In the chaire on high ben set,
 Wheroft the feith is ofte let,
 Whiche is betaken hem to kepe.
- 310 In Cristes cause all day they slepe,
 But of the worlde is nougnt foryete.
 For wel is him, that now may gete
 Office in court to be honoured.
 The stronge cofre hath al devoured
- 315 Under the keie of avarice
 The tresor of the benefice,
 Wheroft the pouer shulden clothe
 And ete and drinke and house bothe.
 The charite goth all unknowe,
- 320 For they no greine of pite fowe,
 And slouthe kepeth the librarie,
 Which longeth to the feintuarie.
 To studie upon the worldes lore
 Sufficeth now withoute more.
- 325 Delicacie his swete tothe
 Hath soffred so that it fordothe
 Of abstinence al that ther is.
 And for to loken over this,
 If Ethna brenne in the clergie,
- 330 Al openly to mannes eye
 At Avinon thexperience
 Therof hath yove an evidence

- Of that men seen hem so devided.
 And yet the cause is nought decided,
 335 But it is faide and ever shall :
Bitwen two stoles is the fall,
 Whan that men wenē best to fitte. *
- In holy chirche of suchē a flitte
 Is for to rewe unto us alle.
- 340 God graunte it mote wel befalle
 Towardes him, which hath the trouth.
 But ofte is seen, that mochel slouth,
 Whan men ben drunken of the cuppe,
 Doth mochel harme, whan fire is uppe,
- 345 But if somwho the flamme staunche
 And so to speke upon this braunche,
 Which proud envie hath made to springe
 Of scisme, caufeth for to bringe
 This newe fecte of lollardie
- 350 And also many an heresie
 Among the clerkes in hem selve.
 It were better dike and delve
 And stonde upon the right feith
 Than knowe al that the bible faith
- 355 And erre as some clerkes do.
 Upon the hond to were a sho
 And set upon the foot a glove
 Accordeth nought to the behove
 Of resonable mannes use.
- 360 If men behelden the vertuse,
 That Criste in erthe taught here,
 They shulden nought in such manere

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CANT. III

- Among hem, that ben holden wise,
 The papacie so desguise
- ³⁶⁵ Upon divers election,
 Whiche stant after thaffection
 Of sondry londes al aboute.
 But whan god wol, it shal were oute,
 For trouth mot stonde ate laste.
- ³⁷⁰ But yet they argumenten faste
 Upon the pope and his estate,
 Wheroft they fallen in great debate.
 This clerk saith ye, that other nay,
 And thus they drive forth the day,
- ³⁷⁵ And eche of hem him self amendeth
 Of worldes good, but none entendeth
 To that, which comun profite were.
 They fain, that god is mighty there
 And shal ordeine, what he wille,
- ³⁸⁰ There make they none other skille,
 Where is the perill of the feith.
 But every clerke his herte leith
 To kepe his worlde in speciall
 And of the cause generall,
- ³⁸⁵ Whiche unto holy chirche longeth,
 Is none of hem that underfongeth
 To shapen any resistence.
 And thus the right hath no defence,
 But there I love, there I holde.
- ³⁹⁰ Lo, thus to-broke is Cristes folde,
 Wheroft the flock withoute guide
 Devoured is on every side

In lacke of hem, that ben unware
Shepherdes, which here wit beware
395 Upon the worlde in other halve.
The sharpe pricke in stede of salve
They usen now, wheroft the hele
They hurte of that they shulden hele.
And what sheep, that is full of wulle
400 Upon his backe, they toose and pulle,
While ther is any thinge to pile.
And though there be none other skile
But onely for they wolde winne
They leve nought, whan they beginne
405 Upon here acte to procede,
Whiche is no good shepherdes dede.
And upon this also men fain
That fro the leese, whiche is pleine,
Into the breres they forcacche
410 Here orf, for that they wolden lacche
With such duresse and so bereve
That shal upon the thornes leve
Of wulle, whiche the brere hath tore,
Wheroft the sheep ben al to-tore,
415 Of that the herdes make hem lese.
Lo, how they feignen chalk for chese,
For though they speke and teche wel,
They don hem self therof no dele.
For if the wolf come in the wey,
420 Their goostly staf is then awey,
Wheroft they shulde her flock defende.
But if the pouer sheep offende

6

Il y a quelques mois de l'automne 2012, à 170 km au sud-est d'El Cairo, dans le désert de Libye, un groupe de chercheurs et archéologues français ont dévoilé une découverte spectaculaire : une tombe égyptienne datant de l'Antiquité tardive (vers 300 ap. J.-C.) qui contenait des objets en or et en argent, des bijoux et des vases en verre et en cristal.

In any thing, though it be lite,

They ben al redy for to smite,

- ⁴²⁵ And thus howe ever that they tale
 The strokes falle upon the smale,
 And upon other that bene greate
 Hem lacketh herte for to beate,
 So that under the clerkes lawe

- ⁴³⁰ Men seen the merel al misdrawe.
 I wol nought say in generall,
 For there ben somme in speciall,
 In whome that al vertue dwelleth,

*Qui vocantur a deo
 tanquam Aaron.*

- ⁴³⁵ And tho ben, as thapostel telleth,

That god of his election

Hath cleped to perfection

In the maner as Aaron was.

They be nothinge in thilke cas
 Of Simon, which the foldes gate

- ⁴⁴⁰ Hath lete and goth in other gate,
 But they gone in the righte weie.

There bene also somme as men faie,

That folwen Simon ate heles

Whose carte goth upon wheles

- ⁴⁴⁵ Of covetise and worldes pride,
 And holy chirche goth beside,
 Whiche sheweth outwarde a visage
 Of that is nought in the corage.

For if men loke in holy chirche

- ⁴⁵⁰ Betwene the worde and that they wirche,
 There is a ful great difference.
 They prechen us in audience,

That noman shall his soule empeire,
For al is but a chery feire

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455 This worldes good, so as they telle.
Also they fain there is an helle,
Whiche unto mannes finne is due,
And bidden us therfore escheue
That wicked is and do the good.*

460 Who that her wordes understood
It thenketh they wolden do the same.
But yet betwene ernest and game †
Ful oft it torneth other wife.
With holy tales they devise,

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465 How meritory is thilke dede
Of charite to clothe and fede
The pouer folke and for to parte
The worldes good, but they departe
Ne thenken nougnt fro that they have.

cf p 10.

470 Also they fain good is to fave
With penaunce and with abstinenſe
Of chāſtite the continence.
But pleinly for to speke of that
I not how thilke body fat,

475 Which they with deinte metes kepe
And lein it ſofte for to ſlepe,
Whan it hath elles of his wille,
With chaſtite ſhall ſtonde ſtille.
And netheles I can nougnt fay

480 In auuter if that I miſſay
Touchend of this, how ever it ſtonde,
I here and wol nougnt underſtonde

For therof have I nought to done.
 But he that made first the mone,
⁴⁸⁵ The highe god of his goodnesse,
 If ther be cause, he it redresse.
 But what as any man can accuse,
 This may reson of trouthe excuse.
 The vice of hem that ben ungood
⁴⁹⁰ Is no reproef unto the good.
 For every man his owne werkes
 Shall beare, and thus as of the clerkes
 The good men ben to commende,
 And all these other god amende,
⁴⁹⁵ For they ben to the worldes eye
 The mirrour of ensamplarie
 To reulen and to taken hede
⁵⁰⁰ Betwene the men and the godhede

4. *Vulgaris populus regali lege subactus*
Dum jacet, ut mitis equa subibit onus.
Si caput extollat et lex sua frena relaxet,
Ut sibi velle jubet, tygridis instar habet.
Ignis, aqua dominans duo sunt pietate carentes,
Ira tamen plebis est violenta magis.

De statu plebis ut
 dicunt secundum
 accidencia mutabi-
 lis.

Now for to speke of the comune
 It is to drede of that fortune,
 Whiche hath befalle in sondry londes.
 But often for defaute of bondes
 Al sodeinlich er it be wist
 A tonne, whan his lie arist,
⁵⁰⁵ To-breketh and renneth al aboute,
 Whiche elles sholde nought gone oute.
 And eke ful ofte a litel scar
 Upon a banke, er men be ware,

- Let in the streme, which with gret paine
 510 If ever man it shal restreigne.
 Where lawe lacketh errour groweth,
 He is nought wise who that ne troweth,
 For it hath proved oft er this,
 And thus the comun clamour is
 515 In every lond where people dwelleth
 And eche in his compleinte telleth,
 How that the worlde is al miswent.
 And therupon his argument
 Yeveth every man in sondry wise.
 520 But what man wolde him self avise
 His conscience and nought misuse,
 He may well at the first excuse
 His god, whiche ever stant in one,
 In him there is defaute none.
 525 So must it stonde upon us selve,
 Nought only upon ten ne twelve,
 But plenerlich upon us alle,
 For man is cause of that shal falle.
 And netheles yet som men write
 530 And sain fortune is to wite,
 And som men holde opinion
 That it is constellacion,
 Which caufeth al that a man dothe.
 God wot of bothe whiche is sothe.
 535 The worlde as of his propre kinde
 Was ever untrew and as the blinde
 Improperlich he demeth fame,
 He blameth that is nought to blame

Nota contra hoc,
 quod aliqui fortē
 fortune, aliqui influ-
 enciam planetarum
 ponunt, per quod ut
 dicitur rerum eventus
 necessario contingit,
 sed pocius dicendum
 est, quod ea que nos
 prospera et adversa in
 hoc mundo vocamus
 secundum merita et
 demerita hominum,
 digno dei judicio pro-
 veniunt.

And preifeth that is nought to preife.

540 Thus whan he shall the thinges peife,
Ther is deceipte in his balaunce

And al is that the variaunce
Of us, that shulde us better avise.

For after that we fall and rise

545 The worlde ariste and falleth with al,
So that the man is over al
His owne cause of wele and wo.*

That we fortune clepe so

Out of the man him selfe it groweth,

550 And who that other wife troweth
Beholde the people of Israel.
For ever while they deden wel

Fortune was hem debonaire,

And whan they deden the contraire
555 Fortune was contrariende.

So that it proveth wel at ende,

Why that the worlde is wonderful

And may no while stonde ful,

Though that it seme wel besein,

560 For every worldes thinge is vein
And ever goth the whele aboute

And ever stant a man in doute,

Fortune stant no while stille.

So hath ther no man al his wille,

565 Als far as ever a man may knowe
There lasteth no thing but a throwe.

Boetius.

O, quam dulcedo
humane vite multa
amaritudine asper-
fa est.

The world stant ever upon debate,
So may be siker none estate,

- Now here now there now to now fro
 Now up now down the world goth so
 And ever hath done and ever shal,
 Wherof I finde in special
 A tale writen in the bible,
 Which must nedes be credible,
 And that as in conclusion
Saith, that upon division
Stant, why no worldes thing may laste,
Til it be drive to the laste,
 And fro the firsste regne of all
 Unto this day how so befall
 Of that the regnes be mevable,
 The man him self hath be coupable,
 Whiche of his propre governaunce
 Fortuneth al the worldes chaunce.

*Prosper et adversus obliquo tramite versus
 Immundus mundus decipit omne genus.
 Mundus in eventu versatur ut alea casu,
 Quam celer in ludis jaetat avara manus.
 Sicut ymago viri variantur tempora mundi,
 Statque nihil firmum preter amare deum.*

- The high almighty purveiaunce,
 In whose eterne remembraunce
 From first was every thing present,
 He hath his prophecie sent
 In suche a wise, as thou shalt here,
 To Daniel of this matere,
 How that this world shal tornе and wende
 Till it be falle unto his ende,
 Wherof the tale tell I shal
 In which it is betokened al.

5.

Hic in prologo tractat
 de statua illa, quam
 rex Nabugodonosor
 viderat in sompnis,
 cuius caput aureum,
 pectus argenteum,
 venter eneus, tibie
 ferree, pedum vero
 quedam pars ferrea,
 quedam fistilis vide-
 batur, sub qua mem-
 brorum diversitate se-
 cundum Danielis ex-
 positionem huius
 mundi variacio figu-
 rabatur.

- as in glas
- 595 As Nabugodonosor slepte
 A sween him toke, the whiche he kepte
 Til on the morwe he was arise,
 For he therof was sore agrise.
 Til Daniel his dreme he tolde
 600 And praid him faire, that he wolde
 Arede what it token may
 And saide : a bedde where I lay
 Me thought I sigh upon a stage,
 Where stood a wonder straunge ymage.
 605 His hed with al the necke also
 They were of fine gold, bothe two
 His brest, his shulders and his armes
 Were al of silver, but tharmes,
 The wombe and al down to the kne
 610 Of bras they were upon to se,
 His legges were al made of steel,
 So were his feet also somdele,
 And somdele part to hem was take
 Of erthe, which men pottes make.
 615 The feble meind was with the strong,
 So might it nought wel stonde long.

Hic narrat ulterius
 de quodam lapide
 grandi, qui ut in
 dicto sompnio vide-
 batur ab excelsio
 monte super sta-
 tuam corrueens ip-
 sam quasi in nichil
 penitus con-
 trivit.

And tho me thought, that I sigh
 A great stone from an hill on high
 Fell down of fodein aventure
 Upon the feet of this figure,
 With which stone al to-broke was
 Gold, silver, erthe, steel and bras,
 That al was into pouder brought
 And so forth torned into nought.

525 This was the fweven which he had,
 That Daniel anone arad
 And saide him: that figure straunge
 Betokeneth how the world shal chaunge
 And waxe lasse worth and lasse,
 530 Til it to nought all over passe.

Hic loquitur de
 interpretacione
 sompnii, et primo
 dicit de significacione capitis aurei.

The necke and hed, that weren golde,
 He saide how that betoken sholde
 A worthy worlde, a noble, a riche
 To which none after shal be liche.

535 Of silver that was over forthe
 Shal ben a worlde of lasse worthe.

De pectore argenteo.

And after that the wombe of bras
 Token of a wers worlde it was.
 The steel which he sigh afterward
 640 A world betokeneth more hard.

De ventre eneo.

But yet the werste of every dele
 Is last, that whan of erth and steel
 He sigh the feet departed so,
 For that betokeneth mochel wo.

De tibeis ferreis.

645 Whan that the world devided is,
 It mot algate fare amis,
 For erth, which meined is with steel,
 To-gider may nought laste wele,
 But if that one that other waste,
 650 So mot it nedes fail in haste.

De significacione
 pedum, qui ex duabus
 materiis discordantibus ad invicem
 divisi extiterunt.

The stome, whiche fro the hilly stage
 He sigh down falle on that ymage
 And hath it into pouder broke,
 654 That fweven hath Daniel unloke

4.133
 De lapidis statuam
 confringentis significatione.

177 p52

“^s And said, that it is goddes might
 Which whan men wene most upright
 To stonde shal hem over caste.
 And that is of this world the laste,
 And than a newe shal beginne,
 “^o From whiche a man shal never twinne
 Or al to paine or al to pees,
 That world shal laste endeles.

Hic consequenter
 scribit, qualiter hu-
 ius seculi regna va-
 riis mutacionibus,
 prout in dicta statua
 figurabatur, secun-
 dum temporum
 distinctiones sensi-
 biliter haec tenus di-
 minuuntur.

De seculo aureo,
 quod in capite sta-
 tue designatum est
 a tempore ipsius
 Nabugodonosor
 regis Caldee usque
 in regnum Cyri re-
 gis Persarum.

Lo, thus expoundeth Daniel
 The kinges swēven faire and wel
 In Babiloine the citee,
 Wher that the wifest of Caldee
 Ne couthen wite what it mente,
 But he tolde al the hole entente,
 “^q As in partie it is befalle.
 Of golde the first regne of alle
 Was in that kinges time tho,
 And laste many daies so.
 There whiles that the monarchie
 Of al the worlde in that partie
 “^r To Babiloine was subgite
 And helde him still in suche a plight,
 Til that the world began diverse.
 And that was, whan the kinge of Perse,
 Which Cyrus hight, ayein the pees
 “^s Forth with his sone Cambyses
 Of Babiloine all that empire,
 Right as they wolde hem self desire,
 Put under in subjection
 And toke it in posseßion,

- 685 And slain was Baltazar the king,
 Which lost his regne and all his thing.
 And thus whan they it hadde wonne,
 The worlde of silver was begonne
 And that of gold was passed oute,
 690 And in this wise it goth aboute
 Into the regne of Darius,
 And than it fell to Perse thus.
 There Alisaundre put hem under,
 Which wroght of armes many a wonder,
 695 So that the monarchie lefte
 With Greecs and here estate up lefte,
 And Persiens gone under fote,
 So suffre they, that nedes mote.
 And tho the world began of bras,
 700 And that of silver ended was,
 But for the time thus it laste,
 Til it befelle, that at laste
 This king, whan that his day was come,
 With strength of deth was overcome.
 705 And netheles yet or he dide
 He shope his regne to devide
 To knightes, which him hadde served,
 And after that they have deserved
 Yaf the conquestes, that he wanne,
 710 Wheroft great werre tho beganne
 Among hem, that the regnes had,
 Through proud envie which hem lad,
 Til it befelle ayein hem thus.
 714 The noble Cesar Julius,

De seculo argenteo, quod in pectore designatum est a tempore ipsius regis Cyri usque in regnum Alexandri regis Macedonie.

De seculo eneo, quod in ventre designatum est a tempore ipsius Alexandri usque in regnum Julii Romanorum imperatoris.

- 715 Which tho was kinge of Rome-londe,
 With great bataile and with strong honde
 All Grece, Perse and eke Caldee
 Wan and put under, so that he
 Nought al only of thorient
- 720 But al the marche of thoccident
 Governeth under his empire
 As he that was hole lord and fire
 And held through his chivalrie
 Of al this worlde the monarchie
- 725 And was the first of that honour,
 Which taketh name of emperour.

De seculo ferreo,
 quod in tibiis de-
 signatum est a tem-
 pore Julii usque in
 regnum Caroli
 magni regis Fran-
 corum.

Where Rome thanne wolde affaile,
 There mighte no thing contrevaille,
 But every contre must obeie.

- 730 Tho goth the regne of bras aweie
 And comen is the worlde of steel
 And stode above upon the whele.
 As steel is hardest in his kinde
 Above al other that men finde
- 735 Of metals, such was Rome tho
 The mightiest and laste so
 Long time amonges the Romans,
 Til they become so vilains,
 That the fals emperour Leo
- 740 With Constantin his sone also
 The patrimonie and the richeſſe,
 Which to Silvester in pure almeſſe
 The firſte Constantinus lefte,
 Fro holy chirche they berefte.

- 745 But Adrian, which pope was
 And sigh the mischef of this cas,
 Goth into Fraunce for to pleine
 And praieth the great Charlemaine
 For Cristes sake and soule hele,
- 750 That he wol take the quarele
 Of holy chirche in his defence.
 And Charles for the reverence
 Of god the cause hath undertake
 And with his host the waie take
- 755 Over the mountes of Lumbardie.
 Of Rome and al the tirannie
 With blody swerd he overcome
 And the citee with strengthe nome
 In suche a wise and there he wroughte,
- 760 That holy chirche ayein he broughte
 Into fraunchise and doth restore
 The popes luste and yaf him more,
 And thus whan he his god hath served,
 He toke as he hath well deserved
- 765 The diademe and was coroned
 Of Rome, and thus was abandoned
 Thempire, whiche came never ayeine
 Into the hande of no Romaine.
 But a long time it stode so stille
- 770 Under the Frenshe kinges wille,
 Til that fortune her whele so lad,
 That afterward Lumbardes it had
 Nought by the swerd, but by suffraunce
 774 Of him, that tho was king of Fraunce

ms. A. 1. 11. v. 9. - 10.

5

See p. 3

775 Whiche Karle Calvus cleped was,
 And he resigneth in this cas
 Thempire of Rome unto Lowis
 His coufin, which a Lumbarde is,
 And so it laste into the yere
 780 Of Alberte and of Berenger.

De seculo novissimis
 jam temporibus ad
 similitudinem pedum
 in discordiam lapsu et
 diviso, quod post de-
 cessum ipsius Caroli,
 cum imperium Ro-
 manorum in manus
 Longobardorum per-
 venerat, tempore Al-
 berti et Berengarii
 incepit. Nam ob
 eorum divisionem
 contingit, ut Alemani
 imperatoriam adepti
 sint maiestatem, in
 cuius solium quen-
 dam principem Theu-
 tonicum Othonem
 nomine sublimari pri-
 mitus constituerunt.
 Et ab illo regno inci-
 piente divisio per uni-
 versum orbem in pos-
 teros concrevit, unde
 nos ad alterutrum di-
 visi huius seculi con-
 summacionem ultimi
 jam expectamus.

But than upon diffension
 They felle and in division
 Among hem self that were grete,
 So that they loste the beyete
 Of worship and of worldes pees.
 But in proverbe nethenes
 Men sain: ful selden is that welthe
 Can suffre his owne estate in helthe,
 And that was in the Lumbardes sene,
 Suche comun strife was hem betwene
 Through covetise and through envie,
 That every man drough his partie,
 Which mighte leden any route
 Withinne bourgh and eke withoute.
 The comun right hath no felawe,
 So that the governaunce of lawe
 Was lost and for neceffite
 Of that they stode in suche degré
 Al only through division
 800 Hem nedeth in conclusion
 Of straunge londes helpe beside,
 And thus for they hem self divide
 And stonden out of reule uneven,
 Of Alemaine princes seven

- 805 They chose in this condicion,
That upon here election
Thempire of Rome sholde stonde.
And thus they left it out of honde
For lacke of grace and it forsoke,
- 810 That Alemains upon hem toke.
And to confermen here estate
Of that they founden in debate
They token the possession
After the composicion
- 815 Among hem self and ther upon
They made an emperour anon,
Whos name as the cronique telleth
Was Othes, and so forth it dwelleth.
Fro thilke daie yet unto this
- 820 Thempire of Rome hath ben and is
To thalemains, and in this wise
As ye to-fore have herd devise
How Daniel the sweene expoundeth
Of that ymage, on whom he foundeth
- 825 The world, which after sholde falle,
Come is the last token of alle.
Upon the feet of erthe and steel
So stant the world now every dele
Departed, which began right tho,
- 830 Whan Rome was devided so.
And that is for to rewe fore,
For alwey fithe more and more
The worlde empeireth every day,
- 834 Wherof the sothe shewe may.

- 835 At Rome first if we beginne,
 The walle and al the citee withinne
 Stant in ruine and in decas,
 The feld is where the palais was,
 The town is waft, and over that
- 840 If we behold thilke estate,
 Whiche whilome was of the Romans
 Of knighthod and of citizeins
 To peise now with that beforne,
 The chaf is take for the corne,
- 845 And for to speke of Romes might
 Unnethes stant ther ought upright
 Of worship or of worldes good,
 As it before time stood.
 And why the worship is away
- 850 If that a man the sothe say,
 The cause hath ben devision,
 Which moder of confusion
 Is, where she cometh overall
 Nought only of the temporall
- 855 But of the spirital also.
 The dede proveth it is so
 And hath do many daies er this
 Through venim, which that medled is
 In holy chirche of erthely thing.
- 860 For Crist him self maketh knowleching,
 That no man may to-gider serve
 God and the world, but if he swerve
 Froward that one and stonde unstable,
 And Cristes word may nought be fable.

- 865 The thing so open is at theye,
 It nedeth nought to specifie
 Or speke ought more in this matere.
 But in this wise a man may lere
 How that the worlde is gone aboute,
- 870 The whiche wel nigh is wered out
 After the forme of that figure,
 Which Daniel in his scripture
 Expoundeth as to-fore is tolde,
 Of bras, of silver and of golde
- 875 The worlde is passed and agone,
 And nowe upon his olde tone
 It stant of brutel erthe and steel,
 The whiche accorden never a dele,
 So mot it nedes swerve aside
- 880 As thing the which men seen divide.
 Thapostel writ unto us alle
 And faith, that upon us is falle
 Thend of the world, so may we knowe
 This ymage is nigh overthrowe,
- 885 By which this world was signified,
 That whilom was so magnified.
 And nowe is olde and feble and vile
 Full of mischefe and of peril
 And stant divided eke also
- 890 Lich to the feet, that were so
 As I tolde of the statue above.
 And thus men seen, through lacke of love
 Where as the lond divided is,
- 894 It mot algate fare amis.

Hic dicit secundum apostolum,
 quod nos sumus, in
 quos fines seculi
 devenerunt.

1 Cor. 11

b25

- 895 And now to loke on every fide
 A man may se the world divide,
 The werres ben so generall
 Amonge the Cristen overall,
 That every man now secheth wreche,
- 900 And yet these clerkes alday preche
 And fain, good dede may none be
 Whiche stant nought upon charite.
 I not how charite may stonde
 Where dedly werre is taken on honde,
- 905 But al this wo is cause of man
 The which that wit and reson can,
 And that in token and in witnesse
 That ilke ymage bare liknesse
 Of man and of none other beste.
- 910 For first unto the mannes heste
 Was every creature ordeigned,
 But afterward it was restreigned,
 Whan that he fel they fallen eke,
 Whan he wax sike they woxen sike,
- 915 For as the man hath passion,
 Of sikenesse in comparison,
 So suffren other creatures.
 Lo, first the heavenly figures.

Hic scribit, quod
 ex divisionis pa-
 ssione singula creati-
 detrimentum cor-
 ruptibile paciun-
 tur.

The sonne and mone eclipsen both
 And ben with mannes sinne wroth,
 The purest air for sinne alofte
 Hath ben and is corrupt ful ofte,
 Right now the highe windes blowe
 And anon after they ben lowe,

- 925 Now cloudy and now clere it is,
So it may proven wel by this,
A mannes finne is for to hate,
Which maketh the welken to debate.
And for to se the properte
930 Of every thinge in his degré,
Benethe forth amonges us here
Al stant a lich in this matere.
The fee nowe ebbeth and nowe it floweth,
The lond now welketh and now it groweth,
935 Now be the trees with leves grene,
Now they be bare and no thing sene,
Now be there lusty somer floures,
Now be there stormy winter shoures,
Now be the daies, now the nightes,
940 So stant there no thing al uprightes,
Nowe it is light, nowe it is derke,
And thus stant al the worldes werke
After the dispoficion
Of man and his condicion.
945 Forthy Gregoire in his morall
Saith, that a man in speciall
The lasse worlde is properly,
And that he proveth redily,
For man of soule resonable
950 Is to an angel resemblable
And lich to beste he hath feling
And lich to tres he hath growing.
The stones ben and so is he,
Thus of his propre qualite

See notes on Shab, & e Ricas II 7,5 "Summer around here go fishing before I go. One out now,
He does not like to go. He likes to fish & eat fish in lake, here
a gelis with the men, & experimenter in the lake
fogon, in the lake there, over. " "Blow cold water, jinnes
Delect for a winter. Govor, Et d'ins, / t' sit fessiere Et rotarce to a be hine,
Lover a be angle river, Ova lecier he beline Et set a cantele a' Roat
Can you buy fish? Et c'angie not de fessiere? M a dollara 26809 / per a week
They want, get it down.
We sell angler's an sets, under roof w. Native species, good meat here.

- 955 The man, as telleth the clergie,
 Is as a worlde in his partie,
 And whan this litel world mistorneth
 The grete worlde al overtorneth.
 The lond, the see, the firmament
- 960 They axen alle jugement
 Ayein the man and make him werre,
 Ther while him selfe stant out of herre,
 The remenaunt wol nought accorde,
 And in this wife as I recorde
- 965 The man is cause of alle wo,
 Why this worlde is divided so.
 Division the gospel faith
 One house upon an other laith,
 Til that the regne al overthrowe.
- 970 And thus may every man wel knowe
 Division aboven alle
 Is thing, which maketh the world to falle
 And ever hath do, sith it began,
 It may firste prove upon a man.
- The which for his complexion
 Is made upon division
 Of cold of hot of moist of drie,
 He mot by verry kinde die.
 For the contraire of his estate
- 980 Stant evermore in such debate,
 Til that a part be overcome
 There may no final pees be nome.
 But otherwise if a man were
 Made al to-gider of one matere

Hic dicit secundum
 Evangelium, quod
 omne regnum in se
 divisum desolabi-
 tur.

Quod ex sue com-
 plexionis materia
 divisus homo mor-
 talis existit.

985 Withouten interrupcion,
 There shulde no corrupcion
 Engendre upon that unite,
 But for there is diversite
 Within him selfe, he may nought laste,
 990 That he ne deieth at the laste.
 But in a man yet over this
 Full great division there is,
 Through which that he is ever in strife
 While that him lasteth any life.

995 The body and the soule also
 Among hem ben divided so,
 That what thing that the body hateth
 The soule loveth and debateth.
 But netheles ful ofte is sene

1000 Of werre whiche is hem betwene
 The feble hath wonne the victoire,
 And who so draweth into memoire
 What hath befallen of olde and newe
 He may that werre sore rewe,

1005 Which first began in paradis.*
 For there was proved what it is
 And what disese there it wrought,
 For thilke werre tho forth brought
 The vice of alle dedly sinne

1010 Through which division came inne
 Among the men in erthe here,
 And was the cause and the matere,
 Why god the grete flodes sende
 1014 Of all the world and made an ende

Quod homo ex corporis et anime condicione divisus, sicut salvacionis, ita dampnacionis aptitudinem ingreditur.

Qualiter Adam a statu innocencie divisus a paradiso voluptatis in terram laboris peccatorum projectus est.

Qualiter populi per universum orbem a cultura dei divisi, Noe cum sua sequela dumtaxat exceptis, diluvio interierunt.

1015 But Noe with his felaship,
Which only weren sauf by ship.

* And over that through sinne it come,
That Nembroth such emprise nome,

Whan he the toure Babel on hight
Let make, as he that wolde fight

Ayein the highe goddes might,
Wheroft devided anon right

Was the language in suche entent
There wiste non what other ment,

1025 So that they mighten nought procede.
And thus it stant of every dede

Where sinne taketh the case on honde
It may upright nought longe stonde,
For sinne of his condicion

1030 Is moder of division.

Qualiter mundus,
qui in statu divisiō-
nis quasi cotidianus
presenti tempore
vexatur flagellis, a
lapide superveni-
ente, id est a divina
potēcia usque ad
resolucionem om-
nis carnis subito
conteretur.

And token whan the world shall faile,
For so faith Crist withoute faile,

That nigh upon the worldes ende
Pees and accorde away shall wende
And alle charite shall ceafe

Among the men and hate encrease.
And whan these tokens ben befall
All sodeinly the stone shall fall,

As Daniel it hath beknowe,
1040 Which all this world shal overthrowe
And every man shall than arise

To joie or elles to juise,
Where that he shall for ever dwell
Or straight to heven or straight to hell.

- 1045 In heven is pees and al accorde,
 But helle is full of such discorde
 That there may be no love day.
 Forthy good is while a man may
 Echone to sette pees with other
 1050 And loven as his owne brother,
 So may he winne worldes welthe
 And afterwarde his soule helthe.
- But wolde god that now were one
 An other suche as Arione,* Orpheus
- 1055 Whiche had an harpe of such temprure
 And therto of so good mesure
 He song, that he the bestes wilde
 Made of his note tame and milde,
 The hinde in pees with the leon,
 1060 The wolfe in pees with the molton,
 The hare in pees stood with the hounde,
 And every man upon this grounde
 Whiche Arion that time herde
 As well the lorde as the shepherde
 1065 He brought hem all in good accorde,
 So that the comun with the lorde
 And lord with the comun also
 He sette in love bothe two
 And put awey malencolie.
- 1070 That was a lustie melodie
 Whan every man with other low.
 And if ther were suche one now
 Whiche couth harpe as he tho ded
 1074 He might availe in many a stede

Hic narrat exemplum de concordia et unitate inter homines provocanda. Et dicit, qualiter quidam Arion nuper citharista ex sui cantus cithareque consona melodia tante virtutis extiterat, ut ipse non solum virum cum viro, sed etiam leonem cum cerva, lupum cum agno, canem cum lepore ipsum audientes unanimiter absque ulla discordia ad in vicem pacificavit.

* name is possibly from Herodotus I, 232-24. But Orpheus is more likely intended, a famous Amphyon, so were coupled together in Horace, Ars Poetica 391-396, & Ovid, Ars Amatoria III, 321-326. Orpheus is also named Metamorphoses 21, 1-22, for less likely sources, Amphyon is twice Aeneas III, 1, 1; Statius, Silvae I, 5, 10; Odysseus 20, elsewhere some of these musicians are again in Confessio Romana, the Amphyon of III, 2160 being totally different.

- 1075 To make pees where nowe is hate.
For whan men thenken to debate
I not what other thinge is good,
But wher that wisdom waxeth wood
And reson torneth into rage,
- 1080 So that mesure upon oulrage
Hath set this worlde, it is to drede,
For that bringeth in the comun drede
Whiche stant at every mannes dore.
But whan the sharpnesse of the spore
- 1085 The horse side smit to fore
It greveth ofte. And now no more
As for to speke of this matere,
- 1088 Which none but only god may stere.

Explicit Prologus.



CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Incipit Liber Primus.

*Naturatus amor nature legibus orbem
Subdit et unanimes concitat esse feras.
Huius enim mundi princeps amor esse videtur,
Cuius eget dives pauper et omnis opes.
Sunt in agone pares amor et fortunaque, cecas
Plebis ad infidias vertit uterque rotas.
Est amor egra salus, vexata quies, pius error,
Bellica pax, vulnus dulce, suave malum.*



MAY nought strecche up to
the heven
Min hondne setten al in even
This world, whiche ever is
in balaunce, [faunce
It stant nought in my suffi-

s So great thinges to compasse.
But I mote lette it over passe
And treaten upon other thinges,
Forthy the stile of my writinges
Fro this day forth I thenke chaunge
10 And speake of thinge is nought so strange,

Postquam in prologo tractatum haec tenus existit, qualiter hodiernae condicionis divisionem superavit, intendit auctor ad presens suum libellum, cuius nomen Confessio Amantis nuncupatur, componere de illo amore, a quo non solum humanum genus, sed et cuncta animancia naturaliter subjiciuntur. Et quia nonnulli amantes ultra quam expedit desiderii passionibus crebro stimulantur, materia libri per totum

super hiis specialiter
diffunditur.

- Whiche every kinde hath upon honde
 And wherupon the world mote stonde
 And hath done sithen it began
 And shall while there is any man,
 15 And that is love, of whiche I mene
 To treate, as after shall be fene,
 In whiche there can no man him reule,
 For loves lawe is out of reule
 That of to moche or of to lite
 20 Wellnigh is every man to wite.
 And nethelas there is no man
 In al this world so wise, that can
 Of love temper the mesure.
 But as it falleth in aventur
 25 For wit ne strengthe may nought helpe
 And he which elles wolde him yelpe
 Is ratheſt throwen under foote,
 Ther can no wight therof do bote.
 For yet was never ſuch covine
 30 That couth ordeine a medicine
 To thing, which god in lawe of kinde
 Hath ſet, for there may no man finde
 The righte falve for ſuche a fore.
 It hath and ſhal be evermore
 35 That love is maister, where he will,
 There can no life make other ſkill,
 For where as ever him lift to ſet
 There is no might, which him may let,
 But what ſhall fallen ate laſte.
 40 The fothe can no wifedom caſt,

But as it falleth upon chaunce,
 For if there ever was balaunce
 Whiche of fortune stant governed,
 I may well leve as I am lerned
 45 That love hath that balaunce on honde
 Whiche wol no reson understande.

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For love is blinde and may nought se,
 Forthy may no certeinte
 Be sette upon his jugement.

50 But as the whele aboute went
 He yeveth his graces undeserved
 And fro that man whiche hath him served
 Ful ofte he taketh awey his fees,
 As he that plaieth at the dies

55 And therupon what shal befall
 He not, til that the chaunce fall
 Where he shall lese or he shal winne.
 And thus full ofte men beginne
 That if they wisten what it ment

60 They wol chaunge all here entent.

See p. 8

And for to prove it is so
 I am my selfe one of tho
 Whiche to this scole am underfonge.
 For it is sithe go nought longe
 65 As for to speake of this matere
 I may you telle, if ye woll here
 A wonder hap, which me befelle
 That was to me bothe harde and felle,
 Touchend of love and his fortune,
 70 The which me liketh to commune

See p. 105

Hic quasi in persona aliorum, quos amor alligat, fingens se auctor esse amantem, varias eorum passiones variis huius libri distinctionibus per singula scribere proponit.

And pleinly for to tellen it oute,
 To hem that ben lovers aboute
 Fro point to pointe I wol declare
 And writen of my woful care,

75 My woful day, my woful chaunce,
 That men mow take remembraunce
 Of that they shall here after rede.
 For in good feith this wolde I rede,
 That every man ensample take

80 Of wisedom, which is him betake,
 And that he wote of good apprise
 To teche it forth, for suche emprise
 Is for to preife, and therfore I
 Wol write and shewe all openly,

85 How love and I to-gider mette,
 Wheroft the worlde ensample fette
 May after this, whan I am go,
 Of thilke unsely jolif wo,
 Whose reule stant out of the wey

90 Now glad and now gladnesse awey,
 And yet it may nought be withistonde
 For ought that men may understande.

2. *Non ego Sampsonis vires, non Herculis arma
 Vinco, sum sed ut hii victus amore pari.
 Ut discant alii docet experientia facti,
 Rebus in ambiguis que sit habenda via.
 Devius ordo ducis temptata pericla sequentem
 Instruit a tergo me simul ille cadat.
 Me quibus ergo Venus casibus laqueavit amantem,
 Orbis in exemplum scribere tendo palam.*

Hic declarat mate-
 riam dicens, quali-
 ter Cupido quodam

Upon the point that is befalle
 Of love, in which that I am falle,

95 I thenke telle my matere.

Nowe herken who that woll it here
Of my fortune how that it ferde
This enderday, as I forth ferde
To walke, as I you telle may.

100 And that was in the moneth of May,
Whan every brid hath chose his make
And thenketh his merthes for to make
Of love, that he hath acheved.

But so was I no thing releved,

105 For I was further fro my love
Than erthe is fro the heven above,
And for to speke of any spedē
So wiste I me none other rede,
But as it were a man forfare

110 Unto the wood I gan to fare,
Nought for to singe with the briddes,
For whan I was the wood amiddes
I fonde a swote grene pleine
And there I gan my wo compleigne

115 Wisshinge and wepinge all min one.

For other mirthes made I none.
So hard me was that ilke throwe,
That ofte sithes overthrowe
To grounde I was withoute brethe

120 And ever I wished after dethe,
Whan I out of my peine awoke,
And caste up many a pitous loke
Unto the heven and saide thus :
124 O thou Cupide, O thou Venus

212

ignito jaculo sui
cordis memoriam
gravi ulcere perfo-
ravit, quod Venus
percipiens ipsum,
ut dicit, quasi in
mortis articulo
spasmatum ad
confitendum se
Genio facerdoti
super amoris causa
sic semivivum spe-
cialiter commen-
davit.

- 125 Thou god of love and thou goddesse,
Where is pite? where is mekenesse?
Now doth me pleinly live or die,
For certes suche a maladie
As I now have and longe have had
- 130 It mighte make a wife man mad,
If that it shulde longe endure.
O Venus, quene of loves cure,
Thou life, thou lust, thou mannes hele,
Beholde my cause and my quarele
- 135 And yef me some part of thy grace,
So that I may finde in this place,
If thou be gracious or none.
And with that worde I sigh anone
The kinge of love and quene bothe.
- 140 But he that king with eyen wrothe
His chere aweiward fro me caste
And forthe he passed ate lafste.
But netheles er he forth wente
A firy dart me thought he hente
- 145 And threwe it through min herte rote.
In him fonde I none other bote,
For lenger list him nought to dwelle.
But she whiche is the source and welle
Of wele or wo, that shal betide
- 150 To hem that loven at that tide,
Abode but for to tellen here
She cast on me no goodly chere,
Thus netheles to me she saide:
What art thou, sone? and I abraide

155 Right as a man doth out of slepe,
 And therof toke she right good kepe
 And bad me nothing be adradd.
 But for al that I was nought gladde,
 For I ne sigh no cause why.

160 And eft she asketh, what was I?

I saide : a caitif that lith here,
 What wolde ye my lady dere?
 Shall I be hole or elles die?
 She saide : telle thy maladie,

165 What is thy sore of which thou pleignest,
 Ne hide it nought, for if thou feignest
 I can do the no medicine.

Madame, I am a man of thine
 That in thy court have longe served

170 And axe that I have deserved
 Some wele after my longe wo.

And she began to loure tho
 And saide : there be many of you
 Faitours, and so may be that thou

175 Art right suche one and by faintise
 Saist, that thou haft me do service.
 And netholes she wiste wele
 My word stood on an other whele
 Withouten any faiterie.

180 But algate of my maladie
 She bad me tell and say her trouthe.
 Madame, if ye wolde have routhe,
 Quod I, than wolde I telle you.

184 Say forth, quod she, and telle me how,

- 185 Shewe me thy sikenesse every dele.
 Madame, that can I do wele,
 Be so my life therto wol laste.
 With that her loke on me she caste
 And faide: in aunder if thou live
- 190 My wille is first, that thou be shrive
 And nethenes how that it is
 I wot my selfe, but for all this
 Unto my prest which cometh anone
 I wol thou telle it one and one
- 195 Both al thy thought and al thy werke.
 O Genius min owne clerke,
 Come forth and here this mannes shrifte,
 Quod Venus tho, and I uplifte
 Min hede with that and gan beholde
- 200 The selfe prest, whiche as she wolde
 Was redy there and set him doun
 To here my confession.

3. *Confessus Genio si sit medicina salutis
 Experiar morbis, quos tulit ipsa Venus.
 Lesa quidem ferro medicantur membra saluti,
 Raro tamen medicum vulnus amoris habet.*

Hic dicit, qualiter
 Genio pro confes-
 fore sedenti provo-
 latus amans ad
 confitendum se
 flexis genibus in-
 curvatur, suppli-
 cans tamen, ut ad
 sui sensus informa-
 cionem confessio-
 nis in dicendis op-
 ponere sibi benignius dignaretur.

210 This worthy prest, this holy man
 To me spekend thus began
 And faide: Benedicite
 My sone, of the felicite
 Of love and eke of all the wo
 Thou shalt be shrive of bothe two,
 What thou er this for loves sake
 Haft felt let nothing be forsake,

- Tel pleinly as it is befalle.
 And with that worde I gan down falle
 On knees and with devucion
 And with full great contricion
 215 I faide thanne : Dominus,
 Min holy fader Genius,
 So as thou haste experience
 Of love, for whose reverence
 Thou shalt me shrien at this time,
 220 I pray the let me nought mistime
 My shrifte, for I am destourbed
 In all min herte and so contourbed,
 That I ne may my wittes gete.
 So shal I moche thing foryete,
 225 But if thou wolt my shrifte oppose
 Fro point to pointe, than I suppose
 There shall nothing be left behinde.
 But now my wittes be so blinde,
 That I ne can my selfe teche.
 230 Tho he beganne anon to preche
 And with his wordes debonaire
 He said to me softe and faire :
 My sone, I am assignd here
 Thy shrifte to oppose and here
 235 By Venus the goddesse above,
 Whose prest I am touchend of love.
 But netheles for certain skill
 I mote algate and nedes will
 Nought only make my spekinges
 240 Of love, but of other thinges,

See p 44

Sermo Genii sacerdotis super confessione ad amantem.

- That touchen to the cause of vice.
 For that belongeth to thoffice
 Of prest, whose ordre that I bere,
 So that I wol nothing forbere,
- ²⁴⁵ That I the vices one and one
 Ne shall the shewen everichone,
 Wheroft thou might take evidence
 To reule with thy conscience.
 But of conclusion finall
- ²⁵⁰ Conclude I wolde in speciall
 For love whose servaunt I am
 And why the cause is that I cam.
 So thenke I to do bothe two,
 First that min ordre longeth to
- ²⁵⁵ The vices for to telle a rewe,
 But nexte above all other shewe
 Of love I wol the propretes
 How that they stonde by degres
 After the disposicion
- ²⁶⁰ Of Venus, whose condicion
 I must folwe as I am holde,
 For I with love am al witholde,
 So that the lasse I am to wite,
 Though I ne conne but a lite
- ²⁶⁵ Of other thinges that bene wife,
 I am nought taught in suche a wife.
 For it is nought my comun use
 To speke of vices and vertuse,
 But all of love and of his lore,
- ²⁷⁰ For Venus bokes of no more

- Me techen nouther text ne glose.
 But for als moche as I suppose
 It sit a prest to be wel thewed
 And shame it is if he be lewed,
 275 Of my presthode after the forme
 I wol thy shrifte so enforme,
 That at the laſte thou shalt here
 The vices, and to thy matere
 Of love I shal hem so remeve,
 280 That thou shalt knowe what they meve.
 For what a man shall axe or faine
 Touchend of shrifte, it mot be pleine,
 It nedeth nought to make it queinte,
 For trouth his wordes wol nought peinte.
 285 That I wol axe of the forthy,
 My fone, it shal be so pleinly,
 That thou shalt knowe and understande
 The pointes of shrift how that they stonde.

*Visus et auditus fragiles sunt ofitia mentis,
 Que viciosa manus claudere nulla potest.
 Est ibi larga via, graditur qua cordis ad antrum
 Hostis et ingrediens fossa talenta rapit.
 Hec mibi confessor Genius primordia profert,
 Dum fit in extremis vita remorsa malis.
 Nunc tamen ut poterit semiviva loquela fateri,
 Verba per os timide conscia mentis agam.*

4.

- Betwene the life and dethe I herde
 290 This prestes tale er I anſwerde,
 And than I praid him for to say
 His will and I it wolde obey
 After the forme of his apprise.
 294 Tho ſpake he to me in ſuch a wife

Hic incipit con-
 fessio amantis, cui
 deduobus precipue
 quinque ſenſuum,
 hoc eſt de viſu et
 auditu confessor
 pre ceteris opponit.

- 295 And bad me, that I sholde shrive
 As touchende of my wittes five*
 And shape, that they were amended
 Of that I hadde hem mispended.
 For tho be properly the gates,
- 300 Through which as to the hert algates
 Cometh all thing unto the feire,
 Which may the mannes soule empeire.
 And now this matter is brought in,
 My fone, I thenke first beginne
- 305 To wit, how that thin eye hath stonde,
 The whiche is as I understande
 The most principall of alle,
 Through whom that peril may befalle.
 And for to speke in loves kinde
- 310 Full many suche a man may finde,
 Whiche ever caste aboute here eye
 To loke, if that they might aspie
 Ful ofte thing, which hem ne toucheth,
 But only that here herte soucheth
- 315 In hindringe of an other wight.
 And thus ful many a worthy knight
 And many a lusty lady bothe
 Have be full ofte fithes wrothe,
 So that an eye is as a thefe
- 320 To love and doth ful great meschefe,
 And also for his owne part
 Ful ofte thilke firy dart
 Of love, which that ever brenneth,
 Through him into the herte renneth.

- 325 And thus a mannes eye ferſt
 Him ſelfe greveth altherwerſt,
 And many a time that he knoweth
 Unto his owne harme it groweth.
 My ſone, herken now forthy
- 330 A tale, to be ware therby
 Thin eye for to kepe and warde,
 So that it paſſe nougħt his warde.
- Ovide telleth in his boke*
 Enſample touchend of miſloke
- 335 And faith, how whilom ther was one
 A worthy lord, whiche Acteon
 Was hote, and he was couſin nigh
 To him, that Thebes firſt on high
 Upſette, which king Cadme hight.
- 340 This Acteon, as he wel might,
 Above all other caſt his chere
 And uſed it from yere to yere
 With houndes and with grete hornes
 Among the wodes and the thornes
- 345 To make his hunting and his chace,
 Where him best thought in every place
 To finden game in his way,
 There rode he for to hunte and play.
 So him befelle upon a tide
- 350 On his hunting as he cam ride
 In a foreſte alone he was,
 He ſigh upon the grene gras
 The faire fresshe floures ſpringe,
- 354 He herd among the leves ſinge

Hic narrat confessor
 exemplum de viſu ab
 illicitis preſervando,
 dicens, qualiter Acte-
 on Cadmi regis
 Thebarum nepos,
 dum in quadam fo-
 resta venacionis cauſa
 ſpaciarit, accidit, ut
 ipſe quendam fontem
 nemorofa arborum
 pulchritudine cir-
 cumuentum ſuperve-
 niens vidit ibi Dia-
 nam cum ſuis nim-
 phis nudam in flumine
 balneantem, quam di-
 ligencius intuenſocu-
 los ſuos a muliebri
 nuditate nullatenus
 avertere volebat, un-
 de indignata Diana
 iſpum in cervi figu-
 ram transformavit.
 Quem canes proprii
 apprehendentes mor-
 tiferis dentibus peni-
 tus dilaniarunt.

- 355 The throstel with the nightingale.
Thus er he wist into a dale
He came, wher was a litel pleine
All rounde aboute wel besoine
With bushes grene and cedres high,
360 And there within he caste his eye.
Amid the plaine he saw a welle
So faire there might no man telle,
In which Diana naked stood
To bathe and play her in the flood
365 With many a nimphe, which her serveth.
But he his eye awey ne swerveth
Fro her, which was naked all.
And she was wonder wroth withall
And him, as she which was goddesse,
370 Forshope anone and the likenesse
She made him take of an herte,
Which was tofore his houndes sterte,
That ronne besilich aboute
With many an horne and many a route,
375 That maden mochel noise and crie,
And ate lafte unhappilie
This hert his owne houndes flough
And him for vengeaunce all to-drough.

Confessor. Lo now, my sone, what it is

- 380 A man to caste his eye amis,
Which Acteon hath dere abought,*
Beware forthy and do it nought.
For ofte who that hede toke
Better is to winke than to loke.

- 385 And for to proven it is so
 Ovide the poete also
 A tale, whiche to this matere
 Accordeth, faith, as thou shalt here.
 In Methamor it telleth thus,
 390 How that a lord, whiche Phorceus
 Was hote, hadde doughters thre.
 But upon their nativite
 Such was the constellacion,
 That out of mannes nacion
 395 Fro kinde they be so miswent,
 That to the likenesse of the serpent
 They were bothe, and so that one
 Of hem was cleped Stellibone,
 That other fuster Suriale,
 400 The thrid as telleth in the tale
 Medusa hight, and netheles
 Of comun name Gorgones,
 In every contre there about
 As monstres, whiche that men doute,
 405 Men clepen hem, and but one eye
 Among hem thre in purpartie
 They had, of which they migh fe,
 Now hathe it this, nowe hath it she.
 After that cause and nede it ladde
 410 By throwes eche of hem it hadde.
 A wonder thing yet more amis
 There was, wheroft I telle al this,
 What man on hem his chere caste
 414 And hem behelde, he was als faste

Hic ponit aliud exemplum de eodem, ubi dicit, quod quidam princeps nomine Phorcus tres progeniuit filias Gorgones a vulgo nuncupatas, que uno partu exorte deformitatem monstorum serpentinam obtinuerunt, quibus, cum in etatem pervernerant, talis destinata fuerat natura, quod quicumque in eas aspiceret in lapidem subito mutabatur, et sic quamplures incante respicientes viis illis perierunt, sed Perseus miles clipeo Palladis gladioque Mercurii munitus eas extra montem Atlantis cohabitantes animo audaci absque sui periculo interfecit.

Acta II, 77-791 Corin; a very good power and so a very seruile god; in the 27th century, Prophethes I, 1850, or Apophthegm I, 4.2. He prepared to go to Gorgo, 22nd century, Thraci, art Slaves, Etruria, Italy, but it was very water, the Gorgon had only one eye, she took it from her, who granted to Gorgon Perseus by King Heros, who was also a good king, he gave her a spear, Stellibone had three heads, Boeotians Boeotian Perseus, who also gave her a spear, Suriale, Etruria

- 415 Out of a man into a stone
 Forshape, and thus ful many one
 Deceived were, of that they wolde
 Misloke, where that they ne shulde.
 But Perseus that worthy knight,
 420 Whom Pallas of her grete might
 Halpe and toke him a shield therto,
 And eke the god Mercury also
 Lent him a fwerde, he as it fell
 Beyond Athlans the highe hill
 425 These monstres sought and there he fonde
 Diverse men of thilke londe
 Through fight of hem mistorned were
 Stondend as stones here and there.
 But he, which wisdome and prowesse
 430 Hath of the god and the goddesse,
 The shielde of Pallas gan embrace,
 With which he covereth sauf his face,
 Mercuries fwerde and out he drough
 And so he bare him, that he flough
 435 These dredfull monstres alle thre.

Confessor. Lo now, my sone, avise the,
 That thou thy fight nought misuse,
 Cast nought thin eye upon Meduse,
 That thou be torned into stome.

- 440 For so wise man was never none
 But if he woll his eye kepe
 And take of foul delite no kepe,
 That he with luste nis ofte nome
 Through strengthe of love and overcome.

- 445 Of mislokinge how it hath ferde,
As I have told, now hast thou herde.
My gode sone, take good hede
And over this yet I the rede,
That thou beware of thin hering,

450 Which to the herte the tiding
Of many a vanite hath brought
To tarie with a manes thought.
And nethenes good is to here
Such thing, wherof a man may lere,

455 That to vertue is accordaunt,
And toward all the remenaunt
Good is to torne his ere fro,
For elles but a man do so
Him may ful ofte misbefalle.

460 I rede ensample amonges alle,
Wherof to kepe wel an ere
It oughte put a man in fere.
* A serpent, which that aspidis
Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,

465 That he the stome noblest of alle
The which that men carbuncle calle
Bereth in his heed above on highte.
For which whan that a man by slighte
The stome to winne and him to daunte

470 With his carecte him wolde enchaunte,
Anone as he perceiveth that,
He lith down his one ere al plat
Unto the ground and halt it faste

474 And eke that other ere als faste

Hic narrat confessor exemplum, ut non ab auris exauditione facta animus deceptus involvatur. Et dicit, qualiter ille serpens, qui aspis vocatur, quendam preciosissimum lapidem nomine carbunculum in sue frontis medio gestans, contra verba incantantis aurem unam terre affigendo premit et aliam sue caude stimulo firmissime obturat.

- 475 He stoppeth with his tail so fore,
 That he the wordes lasse or more
 Of his enchauntement ne hereth.
 And in this wife him self he skiereth,
 So that he hath the wordes weived
 480 And thus his ere is nought deceived.

Aliud exemplum super eodem, qualiter rex Ulixes cum a bello Trojano versus Greciam navigio remigaret et prope illa monstra maxima, Sirenes nuncupata, angelica voce canoras ipsum ventorum adversitate navigare oporteret, omnium nautarum suorum aures obturari coegit. Et sic salutari providencia prefultus absque periculo salvus cum sua classe Ulixes pertransivit.

- An other thing who that recordeth
 Lich unto this ensample accordeth,
 Whiche in the tale of Troye I finde.†
 Sirenes of a wonder kinde
 Ben monstres, as the bokes tellen,
 And in the grete see they dwellen,
 Of body bothe and of visage
 Like unto women of yonge age
 Up fro the navel on high they be,
 And down benethe, as men may se,
 They bere of fisches the figure.
 And over this of such nature
 They ben, that with so swete a steven
 Like to the melodie of heven
 495 In womannishe vois they finge
 With notes of so great likinge,
 Of suche mesure, of suche musike,
 Wheroft the shippes they beswike,
 That passen by the costes there.
 500 For whan the shipmen lay an ere
 Unto the vois, in here avis
 They wene it be a paradis,
 Whiche after is to hem an helle.
 For reson may nought with hem dwelle,

[†] A manuscript of this tale is now extant in three volumes in the British Museum, and was found to be nearly identical with that in the printed edition. It is written in a hand which is not easily legible, and the text is not yet fully deciphered. The author of the original manuscript is not known, but it is believed to be Sir Philip Sidney.

- 505 Whan they the grete lustes here
 They conne nought here shippes stere,
 So besilich upon the note
 They herken and in such wife astote,
 That they here righte cours and weie
- 510 Foryete and to their ere obeie
 And failen, till it so befalle
 That they into the perill falle,
 Where as the shippes ben to-drawe
 And they ben with the monstres flawe.
- 515 But fro this peril nethelēs
 With his wisdom king Ulixes
 Escapeth and it over passeth,
 For he to-fore the hond compasfeth,
 That no man of his compaignie
- 520 Hath power unto that folie
 His ere for no lust to caste.
 For he hem stopped alle faste,
 That non of hem may here hem singe.
 So whan they comen forth sailinge,
- 525 There was such governaunce on honde,
 That they the monstres have withstonde
 And slain of hem a great partie.
 Thus was he sauf with his navie
 This wise king through governaunce.
- 530 Herof, my sone, in remembraunce
 Thou might ensample taken here,
 As I have tolde, and what thou here
 Be wel ware and yef no credence,
- 534 But if thou se more evidence.

Confessor.

- 535 For if thou woldest take kepe
 And wisely couthest warde and kepe
 Thine eye and ere, as I have spoke,
 Than haddest thou the gates stoke
 Fro such foly, as cometh to winne
- 540 Thin hertes wit, whiche is withinne,
 Wheroft now thy love excedeth
 Mefure and many a peine bredeth.
 But if thou coughest sette in reule
 Tho two, the thre were eth to reule.
- 545 Forthy as of thy wittes five
 I wol as nowe no more shrive,
 But only of these ilke two,
 Tel me therfore if it be so,
 Haſt thou thine eye nougħt misthrowe?

Amans. My fader ye, I am beknowe,
 I have hem cast upon Meduse
 Theroft I may me nougħt excuse.
 Min hert is growen into ſtone,
 So that my lady there upon

555 Hath ſuche a printe of love grave,
 That I can nougħt my ſelfe ſave.

Opponit Confessor. What faift thou fone, as of thin ere?

Respondet Amans. My fader, I am gilty of there,
 For whanne I my lady here,

560 My wit with that hath loſt his ſtere.
 I do nougħt as Ulixes dede,
 But falle anon upon the ſtede,
 Where as I fe my lady ſtonde.
 And there I do you underſtonde

- 565 I am to-pulled in my thought,
So that of reson leveth nought,
Wheroft that I me may defende.
My gode sone, god the amende.
For as me thenketh by thy speche
570 Thy wittes ben right far to seche.
As of thin ere and of thin eye
I wol no more specifie,
But I woll axen over this
Of other thing how that it is.

*Celsior est aquilaque leone forcior ille,
Quem tumor elati cordis ad alta movet.
Sunt species quinque, quibus esse superbia duætrix
Clamat et in multis mundus adheret eis.
Larvando faciem fiæto pallore subornat
Fraudibus ypocrisis mellea verba suis.
Sicque pios animos quam sepe ruit muliebres
Ex humili verbo sublatitante dolo.*

575 My sone, as I the shall enforme,
There ben yet of another forme
Of dedly vices seven applied,
Wheroft the herte is ofte plied
To thing, which after shal him greve.
580 The first of hem thou shalt beleve
Is pride, whiche is principall
And hath with him in speciall
Ministres five ful diverse,
Of which as I the shal reherse
585 The first is said ypocrisie.
If thou art of his compaignie
Tel forth, my sone, and shrive the cler
I wote nought, fader, what ye mene

Confessor,

5

Hic loquitur, quod septem sunt peccata mortalia, quorum caput superbia varias species habet, et earum prima *hypocrisia* dicitur, cuius proprietatem secundum vicium simpliciter confessor amanti declarat.

Amans

But this I wolde you beseche,
 590 That ye me by somweie teche,
 What is to ben an ypcrite.
 And than if I be for to wite,
 I wol beknownen, as it is.

Confessor. My sone, an ypcrite is this,
 595 A man which feigneth conscience
 As though it were al innocence
 Without, and is nought so withinne,
 And doth, so for he wolde winne
 Of his desire the vein estate.

600 And whan he cometh anone thereat,
 He sheweth thanne what he was,
 The corne is torned into gras,
 That was a rose is than a thorne,
 And he that was a lamb beforne
 605 Is than a wolfe, and thus malice
 Under the colour of justice
 Is had, and as the people telleth,

Ypcrisis religiosa. These ordres witen where he dwelleth
 As he that of her counseil is,
 610 And thilke world, which they er this
 Forsoken, he draweth in ayeine,
 He clotheth richeſſe as men faine
 Under the ſimpleſt of pouerte
 And doth to ſeme of great deferte
 615 Thing, whiche is litel worth withinne,
 He faith in open fy! to finne,
 And in ſecre there is no vice
 Of which that he nis a norice.

- And ever his chere is sobre and softe,
 610 And where he goth he blesseth ofte.
 Wheroft the blinde world he drecheth,
 But yet all only he ne strecheth
 His reule upon religion,
 But next to that condicion
 615 In suche as clepe hem holy cherche
 It sheweth eke, howe he can werche
 Amonge tho wide furred hodes
 To geten hem the worldes goodes.
 And they have self ben thilke same,
 620 That setten most the world in blame,
 But yet in contraire of here lore
 There is nothing they loven more,
 So that feignend of light they werke
 The dedes, whiche are inward derke,
 625 And thus this double ypcrisie
 With his devoute apparancie
 A viser set upon his face,
 Wheroft toward this worldes grace
 He semeth to be right wel thewed,
 630 And yet his herte is all beshrewed,
 But netheles he stant beleved
 And hath his purpos ofte acheved
 Of worship and of worldes welthe,
 And taketh it as who faith by stelthe
 635 Through covverture of his fallas.
 And right so in semblable cas
 This vice hath eke his officers
 Among\these other feculers

Ypcrisis ecclesiastica.

Ypcrisis secularis.

- Of grete men, for of the smale
 650 As for to accompt he set no tale,
 But they that passen the comune
 With suche hem liketh to comune,
 And where he faith, he wol socoure
 The people, there he wol devoure.
 655 For now a day is many one
 Which speketh of Peter and of John
 And thenketh Judas in his herte,
 There shall no worldes good asterte
 His honde, and yet he yeveth almesse
 660 And fasteth ofte and hereth messe
 With *mea culpa*, whiche he faith,
 Upon his brest ful ofte he leith
 His hond and cast upward his eye,
 As though he Cristes face seie,
 665 So that it semeth ate fight,
 As he alone al other might
 Rescuse with his holy bede.
 But yet his herte in other stede
 Among his bedes most devoute
 670 Goth in the worldes cause aboute,
 How that he might his warison
 Encrese, and in comparison

Hic tractat confessio
 cum amante super illa ypocrisia,
 que sub amoris facie fraudulenter latitando mulieres
 ipsius ficticiis credulas sepissime de-
 cipit innocentes.

There ben lovers of suche a forte,
 That feignen hem an humble porte,
 And al is but ypocrisie,
 Which with deceipte and flaterie
 Hath many a worthy wife beguiled.
 For whan he hath his tunge affiled

- With softe speche and with lesinge,
 680 For with his fals pitous lokinge
 He wolde make a woman wene
 To gon upon the faire grene,
 Whan that she falleth in the mire.
 For if he may have his desire,
 685 How so falle of the remenaunt,
 He halt no worde of covenauant,
 But er the time that he spedē
 There is no sleighe at thilke nede,
 Which any loves faitour may,
 690 That he ne put it in assay
 As him belongeth for to done.
 The colour of the reiny mone
 With medicine upon his face
 He set and than he axeth grace,
 695 As he, which hath sikenesse feigned,
 Whan his visage is so disteigned,
 With eye up cast on her he fiketh
 And many a continaunce he piketh
 To bringen her into beleve
 700 Of thing, which that he wold achieve,
 Wheroft he bereth the pale hewe,
 And for he wolde feme trewe
 He maketh him fike, whan he is heil.
 But whan he bereth lowest sail,
 705 Than is he swiftest to beguile
 The woman, which that ilke while
 Set upon him feith or credence.
 My sone, if thou thy conscience

Opponit confessor.

Entamed hast in such a wife,

- 710 In shrifte thou the might avise
And telle it me, if it be so.

Respondet amans. Min holy fader, certes no.

As for to feigne such sikenesse

It nedeth nougħt, for this witnesse

- 715 I take of god, that my corage
Hath ben more fike than my visage.

And eke this may I well avowe,

So lowe couthe I never bowe

To feigne humilite withoute,

- 720 That me ne liste better loute
With all the thoughtes of min herte.

For that thing shall me never asterte,

I speke as to my lady dere

To make her any feigned chere,

- 725 God wot well there I lie nougħt,
My chere hath ben such as my thought.
For in good feith, this leveth wele,
My wil was better a thousand dele
Than any chere that I couthe.

- 730 But fire, if I have in my youthe

Done other wife in other place,

I put me therof in your grace.

For this excusen I ne shall,

That I have elles over all

- 735 To love and to his compaignie

Be plein without ypocrisie.

But there is one, the whiche I serve,

All though I may no thank deserve,

To whom yet never unto this day
I saide onlich or ye or nay,
But if it so were in my thought
As touchend other say I nought,
That I nam somdele for to wite
Of that ye clepe an ypcrite.

145 My sone, it fit wel every wight
To kepe his worde in trouth upright
Towardes love in alle wife.
For who that wold him wel avise
What hath befallen in this matere,
150 He shulde nought with feigned chere
Deceive love in no degré.
To love is every herte fre,
But in deceipt if that thou feignest
And therupon thy luste atteignest,
155 That thou haft wonne with thy wile,
Though it the like for a while,
Thou shalt it afterward repente.
And for to prove min entente
I finde ensample in a cronique
160 Of hem, that love so beswike.

* It fell by olde daies thus,
Whil themperour Tiberius
The monarchie of Rome ladde,
There was a worthy Romain hadde

165 A wife, and she Pauline hight,
Which was to every mannes fight
Of al the cite the fairest
And as men saiden eke the best.

Confessor.

Quod ypocrisia fit
in amore periculosa,
narrat exemplum,
qualiter sub regno
Tiberii imperatoris
quidam miles nomine
Mundus, qui Roma-
norum dux milicie
tunc prefuit, domi-
nam Paulinam pul-
cherrimam castitatis-
que famosissimam
mediantibus duobus
falsis presbiteris in

templo Ysis deum se
fingens sub ficte sancti
titatis ypocrisi nocturno tempore vicia-
vit, unde idem dux in
exilium, presbiteri in
mortem ob sui criminis enormitatem
dampnati extiterant
ymagoque dee Ysis a
templo evulsa uni-
verso conclamante
populo in flumen Ti-
beriadis proiecta mer-
gebatur.

It is and hath ben ever yit
That so strong is no mannes wit,
Which through beaute ne may be drawe
To love and stonde under the lawe
Of thilke bore free kinde,
Which maketh the hertes eyen blinde,
Where no reson may be communed.

And in this wife stode fortuned
This tale, of whiche I wol mene
This wife, whiche in her lustes grene
Was faire and fresh and tender of age.

780 She may nought lette the corage
Of him, that wol on her assote.

There was a duke, and he was hote
Mundus, which had in his baillie
To lede the chivalrie

785 Of Rome and was a worthy knight.
But yet he was nought of such might
The strength of love to withstonde,
That he ne was so brought to honde,
That malgre where he wol or no

790 This yonge wife he loveth so,
That he hath put all his assay
To winne thing, which he ne may
Get of her graunt in no manere
By yefte of gold, ne by praiere.

795 And whan he figh, that by no mede
Toward her love he mighte spede,
By sleighe feignend than he wrought
And therupon he him bethought,

- How that there was in the cite
800 A temple of suche au^torite,
To which with great devocion
The noble women of the towne
Most comunlich a pelerinage
Gone for to pray thilke ymage,
805 Which the goddesse of childing is
And cleped was by name Yfis.
And in her temple thanne were
To reule and to ministre there
After the lawe, which was tho,
810 Above all other prestes two.
This duke, which thought his love get,
Upon a day hem two to mete
Hath bede, and they come at his heste,
Where that they had a riche feste.
815 And after mete in prive place
This lord, which wold his thank purchace,
To eche of hem yaf thanne a yift
And spake so by waie of shrift,
He drough hem into his covine
820 To helpe and shape, how he Pauline
After his lust deceive might.
And they her trouthes bothe plight,
That they by night her shulden winne
Into the temple, and he therinne
825 Shall have of her all his entent.
And thus accorded forth they went.
Now lift, through which ypocrisie
Ordeigned was the trecherie,

- Wheroft this lady was deceived.
- 830 These prestes hadden wel conceived,
That she was of great holinesse.
And with a counterfeit simplesse,
Which hid was in a fals corage,
Feignend an hevenly message
- 835 They cam and faide unto her thus :
Pauline, the god Anubus
Hath sent us bothe prestes here
And faith, he wol to the appere
By nightes time him selfe alone,
- 840 For love he hath to thy perfone.
And therupon he hath us bede,
That we in Yfis temple a stede
Honestly for the purveie,
Where thou by night as we the saie
- 845 Of him shalt take a vision.
For upon thy condicion,
The whiche is chaste and full of feith,
Suche price, as he us tolde, he leith,
That he wol stonde of thin accorde,
- 850 And for to beare herof recorde
He sende us hider bothe two.
Glad was her innocence tho
Of suche wordes as she herd,
With humble chere and thus answerd
- 855 And faide, that the goddes will
She was all redy to fulfill,
That by her husbondes leve
She wolde in Yfis temple at eve

- Upon her goddes grace abide
860 To serven him the nightes tide.
The prestes tho gon home ayeine,
And she goth to her sovereine
Of goddes will. And as it was
She tolde him all the plaine cas,
865 Wherof he was deceived eke
And bad, that she her shulde meke
All hole unto the goddes heste.
And thus she, which was all honeste
To godward, after her entent
870 At night unto the temple went,
Where that the false prestes were.
And they receiven her there
With suche a token of holiness,
As though they seen a goddesse,
875 And all within in prive place
A softe bedde of large space
They hadde made and encortined,
Where she was afterward engined.
But she, whiche all honour supposeth,
880 The false prestes than opposeth
And axeth by what observaunce
She might most to the plesaunce
Of god that nightes reule kepe.
And they her bidden for to slepe
885 Liggend upon the bedde a loft,
For, so they said, al still and soft
God Anubus her wolde awake.
The counseil in this wise take

- The prestes fro this lady gone.
- 890 And she that wiste of guile none
 In the maner as it was said
 To slepe upon the bedde is leid,
 In hope that she sholde achieve
 Thing, which stode than upon beleve
- 895 Fulfilled of all holiness.
- But she hath failed as I gesse,
 For in a closet faste by
 The duke was hid so prively,
 That she him mighte nought perceive.
- 900 And he that thoughte to deceive
 Hath suche array upon him nome,
 That whan he wold unto her come
 It shulde semen at her eye,
 As though she verriliche seie
- 905 God Anubus, and in suche wife
 This ypocrite of his queintise
 Awaiteth ever til she slept.
 And than out of his place he crept
 So stille, that she nothing herde,
- 910 And to the bed stalkend he ferde
 And sodeinly, er she it wiste,
 Beclipt in armes he her kiste,
 Wheroft in womannishe drede
 She woke and niste what to rede.
- 915 But he with softe wordes milde
 Comforteth her and faith, with childe
 He wolde her make in suche a kinde,
 That al the world shall have in minde

- The worshippe of that ilke sone,
920 For he shall with the goddes wone
And ben him selfe a god also.
With suche wordes and with mo,
The which he feigneth in his speche,
This ladies wit was al to seche
925 As she, which alle trouthe weneth.
But he, that all untrouthe meneth,
With blinde tales so her ladde,
That all his will of her he hadde.
And whan him thought it was inough,
930 Ayein the day he him withdraweth
So prively, that she ne wiste
Where he be come, but as him liste
Out of the temple he goth his way.
And she began to bid and pray,
935 Upon the bare ground knelende,
And after that made her offrende
And to the prestes yeftes great
She yaf, and homeward by the strete
The duke her mette and saide thus :
940 The mighty god, whiche Anubus
Is hote, he save the Pauline,
For thou art of his discipline
So holy, that no mannes might
May do, that he hath do to night
945 Of thing, which thou haft ever eschued.
But I his grace have so pursued,
That I was made his lieutenaunt.
Forthy by way of covenauant

- Fro this day forth I am all thine,
 950 And if the like to be mine
 That stant upon thin owne wille.
 She herde his tale and bare it stille
 And home she went as it befell
 Into her chambre and there she fell
 955 Upon her bed to wepe and crie
 And saide : O derke ypcrisie,
 Through whose dissimulation
 Of false ymagination
 I am thus wickedly deceived,
 960 But that I have it apperceived
 I thonke unto the goddes alle.
 For though it ones be befall
 I shall never eft while that I live,
 And thilke avow to god I yive.
 965 And thus wepende she compleigneth
 Her faire face and all disteigneth
 With wofull teres of her eye,
 So that upon this agonie
 Her hufbonde is inne come
 970 And sigh how she was overcome
 With forwe and axeth her what her eileth.
 And she with that her self beweileth
 Well more than she didde afore
 And said : alas, wifehode is lore
 975 In me, which whilom was honest,
 I am none other than a beste
 Nowe I defouled am of two.
 And as she mighte speake tho

Ashamed with a pitous onde,
980 She tolde unto her husebonde
The soth of all the hole tale,
And in her speche dead and pale
She fwouneth well nigh to the laste.
And he her in his armes faste
985 Upheld and ofte fwore his oth,
That he with her is nothing wroth,
For wel he wot she may there nought.
But netheles within his thought
His hert stode in a sory plite
990 And said, he wolde of that despite
Be venged how so ever it falle,
And send unto his frendes alle.
And whan they were come in fere,
He tolde hem upon this matere
995 And axeth hem what was to done.
And they avised were sone
And said, it thought hem for the beste
To sette first his wife in reste
And after pleine to the king
1000 Upon the matter of this thing.
Tho was his wofull wife comforted
By alle waies and disported,
Til that she was somdele amended.
And thus a day or two dispended
1005 The thridde day she goth to pleine
With many a worthy citezeine
And he with many a citezeine.
Whan thempour it herde faine

And knew the falsehed of the vice,
 1010 He said he wolde do justice.
 And first he let the prestes take,
 And for they shulde it nought forfiske
 He put hem into question.
 But they of the suggestion
 1015 Ne couthe nought a word refuse,
 But for they wold hem self excuse
 The blame upon the duke they laide.
 But there ayein the conseil faide,
 That they be nought excused so,
 1020 For he is one and they be two
 And two have more wit than one,
 So thilke excusement was none.
 And over that was said hem eke,
 That whan men wolden vertue feke
 1025 Men shulden it in the prestes finde,
 Their ordre is of so high a kinde,
 That they be divisers of the wey.
 Forthy if any man forswey
 Through hem, they be nought excusable,
 1030 And thus by lawe resonable
 Among the wife juges there
 The prestes bothe dampned were,
 So that the prive trechery
 Hid under false ypocrisie
 1035 Was thanne all openlich shewed,
 That many a man hem hath beshrewed.
 And whan the prestes weren dede,
 The temple of thilk horrible dede

- They thoughten purge and thilke ymage
 1040 Whose cause was the pelrinage
 They drowen out and also faste
 Fer into Tiber they it caste,
 Where the river it hath defied.
 And thus the temple purified
 1045 They have of thilke horrible finne,
 Which was that time do therinne.
 Of this point such was the divise.
 But of the duke was otherwise,
 For he with love was bestad,
 1050 His dome was nought so harde lad.
 For love put reson awey
 And can nought se the righte wey.
 And by this cause he was respited,
 So that the deth him was acquitted,
 1055 But for all that he was exiled
 For he his love had so beguiled,
 That he shall never come ayeine.
 For he that is to trouth unpleine
 He may nought failen of vengeaunce
 1060 And eke to take remembraunce
 Of that ypocrisie hath wrought.
 On other half men shulde nought
 To lightly leve all that they here,
 But thanne shulde a wiseman stere
 1065 The ship, whan suche windes blowe,
 For first though they beginne lowe,
 At ende they be nought mevable,
 But all to-broken mast and cable,

So that the ship with sodain blast

¹⁰⁷⁰ Whan men leste wene is overcast.

As now full ofte a man may se,

And of old time how it hath be

I finde a great experience,

Wherofto take an evidence

¹⁰⁷⁵ Good is and to beware also

Of the perill er him be woo.

Hic ulterius ponit exemplum de illa eciam ypocrisia, que inter virum et virum decipiens periculofissima consistit, et narrat, qualiter Greci in obfidence civitatis Troie, cum ipsam vi apprehendere nullatenus potuerunt, falaci animo cum Troianis pacem ut dicunt pro perpetuo statuebant et super hoc quendam equum mire grossionis de ere fabricatum ad sacrificandum in templo Minerve configentes sub tali sanctitatis ypocrisi dictam civitatem intrarunt et ipsam cum inhabitibus gladio et igne comminuentes pro perpetuo penitus devastarunt.

* Of hem that ben so derk withinne

At Troie also if we beginne,

Ypocrifie it hath betraied.

For whan the Grekes had all affaied

And founde that by no bataile

Ne by no siege it might availe

The town to winne through prowesse,

This vice feigned of simpleffe

Through flight of Calcas and of Crise

It wan by such a maner wife.

An horse of brass they let do

Of suche entaile, of suche a forge,

That in this world was never made

That such an other werk began

The crafty werkeman Epius

It made, and for to telle thus,

The Grekes that thoughten to beguile

The king of Troie in thilke while

With Antenor and with Enee,

That were bothe of the citee

And of the counseil the wifest,

The richest and the mightiest,

In prive place so they trete
 1100 With fair beheste and yeftes grete
 Of gold, that they hem have engined
 To-gider and whan they be covined,
 They feignen for to make pees,
 And under that yet netheless
 1105 They shopen the destruction
 Bothe of the king and of the town.
 And thus the false pees was take
 Of hem of Grece and undertake,
 And therupon they founde a way,
 1110 Where strengthe might nought away,
 That sleighe shulde helpe thanne.
 And of an inche a large spanne
 By colour of the pees they made
 And tolden how they were glade
 1115 Of that they stoden in accorde,
 And for it shall ben of recorde
 Unto the king the Gregois faiden
 By way of love and thus they praiden,
 As they that wolden his thank deserve,
 1120 A sacrifice unto Minerve
 The pees to kepe in good entent
 They must offre, or that they went.
 The king counfeiled in the cas
 By Antenor and Eneas
 1125 Therto hath yoven his assent.
 So was the pleine trouthe blent
 Through counterfeit ypocrisie.
 Of that they shulden sacrificie

- The Grekes under the holinesse
 1130 Anone with alle besinesse
 Here hors of brass let faire dight,
 Which was to sene a wonder fight.
 For it was trapped of him selve
 And had of smale wheles twelve,
 1135 Upon the whiche men inowe
 With craft toward the town it drowe
 And goth glistrend ayein the sonne.
 Tho was there joie inough begonne,
 For Troie in great devucion
 1140 Came also with procession
 Ayein this noble sacrifice
 With great honour, and in this wise
 Unto the gates they it broughte,
 But of here entre whan they foughte
 1145 The gates weren all to smale.
 And therupon was many a tale.
 But for the worship of Minerve,
 To whom they comen for to serve,
 They of the town which understood
 1150 That all this thing was done for good
 For pees, wheroft they ben glade,
 The gates that Neptunus made
 A thousand winter ther to-fore
 They have anone to-broke and tore,
 1155 The stronge walles down they bete,
 So that into the large strete
 This horse with great solempnite
 Was brought withinne the cite,

And offred with great reverence,
 1160 Which was to Troie an evidence
 Of love and pees for evermo.
 The Gregois token leve tho
 With all the hole felaship,
 And forth they wenten into ship
 1165 And crossen sail and made hem yare
 Anone as though they wolden fare.
 But whan the blacke winter night
 Withoute mone or sterre light
 Bederked hath the water stronde,
 1170 Al prively they gone to londe
 Full armed out of the navie.
 Simon, whiche made was here espie
 Withinne Troie, as was conspired,
 Whan time was a tokne hath fired,
 1175 And they with that here waie holden
 And comen in right as they wolden,
 There as the gate was to-broke.
 The purpose was full take and spoke
 Er any man may take kepe,
 1180 Whil that the citee was aslepe
 They flowen al that was withinne
 And token what they mighten winne
 Of such good as was suffisaunt
 And brenden up the remenaunt.
 1185 And thus come out the trecherie,
 Which under false ypcrifisie
 Was hid, and they that wende pees
 Tho mighten finde no releefe

Of thilke fwerd, whiche al devoureth.

¹¹⁹⁰ Full ofte and thus the swete soureth,

Whan it is knowe to the taste,

He spilleth many a worde in waste

That shal with such a people trete,

For whan he weneth most beyete

¹¹⁹⁵ Than is he shape most to lese.

And right so if a woman chefe

Upon the wordes that she hereth,

Som man whan he most true appereth

Than is he furthest fro the trouthe.

¹²⁰⁰ But yet full ofte, and that is routhe,

They speden, that ben most untrue

And loven every day a newe,

Wheroft the life is after lothe

And love hath cause to be wrothe.

¹²⁰⁵ But what man that his lust desireth

Of love and therupon conspireth

With wordes feigned to deceive,

He shall nought faile to receive

His peine as it is ofte sene.

Confessor. Forthy my sone, as I the mene,
 It fit the well to taken hede,
 That thou escheue of thy manhede
 Ypocrisie and his semblaunt,
 That thou ne be nought deceivaunt
¹²¹⁵ To make a woman to beleve
 Thing, whiche is nought in thy beleve.
 For in suche feint ypocrisie
 Of love is all the trecherie,

Through which love is deceived ofte.

- 1220 For feigned semblaunt is so softe,
Unnethes love may be ware.
For thy my sone, as I well dare,
I charge the to flee that vice,
That many a woman hath made nice,
1225 But loke thou dele nought with all.
Iwys my fader, no more I shall.

A mans.

Confessor.

Now sone kepe, that thou hast swore.

For this that thou hast herd before
Is said the first point of pride.

- 1230 And next upon that other fide
To shrive and speken over this
Touchend of pride yet there is
The point seconde I the behote,
Which inobedience is hote.

*Flectere quam frangi melius reputatur, et olle
Fictilis ad cacabum pugna valere nequit.*

6.

*Quem neque lex hominum, neque lex divina valebit
Flectere, multociens corde reflexit amor.*

*Quem non flectit amor, non est flectendus ab ullo,
Sed rigor illius plus elephante riget.**

*Dedignatur amor poterit quos scire rebelles,
Et rudibus sortem prestat habere rudem.*

*Sed qui sponte sui subicit se cordis amori,
Frangit in adversis omnia fata pius.*

- 1235 This vice of inobedience
Ayein the reule of conscience
All that is humble he disalloweth,
That he toward his god ne boweth
After the lawes of his heste.
1240 Nought as a man, but as a beste

Hic loquitur de se-
cunda specie su-
perbie, que inobe-
diencia dicitur. Et
primo illius vicii
naturam simpli-
citer declarat et
tractat subsequen-
ter super illa ino-
bediencia, que in

curia Cupidinis
exosa amoris cau-
fam ex sua imbe-
cillitate sepiissime
retardat, in cuius
materia confessor
amanti specialius
opponit.

Whiche goth upon his lustes wilde
So goth this proude vice unmilde,
That he disdeigneth alle lawe.
He not what is to be felawe
And serve he may nought for pride.
So is he ledde on every fide
And is that selve, of whom men speke,
Which woll nought bowe, er that he breke.
I not if love him might plie,

¹²⁴⁵ For elles for to justifie
His herte, I not what might availe.

Confessor. Forthy my sone, of suche entaile
If that thin herte be disposed,
Telle out and let it nought be glofed.

¹²⁵⁵ For if that thou unbuxome be
To love, I not in what degré
Thou shalt thy good worde achieve.

Amans. My fader, ye shal well beleve,
The yonge whelpe, which is affaited,
¹²⁶⁰ Hath nought his maister better awaited
To couche, whan he faith go lowe,
Than I anone, as I may knowe
My lady will me bowe more.

But other while I grucche sore

¹²⁶⁵ Of some thinges, that she doth,
Wherof that I woll telle soþ.
For of two pointes I am bethought,
That though I wolde I might nought
Obeie unto my ladies heſt,
¹²⁷⁰ But I dare make this beheſt

Sauf only of that ilke two,
I am unbuxome of no mo.

What ben tho two, tell on, quod he.

My fader, this is one, that she

Opponit confessor.

Respondet amans.

1275 Commaundeth me my mouthe to close,
And that I shulde her nougnt oppose
In love, of whiche I ofte preche,
And plenerlich of suche a speche
Forbere and suffre her in pees.

1280 But that ne might I netheles
For all this worlde obey iwis.
For whan I am there as she is,
Though she my tales nougnt allowe,
Ayein her will yet mote I bowe

1285 To seche, if that I might have grace.
But that thing may I nougnt embrace
For ought that I can speke or do.
And yet full ofte I speke so,
That she is wroth and faith : be stille.

1290 If I that heste shall fulfille
And therto ben obedient,
Than is my cause fully shent,
For specheles may no man sped.
So wote I nougnt what is to rede.

1295 But certes I may nougnt obeie,
That I ne mote algate faie
Some what of that I wolde mene,
For ever it is a liche grene
The great love which I have,

1300 Wherof I can nougnt bothe save

My speche and this obedience.

And thus full ofte my silence

I breke, and is the first point

Wheroft that I am out of point

¹³⁰⁵ In this, and yet it is no pride.

Now than upon that other fide

To tell my disobeifaunce,

Full sore it stant to my grevaunce

And may nougnt sinke into my wit.

¹³¹⁰ Full ofte time she me bit

To leven her and chefe a newe

And faith, if I the sothe knewe

How fer I stonde from her grace,

I shulde love in other place.

¹³¹⁵ But therof wol I disobeie

For also wel she mighte saie :

Go take the mone there it sit,

As bringe that into my wit.

For there was never rooted tree

¹³²⁰ That stood so faste in his degree,

That I ne stonde more faste

Upon her love and may nougnt caste

Min herte awey, all though I wolde.

For god wote though I never sholde

¹³²⁵ Sene her with eye after this daie,

Yet stant it so, that I ne maie

Her love out of my brest remue.

This is a wonder retenuer,

That malgre where she woll or none

¹³³⁰ Min herte is evermo in one,

So that I can none other chefe,
 But whether that I winne or lese
 I must her loven till I deie
 And thus I breke as by that weie
 1335 Her hestes and her commaundinges.
 But trulich in none other thinges.
 Forthy my fader, what is more
 Touchende of this ilke lore
 I you beseeche after the forme,
 1340 That ye pleinly me wolde enforme,
 So that I may min herte reule
 In loves cause after the reule.

*Murmur in adversis ita concipit ille superbus,
 Pena quod ex bina sorte purget eum.
 O bina fortune cum spes in amore resistit,
 Non sine mentali murmure plangit amans.*

7.

Toward this vice of which we trete
 There ben yet tweie of thilke estrete,
 1345 Her name is murmur and compleinte.
 Ther can no man her chere peinte.
 To sette a glad semblaunt therinne,
 For though fortune make hem winne,
 Yet grucchen they, and if they lese
 1350 There is no waie for to chefe,
 Wheroft they mighten stonde appesed.
 So ben they comunly disesed,
 There may no welth ne pouerte
 Attempren hem to the deserte
 1355 Of buxomnesse by no wise.
 For ofte time they despise

Hic loquitur de
 murmure et planc-
 tu, qui super omnes
 alios inobedientie
 fecreiores ut mi-
 nistri illi deservi-
 unt.

The good fortune as the badde,
 As they no mannes reson hadde
 Through pride, wherof they be blinde.

1360 And right of such a maner kinde
 Ther be lovers, that though they have
 Of love all that they wolde crave,
 Yet woll they grucche by some weie,
 That they wol nought to love obeie

1365 Upon the trouth, as they do sholde.
 And if hem lacketh that they wolde,
 Anon they falle in such a peine,
 That ever unbuxomly they pleine
 Upon fortune and curse and crie,

1370 That they wol nought her hertes plie
 To suffre, till it better falle.
 Forthy if thou amonges alle
 Hast used this condicion,
 My sone, in thy confession

1375 Now tell me pleinly what thou art:

Amans. My fader, I beknowe a part
 So as ye tolden here above
 Of murmur and compleint of love,
 That for I se no spede comende

1380 Ayein fortune compleignende
 I am as who faith evermo
 And eke full ofte time also.

Whan so as that I se or here
 Of hevy word or hevy chere

1385 Of my lady, I grucche anone,
 But wordes dare I speke none,

Wheroft she myghte be displeased.
But in min herte I am disesed
With many a murmur god it wote,
1390 Thus drinke I in min owne swote.
And though I make no semblaunt,
Min herte is all disobeisaunt,
And in this wise I me confessē
Of that ye clepe unbuxomnesse.

1395 Now telleth what your counseil is.

My sone, as I the rede this,
What so befall of other weie,
That thou to loves heft obeie
Als fer as thou it might suffise.

1400 For ofte sith in such a wise
Obedience in love availeth,
Where all a mannes strengthe faileth,
Wheroft that the list to wit
In a cronique as it is writ

1405 A great ensample thou might finde,
Which now come is to my minde.

* There was whilom by daies olde
A worthy knight and as men tolde
He was neveu to thempour

1410 And of his court a courteour.

Wifeles he was, Florent he hight,
He was a man, that mochel might.
Of armes he was desirous,
Chivalerous and amorous.

1415 And for the fame of worldes speche
Straunge aventures for to seche

Confessor

Hic contra amori inobedientes ad commendacionem obediencie confessor super eodem exemplum ponit, ubi dicit, quod cum quidam regis Sicilie filia in sue juventutis floribus pulcherrima ex eius noverce incantacionibus in vetulam turpissimam transformata extitit, Florencius tunc imperatoris Claudii nepos, miles in armis strenuissimus amorofisque legibus

intendens ipsam ex
sua obediencia in pul-
chritudinem pristi-
nam mirabiliter re-
formavit.

- He rode the marches all aboute.
 And fell a time as he was oute
 Fortune, which may every threde
 To-breke and knitte of mannes spedē,
 Shope, as this knight rode in a pas,
 That he by strengthe taken was,
 And to a castell they him ladde,
 Where that he fewe frendes hadde.
 For so it fell that ilke stounde,
 That he hath with a dedly wounde
 Fightend his owne hondes slain
 Branchus, whiche to the Capitain
 Was sone and heire, wheroft ben wrothe
 The fader and the moder bothe.
 That knight Branchus was of his honde
 The worthiest of all his londe,
 And fain they wolden do vengeance
 Upon Florent, but remembraunce
 That they toke of his worthinessse,
 Of knighthode and of gentilesse,
 And how he stood of coufinage
 To themperour, made hem assuage,
 And dorste nought slaine him for fere.
 In great desputeson they were
 Among hem selfe, that was the best.
 There was a lady, the fliest
 Of alle that men knewen tho,
 So olde she might unnethes go,
 And was graundame to the dede.
 And she with that began to rede

- And saide hem she wol bring him inne,
That she shal him to deth winne
All only of his owne graunt
1450 Through strength of verray covenauant
Withoute blame of any wight.
Anone she fende for this knight
And of her sone she alleide
The deth and thus to him she saide :
1455 Florent, how so ever thou be to wite
Of Branchus deth, men shal respite
As now to take vengement,
Be so thou stonde in jugement
Upon certein condicion,
1460 That thou unto a question
Which I shall axe shalt answere.
And over this thou shalt eke swere,
That if thou of the fothe faile,
There shal non other thinge availe,
1465 That thou ne shalt thy deth receive,
And for men shal the nought deceive
That thou therof might ben avised,
Thou shalt have day and time assised
And leve saufly for to wende,
1470 Be so that at thy daies ende
Thou come ayein with thin avise.
This knight, which worthy was and wife,
This lady praieth, that he may wit
And have it under seales writ,
1475 What question it sholde be
For which he shall in that degre

- Stonde of his life in jeopartie.
 With that she feigneth compaignie
 And faith: Florent, on love it hongeth
 1480 All that to min axinge longeth,
 What all women most desire
 This woll I axe, and in thempire
 Where thou hast moсте knowleching
 Take counseil of this axinge.
- 1485 Florent this thing hath undertake,
 The day was set and time take,
 Under his seale he wrote his othe
 In such a wise, and forth he gothe
 Home to his emes courte ayein,
- 1490 To whom his aventure plein
 He tolde, of that is him befallie.
 And upon that they weren alle
 The wifest of the londe assent,
 But netholes of one assent
- 1495 They might nought accorde plat,
 One faide this, an other that
 After the disposition
 Of natural complexion
 To some woman it is plesaunce,
- 1500 That to another is grevaunce.
 But suche a thinge in speciall
 Whiche to hem alle in generall
 Is most plesaunt and most desired
 Above all other and most conspired,
- 1505 Suche o thing conne they nought finde
 By constellation ne kinde.

And thus Florent withoute cure
 Mot stonde upon his aventure
 And is al shape unto the lere,

1510 And as in defaulte of his answere
 This knight hath lever for to deie
 Than breke his trouth and for to lie
 In place where he was swore,
 And shapeth him gone ayein therfore.

1515 Whan time cam he toke his leve
 That lenger wolde he nought beleve
 And praieth his eme he be nought wroth,
 For that is a point of his oth,
 He faith, that no man shal him wreke,

1520 Though afterward men here speke
 That he peraventure deie.
 And thus he went forth his weie
 Alone as a knight aventurous
 And in his thought was curious

1525 To wit, what was best to do.
 And as he rode alone so
 And cam nigh there he wolde be,
 In a forest there under a tree
 He sigh where sat a creature,

1530 A lothly womannish figure,
 That for to speke of fleshe and bone
 So foule yet sigh he never none.
 This knight behelde her redily,
 And as he wolde have passed by
 1535 She cleped him and bad abide.
 And he his hors heved aside,

Tho torned and to her he rode
 And there he hoved and abode
 To wit what she wolde mene.

1540 And she began him to bemene
 And said : Florent, by thy name
 Thou haſt on honde ſuch a game
 That but thou be the better avifed
 Thy deth is ſhafen and devifed,

1545 That al the world ne may the fave,
 But if that thou my counſeil have.
 Florent whan he this tale herde,
 Unto this olde wight anſwerde
 And of her counſeil he her prайд.

1550 And ſhe ayein to him thus faide :
 Florent, if I for the ſo ſhape,
 That thou through me thy deth eſcape
 And take worship of thy dede,
 What ſhall I have to my mede ?

1555 What thing, quod he, that thou wolde axe.
 I bid never a better taxe,
 Quod ſhe, but firſt, or thou be ſped,
 Thou ſhalt me leve ſuche a wed,
 That I woll have thy trouth on honde,

1560 That thou ſhalt be min hufebonde.
 Nay, faith Florent, that may nougħt be.
 Ride thanne forth thy way, quod ſhe,
 And if thou go withoute rede,
 Thou ſhalt be ſekerlich dede.

1565 Florent behight her good inough
 Of londe, of rent, of parke, of plough,

But all that compteth she at nought.

Tho fell this knight in mochel thought,
Now goth he forth, now cometh ayein,

1570 He wot nought what is best to fain
And thought as he rode to and fro,
That chefe he mote one of the two
Or for to take her to his wife
Or elles for to lese his life.

1575 And than he caste his avaantage,
That she was of so great an age
That she may live but a while,
And thought to put her in an ile,
Where that no man her shulde knowe

1580 Til she with deth were overthrowe.
And thus this yonge lusty knight
Unto this olde lothly wight
Tho said: if that none other chaunce
May make my deliveraunce

1585 But only thilke fame speche
Which as thou saist thou shalt me teche,
Have here min honde, I shal the wedde.*
And thus his trouth he leith to wedde.
With that she frounceth up the browe:

1590 This covenauant woll I allowe,
She saith, if any other thing
But that thou haste of my teching
Fro deth thy body may respite,
I woll the of thy trouth acquite

1595 And elles by none other waie.
Now herken me what I shall saie:

* *Here leery trouth, grotte to yest. I graunt'. Clareson, wife of Mabert T., 1517.*

- Whan thou art come into the place,
 Where now they maken great manace
 And upon thy coming abide,
 1600 They wol anone the same tide
 Oppose the of thine answere.
 I wot thou wolt no thing forbere
 Of that thou wenest be thy beste,
 And if thou might so finde reste
 1605 Wel is, for than is ther no more.
 And elles this shall be my lore,
 That thou shalt saie: upon this molde
 That alle women levest wolde
 Be soverein of mannes love,
 1610 For what woman is so above
 She hath as who faith all her wille,
 And elles may she nought fulfille
 What thinge her were levest have.
 With this answere thou shalt save
 1615 Thy self and other wife nought.
 And whan thou hast thy ende wrought,
 Come here ayein, thou shalt me finde,
 And let nothinge out of thy minde.
 He goth him forth with hevy chere,
 1620 As he that not in what manere
 He may this worldes joie atteigne.
 For if he deie he hath a peine,
 And if he live he mote him binde
 To suche one, which of alle kinde
 1625 Of women is the unsemlieste.
 Thus wot he nought what is the beste.

- But be him lief or be him loth*
 Unto the castel forth he goth
 His full answere for to yive
 1630 Or for to deie or for to live.
 Forth with his counseil came the lorde,
 The thinges stoden of recorde,
 He send up for the lady sone,
 And forth she cam that olde mone.
 1635 In prefence of the remenaunt
 The strengthe of all the covenauant
 Tho was rehersed openly,
 And to Florent she bad forthy,
 That he shall tellen his avise
 1640 As he that wot what is the prise.
 Florent faith all that ever he couthe,
 But such word cam ther none to mouth,
 That he for yefte or for beheste
 Might any wise his deth areste.
 1645 And thus he tarieth longe and late,
 Til that this lady bad algate
 That he shall for the dome finall
 Yef his answere in speciall
 Of that she had him first opposed.
 1650 And than he hath truly supposed,
 That he him may of nothing yelpe,
 But if so by tho wordes helpe,
 Which as the woman hath him taught,
 Wherof he hath an hope caught
 1655 That he shall be excused so.
 And tolde out plein his wille tho.

4, pp. 234, 268; Vol. II, pp. 24, 27, 6
 334; Vol. III, pp. 13, 59, 180, 37

- And whan that this matrone herde
 The maner how this knight answarde,
 She said : ha treson, wo the be,
- 1660 That hast thus tolde the private,
 Whiche alle women most desire,
 I wolde that thou were a fire.
 But netheles in suche a plite
 Florent of his answere is quite.
- 1665 And tho began his sorwe newe,
 For he mot gone or ben untrewe
 To her, which his trouthe hadde.
 But he, which al shame dradde,
 Goth forth in stede of his penaunce
- 1670 And taketh the fortune of his chaunce
 As he, that was with trouth affaited.
 This olde wight him hath awaited
 In place where as he her lefte.
 Florent his wofull hed up lifte
- 1675 And sigh this vecke where that she sat,
 Which was the lothliest what,
 That ever man cast on his eye.
 Her nase bas, her browes high,
 Her eyen smal and depe set,
- 1680 Her chekes ben with teres wet
 And revelin as an empty skin
 Hangend down unto the chin,
 Her lippes shrunken ben for age,
 There was no grace in her visage,
- 1685 Her front was narwe, her lockes hore,
 She loketh forth as doth a more,

- Her necke is short, her shulders courbe,
 That might a mannes lust distourbe
 Her body great and no thing small,
 1690 And shortly to descreve her all
 She hath no lith without a lack,
 But liche unto the wolle sack
 She profreth her unto this knight
 And bad him, as he hath behight
 1695 So as she hath by his warrant,
 That he her holde covenauant.
 And by the bridell she him seseth,
 But god wot how that she him pleseth,
 Of such wordes as she speketh
 1700 Him thenketh wel nigh his herte breketh
 For forwe, that he may nought fle,
 But if he wolde untrewe be.
 Loke, how a feke man for his hele
 Taketh baldemoyn with canele
 1705 And with the mirre taketh the sucre,
 Right upon such a maner lucre
 Stant Florent, as in this diete
 He drinketh the bitter with the swete,
 He medleth forwe with liking
 1710 And liveth so as who faith dying.
 His youthe shall be cast awey
 Upon suche one, which as the wey
 Is olde and lothly overall.
 But nede he mot that nede shall
 1715 He wolde algate his trouthe holde
 As every knight therto is holde

- What hap so him is ever befall,
 Though she be the foulest of alle,
 Yet to thonour of womanhed
- ¹⁷²⁰ Him thought he shulde taken heed,
 So that for pure gentilesse,
 As he her couthe best adrefse
 In ragges, as she was to-tore,
 He set her on his hors to-fore
- ¹⁷²⁵ And forth he taketh his way softe.
 No wonder though he sikheth ofte.
 But as an oule fleeth by nighte
 Out of all other briddes fighte,
 Right so this knight on daies brode
- ¹⁷³⁰ In close him held and shope his rode
 On nightes time, till the tide
 That he come there he wolde abide
 And prively withoute noise
 He bringeth this foule great coise
- ¹⁷³⁵ To his castell in suche a wife,
 That no man might her shape avise,
 Til she into the chambre came,
 Where he his prive counseil name
 Of suche men as he most trusfe
- ¹⁷⁴⁰ And told hem, that he nedes muste
 This beste wedde to his wife,
 For elles had he lost his life.
 The prive women were assent,
 That sholden ben of his assent.
- ¹⁷⁴⁵ Her ragges they anone of drawe
 And as it was that time lawe



She hadde bath, she hadde rest
And was arraied to the best.

But with no craft of combes brode

1750 They might her hore lockes shode,
And she ne wolde nought be shore
For no counseil, and they therfore
With suche attire as tho was used
Ordeinen, that it was excused,

1755 And had so craftilich aboute,
That no man mighte seen hem oute.
But whan she was fullich arraied
And her attire was all affaied,
Tho was she fouler unto se.

1760 But yet it may non other be
They were wedded in the night,
So wo begone was never knight
As he was than of mariage.

1765 And she began to pleie and rage
As who faith, I am well inough,
But he therof nothing ne lough.
For she toke thanne chere on honde
And clepeth him her husebonde
And faith: My lord, go we to bedde,

1770 For I to that entente wedde,
That thou shalt be my worldes blisse.
And profreth him with that to kisse,
As she a lusty lady were.

His body mighte well be there,
1775 But as of thought and memoire
His hert was in purgatoire.

- But yet for strengthe of matrimonie
 He might make non effonie,
 That he ne mote algates plie
 1780 To gon to bed of compaignie.
 And whan they were a bedde naked
 Withoute slepe he was awaked,
 He torneth on that other fide
 For that he wolde his eyen hide
 1785 Fro loking of that foule wight.
 The chamber was all full of light,
 The courtines were of sendall thinne,
 This newe bride, which lay withinne,
 Though it be nought with his accorde
 1790 In armes she beclept her lorde
 And praid, as he was torned fro
 He wolde him torne ayeinward tho.
 For now, she faith, we be both one.
 But he lay stille as any stome,*
 1795 And ever in one she spake and prайд
 And bad him thenke on that he faide,
 Whan that he toke her by the honde.
 He herd and understood the bonde,
 How he was fet to his penaunce.
 1800 And as it were a man in traunce
 He torneth him all sodeinly
 And sigh a lady lay him by
 Of eightene winter age,
 Which was the fairest of visage,
 1805 That ever in all this world he figh.
 And as he wolde have take her nigh,

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MS. A. 1. 1. fol. 102 v. 1780. In the margin of the left page there is a small note written in ink, which reads: "This is a copy of the original, obtained at the British Museum, and placed in the library of the Royal Society of Literature."

- She put her hond and by his leve
Befought him, that he wolde leve,
And faith, that for to winne or lese
1810 He mot one of two thinges chese,
Where he woll have her such on night
Or elles upon daies light,
For he shall nought have bothe two.*
And he began to forwe tho
- 1815 In many a wife and caste his thought,
But for al that yet couth he nought
Devise him self, which was the best.
And she that wolde his hertes rest
Praieth, that he shulde chese algate,
- 1820 Til at the laste longe and late
He saide: O, ye my lives hele,
Say what ye liste in my quarele.
I not what answere I shall yive,
But ever while that I may live
- 1825 I woll, that ye be my maistresse,
For I can nought my selfe gesse,
Which is the best unto my chois,
Thus graunt I you min hole vois,
Chese for us bothe, I you praie,
- 1830 And what as ever that ye faie,
Right as ye wolde so woll I.
My lord, she saide, grauntmercy,
For of this word that ye now fain
That ye have made me sovereign
- 1835 My destine is overpassed,
That never here after shall be lassed

* in the ballad, so in the quæde tale of 'the Hoodie', the Hoodie or rakk-crew weds the you-est of a farme, a three daughters' wark, her wold not the rather, that 3 should be a hoodie by day and a man by night, or be a hoodie by night and a man by day. She says: 'I wold nae for work a man by day and a hoodie by night'. The reverse is more usual: e.g. in Green, a man by day and a woman by night; in 'The Beladith' (c. 1470) a wife by day and a man by night; in 'Karaklytch' 'Vollmarchen der Serber' (c. 1410), a wife by day and a man by night; in 'A & A Scartich' (c. 1480) a man by day, woman by night; in 'Mutterhoff' (c. 1470), Karaklytch (c. 1480), a wife by day, man by night. There are similar Norse tales of 'Godd & Bear' (first side of 'Moor') & others in the 'Capit & Prophete' cycle (see Keightley, No. 10 of Greek). See also E. H. Hall, 'Early English Sage', 26 (see note 1). In the Persian tale of Shaporscha, II, 1, 'Firdus-i-gurani' 'Galeote of Argier' b. the fairies, sentence is passed to become a beastly good prince after his third wedding; meanwhile he has a pig's nursery. His Ringersup is invested of three lovely poor maidens, but keeps the two closest to death. Melidina (Jitis) is kind to her; the bright he thinks of his present is a handsome girl, but she must keep his secret till he be quite free (the Persie idea did not follow up). The birth of a child appears rough, as the other tells the king & queen, who come & discover him; Galeote has to die. One of his sisters resuscitates his son - who is always known as 'Kinder' (the other two are in 'Parzival'). Peter Finch Rescuer & Moretti 56, in 'Supernatural' (Cobbe & Co., Norwell 1926); 'Parzival' (c. 1510); 'Court of Heaven' (c. 1520); 'Ferdinand' (c. 1530); 'Ferdinand's Return' & 'The Hoodie' (c. 1540).

My beaute, which that I now have,
Til I be take into my grave.

Both night and day as I am now

1840 I shall all way be such to you,
The kinges daughter of Cecile
I am, and fell but sith a while,
As I was with my fader late,
That my stepmoder for an hate,

1845 Which toward me she hath begonne,
Forshope me, till I hadde wonne
The love and the sovereinte
Of what knight, that in his degré
All other passeth of good name.^{*}

1850 And as men sain ye ben the same
The dede proveth it is so,
Thus am I youres evermo.

Tho was plesaunce and joie inough,
Echone with other pleid and lough,

1855 They live longe and well they ferde,
And clerkes, that this chaunce herde,
They writen it in evidence
To teche, how that obedience
May well fortune a man to love

1860 And set him in his luste above
As it befell unto this knight.

Confessor. Forthy, my sone, if thou do right,
Thou shalt unto thy love obeie
And folwe her will by alle weie.

Amans. Min holy fader, so I will.
For ye have told me such a skill

- Of this ensample now to-fore,
 That I shall evermo therfore
 Here afterward min observaunce
 1870 To love and to his obeissaunce
 The better kepe, and over this
 Of pride if there ought elles is,
 Wheroft that I me shrive shall,
 What thing it is in speciall,
 1875 My fader, axeth I you pray.
 Now list, my sone, and I shall say.
 For yet there is surquedrie,
 Which stant with pride of compaignie,
 Wheroft that thou shalt here anone
 1880 To knowe if thou have gult or none,
 Upon the forme as thou shalt here
 Now understand well the matere.

Confessor.

*Omnia scire putat, sed se presumpcio neficit,
 Nec sibi confimile quem putat esse parem.
 Qui magis astutus reputat se vincere bellum,
 In laqueos Veneris forcitus ipse cadit.
 Sepe Cupido virum, sibi qui presumit, amantem
 Fallit, et in vacuas spes reddit ipsa vias.*

8.

- Surquedrie is thilke vice
 Of pride, which the third office
 1885 Hath in his court and wol nought knowe
 The trouthe till it overthrowe.
 Upon his fortune and his grace
 Cometh *had I wist* full ofte a place,
 For he doth all his thing by gesse
 1890 And voideth alle sikernesse,
 None other counseil good him semeth
 But such as he him selfe demeth.

Hic loquitur de
 tercia specie super-
 bie, que presump-
cio dicitur, cuius
 naturam primo se-
 cundum vicium
 confessor simplici-
 ter declarat.

App. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

For in such wife as he compasseth
 His wit alone all other passeth

1895 And is with pride so through sought,

That he all other set at nought

And weneth of him selven so,

That such as he there be no mo

So fair, so semely ne so wise,

1900 And thus he wolde beare a prise

Above all other, and nought forthy

He faith nought ones graunt mercy

To god, which alle grace sendeth,

So that his wittes he despendeth

1905 Upon him selfe, as though there were

No god, which might availe there.

But all upon his owne wit

He stant, till he fall in the pit

So fer, that he may nought arise.

And right thus in the same wife

The vice upon the cause of love

So proudly set the hert above

And doth him pleinly for to wene,

That he to loven any quene

Hath worthiness and suffisaunce.

And so withoute purveiaunce

Full ofte he heweth up so highe,

That chippes fallen in his eye,

And eke full ofte he weneth this,

1920 There as he nought beloved is

To be beloved altherbeste.

Now, sone, telle what so the leste

Hic tractat confessio
 for cum amante
 super illa saltem
 presumpcioне, ex
 cuius superbia
 quam plures fatui
 amantes, cum ma-
 joris certitudinis in
 amore spem fibi
 promittunt, inex-
 pediti cicius desti-
 tuuntur.

Of this, that I have told the here.

Ha fader, be nought in a were.

Amans.

1925 I trowe there be no man lesse

Of any maner worthiness,

That halt him lesse worthy than I

To be beloved, and nought forthy

I say in excusing of me

1930 To alle men, that love is fre.

And certes that may no man werne.

For love is of him selfe so derne,

It luteth in a mannes herte.

But that ne shall me nought asterte

1935 To wene for to be worthy

To loven, but in her mercy.

But fir, of that ye wolde mene,

That I shulde other wife wene

To be beloved than I was,

1940 I am beknowe as in this cas.

My gode sone, telle me how.

Confessor.

Now list, and I woll telle you,

Amans.

My gode fader, how it is.

Full ofte it hath befalle er this

1945 Through hope, that was nought certein,

My wening hath be set in vein

To trust in thing, that helpe me nought

But onlich of min owne thought.

For as it semeth, that a bell

1950 Like to the wordes that men tell

Answereth right so no more ne lesse

To you, my fader, I confessē.

- Such will my wit hath over set,
 That what so hope me behet
- 1955 Full many a time I wene it soth,
 But finally no spedē it doth.
 Thus may I tellen, as I can,
 Wening beguileth many a man.
 So hath it me, right wel I wot,
- 1960 For if a man wol in a bote
 Whiche is withoute botme rowe,
 He must nedes overthrowe.
 Right so wening hath fard by me.
 For whan I wende next have be,
- 1965 As I by my wening caste,
 Than was I furthest ate laste,
 And as a fool my bowe unbende
 Whan all was failed that I wende.
 Forthy, my fader, as of this
- 1970 That my wening hath gone amis
 Touchend to surquedrie,
 Yef me my penaunce or I die.
 But if ye wolde in any forme
 Of this mater a tale enforme,
- 1975 Which were ayein this vice set,
 I shulde fare well the bet.

Hic ponit confessor
 exemplum contra istos, qui suis viribus
 presumentes debiliores efficiuntur. Et
 narrat, qualiter ille
 Capaneus miles in
 armis probatissimus
 de sua presumens audacia invocationem

My sone, in alle maner wife
 Surquedrie is to despise,
 Wheroft I finde write thus.
 The proude knight Capaneus
 He was of suche surquedrie,
 That he through his chivalrie

Upon him self so mochel triste,
 That to the goddes him ne liste
 1985 In no quarele to besuche,
 But saide, it was an idel speche,
 Which cause was of pure drede
 For lacke of hert and for no nede.*
 And upon such presumption
 1990 He held this proude opinion,
 Till ate laste upon a day
 Aboute Thebes, where he lay,
 Whan it of siege was belaine,
 This knight, as the croniques faine,
 1995 In alle mannes fighte there,
 Whan he was proudest in his gere
 And thought how nothing might him dere,
 Full armed with his shielde and spere
 As he the cite wolde affaile,
 2000 God toke him selfe the bataile
 Ayein his pride, and fro the sky
 A firy thonder fodeinly
 He sende and him to pouder smote.
 And thus the pride, which was hote,
 2005 Whan he most in his strengthe wende,
 Was brent and lost withouten ende.◊
 So that it proveth well therfore
 The strength of man is fone lore,
 But if that he it well governe.
 2010 And over this a man may lerne,
 That eke full ofte time it greveth
 What that a man him self beleveth,

ad superos tempore
 necessitatis ex vecordia tamen et non aliter
 primitus provenisse
 afferuit, unde in obfidence civitatis Thebarum, cum ipse quodam die coram suis hostibus ad debellandum se obtulit, ignis de celo subito superveniens ipsum armatum totaliter in cineres combussit.

Copied by Steel from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, written in 15th century English, folio 26v. The text is from the 'Liber Primus' of the 'Gest of Robyn Hode'.

MS. A. 1. 227, 26

As though it shulde him well beseme,
 That he all other men can deme
 2015 And hath foryete his owne vice.
 A tale of hem that be so nice
 And feigne hem self to be so wise
 I shall the telle in suche a wife,
 Wheroft thou shalt ensample take,
 2020 That thou no such thing undertake.

Hic loquitur confessor
 contra illos, qui de sua
 sciencia presumentes
 aliorum condicioneis
 dijudicantes indiscre-
 te redarguunt, et
 narrat exemplum de
 quodam principe re-
 gis Hungarie germano,
 qui cum fratrem
 suum pauperibus in
 publico vidiit humiliatum, ipsum redar-
 guendo in contrarium
 edocere presumebat,
 sed rex omni sapientia
 prepollens ipsum sic
 incaute presumenterem
 ad humilitatis memori-
 ram terribili provi-
 dencia micius castiga-
 vit.

* I finde upon surquedrie,
 How that whilom of Hungarie
 By olde daies was a king
 Wife and honest in alle thing.
 And so befell upon a daie
 And that was in the month of may,
 As thilke time it was usaunce,
 This king with noble purveiaunce
 Hath for him selfe his chare arraied,
 Wherin he wolde ride amraig
 Out of the cite for to pleie
 With lordes and with great nobleie
 Of lusty folk that were yonge,
 Where some pleide and some songe
 2035 And some gone and some ride
 And some prick her horse aside
 And bridlen hem now in now oute.
 The kinge his eye cast aboute,
 Til he was ate lafte ware
 2040 And sigh comend ayein his chare
 Two pilgrimes of so great age,
 That lich unto a drie ymage,

- That weren pale and fade hewed,
And as a bushe, whiche is besnewed,
²⁰⁴⁵ Here berdes weren hore and white.
There was of kinde but a lite,
That they ne semen fully dede.
They comen to the king and bede
Some of his good pur charite.
²⁰⁵⁰ And he with great humilite
Out of his chare to grounde lept
And hem in both his armes kepte
And kist hem bothe foot and honde
Before the lordes of his londe
²⁰⁵⁵ And yaf hem of his good therto.
And whan he hath this dede do
He goth into his chare ayeine.
Tho was murmur, tho was disdeine,
Tho was compleinte on every fide,
²⁰⁶⁰ They saiden of their owne pride
Echone till other : what is this ?
Our king hath do this thing amis
So to abesse his roialte,
That every man it mighte se,
²⁰⁶⁵ And humbled him in such a wife
To hem that were of none emprise.
Thus was it spoken to and fro
Of hem, that were with him tho
All prively behinde his backe.
²⁰⁷⁰ But to him selfe no man spake.
The kinges brother in presence
Was thilke time and great offence

- He toke therof and was the same
 Above all other, which moste blame
- ²⁰⁷⁵ Upon his lege lord hath laid
 And hath unto the lordes said,
 Anone as he may time finde,
 There shall nothing be left behinde,
 That he wol speke unto the king.
- ²⁰⁸⁰ Now list what fell upon this thing.
 The weder was merie and fair inough,
 Echone with other pleid and lough
 And fallen into tales newe,
 How that the fresshe floures grewe,
- ²⁰⁸⁵ And how the grene leves spongē,
 And how that love amonge the yonge
 Began the hertes thanne awake,
 And every brid hath chose his make.
 And thus the maies day to thende
- ²⁰⁹⁰ They lede and home ayein they wende.
 The king was nought so fone come,
 That whan he had his chambre nome,
 His brother ne was redy there
 And brought a tale unto his ere
- ²⁰⁹⁵ Of that he didde such a shame
 In hindring of his owne name,
 Whan he him selfe wolde dreche,
 That to so vile a pouer wrecche
 Him deigneth shewe such simplesse
- ²¹⁰⁰ Ayein the state of his nobleffe.
 And faith, he shall it no more use
 And that he mot him selfe excuse

- Toward his lordes everichone.
 The king stood still as any stone
 2105 And to his tale an ere he laide
 And thought more than he faide.
 But netheles to that he herde
 Well curteisly the king answerde
 And tolde, it shulde ben amended.
 2110 And thus whan that here tale is ended,
 All redy was the bord and cloth,
 The king unto his souper goth
 Among the lordes to the halle.
 And whan they hadde souped alle,
 2115 They token leve and forth they go.
 The king bethought him selfe tho,
 How he his brother may chastie,
 That he through his surquedrie
 Toke upon honde to dispreise
 2120 Humilite, which is to preise,
 And therupon yaf such counseil
 Toward his king, that was nought heil,
 Wherof to be the better lered
 He thenketh to make him afered.
 2125 It fell so, that in thilke dawe
 There was ordeigned by the lawe
 A trompe with a sterne breth,
 Which was cleped the trompe of deth.
 And in the court, where the king was,
 2130 A certein man this trompe of bras
 Hath in keping and therof serveth,
 That whan a lord his deth deserveth,

- He shall this dredfull trompe blowe
 To-fore his gate and make it knowe,
 2135 How that the jugement is yive
 Of deth, which shall nought be foryive.
 The king whan it was night anone
 This man assent and bad him gone
 To trompen at his brothers gate.
- 2140 And he, which mot so done algate,
 Goth forth and doth the kinges heft.
 This lord, which herde of this tempest,
 That he to-fore his gate blewe,
 Tho wist he by the lawe and knewe,
- 2145 That he was sekerlich dede.
 And as of helpe he wist no rede,
 But fende for his frendes all
 And tolde hem how it is befalle.
 And they him axe cause why,
- 2150 But he the sothe nought forthy
 Ne wist, and there was forwe tho.
 For it stood thilke time so,
 This trompe was of such sentence,
 That there ayein no resistence
- 2155 They couthe ordeine by no weie,
 That he ne mot algate deie,
 But if so that he may purchace
 To get his lege lordes grace.
 Here wittes therupon they caste
- 2160 And ben appointed ate laste.
 This lorde a worthy lady had
 Unto his wife, whiche also drad

Her lordes deth, and children five
Betwene hem two they had alive,
2165 That weren yonge and tender of age
And of stature and of visage
Right faire and lusty on to se.
Tho casten they, that he and she
Forth with their children on the morwe,
2170 As they that were full of forwe,
All naked but of smock and sherte
To tendre with the kinges herte
His grace shulden go to seche
And pardon of the deth beseeche.
2175 Thus passen they that wofull night,
And erly whan they sigh it light
They gone hem forth in suche a wife,
As thou to-fore hast herd divise,
All naked but here shertes on
2180 They wepte and made mochel mone.
Here hair hangend about here eres.
With sobbing and with sory teres
This lord goth than an humble pas,
That whilom proud and noble was,
2185 Wherof the cite fore a flight
Of hem that sawen thilke sight.
And netheless all openly
With such weeping and with such cry
Forth with his children and his wife
2190 He goth to praie for his life.
Unto the court whan they be come
And men therin have hede nome,

- There was no wight, if he hem sigh,
 From water mighte kepe his eye
 2195 For forwe, which they maden tho.
 The king supposeth of this wo
 And feigneth, as he nought ne wiste,
 But netheles at his upriste
 Men tolden him, howe it ferde.
- 2200 And whan that he this wonder herde,
 In hast he goth into the halle.
 And all at ones down they falle,
 If any pite may be founde.
 The king, which seeth hem go to grounde,
 2205 Hath axed hem what is the fere
 Why they be so dispuled there.
 His brother said : ha, lord, mercy !
 I wote none other cause why,
 But only that this night full late
- 2210 The trompe of deth was at my gate
 In token that I shulde deie,
 Thus we be come for to preie
 That ye my worldes deth respite.
 * Ha, fool, how thou art for to wite,
- 2215 The kinge unto his brother faith,
 That thou art of so litel feith,
 That only for a trompes soun
 Hath gone dispuled through the town
 Thou and thy wife in such manere
 2220 Forth with thy children that ben here
 In sight of alle men aboute.
 For that thou faist, thou art in doubt

Of deth, which standeth under the lawe
Of man, and man it may withdrawe,
2225 So that it may perchaunce faile.
Now shalt thou nought forthy merveile,
That I down from my chare alight,
Whan I beheld to-fore my figh
In hem that were of so great age
2230 Min owne deth through here ymage,
Which god hath set by lawe of kinde,
Wheroft I may no bote finde.
For well I wot, suche as they be
Right suche am I in my degré
2235 Of fleshe and blood and so shall deie.
And thus though I that lawe obeie
Of which that kinges ben put under,
It ought ben well the laffe wonder
Than thou, which art withoute nedē
2240 For lawe of londe in suche a drede,
Which for to accompte is but a jape
As thing, which thou might overscape.
Forthy, my brother, after this
I rede, that sithen it so is,
2245 That thou canst drede a man so fore,
Drede god with all thin herte more.
For all shall deie and all shall passē
As well a leon as an asse,
As well a begger as a lorde,
2250 Towardes dethe in one accordē
They shullen stonde, and in this wife
The kinge with his wordes wife

His brother taught and all foryive.

Confessor. Forthy, my sone, if thou wolt live

2255 In vertue, thou must vice escheue
And with lowe herte humbleffe sue,
So that thou be nought surquedous.

Amans. My fader, I am amorous,

Wheroft I wolde you beseeche

2260 That ye me some ensample teche,
Which might in loves cause stonde.

Confessor. My sone, thou shalt understande
In love and other thinges alle,
If that surquedrie falle,

2265 It may to him nought well betide,
Which useth thilke vice of pride
Which torneth wisdom to wening
And sothfastnesse into lesing
Through foll imagination.

2270 And for thin enformation,
That thou this vice as I the rede
Escheue shalte, a tale I rede,
Which fell whilom by daies olde,
So as the clerke Ovide tolde.*

Hic in speciali tractat
confessor cum a-
mante contra illos,
qui de propria formo-
fitate presumentes
amorem mulieris de-
dignantur. Et narrat
exemplum, qualiter
cuiusdam principis fi-
lius nomine Narcizus
estivo tempore, cum
ipse venacionis causa
quendam cervum fo-
lus cum suis canibus

There was whilom a lordes sone,
Which of his pride a nice wone
Hath caught, that worthy to his liche
To sechen all the worldes riche
There was no woman for to love.
So high he set him selfe above
Of stature and of beaute bothe,
That him thought alle women lothe.

- So was there no comparision
As towarde his condition.
- 2285 This yonge lord Narcizus hight.
No strength of love bowe might
His herte, whiche is unaffiled.
But ate lafte he was beguiled.
For of the goddes purveiaunce
- 2290 It felle him on a day perchaunce,
That he in all his proude fare
Unto the forest gan to fare
Amonge other, that there were,
To hunten and disporte him there.
- 2295 And whan he cam into the place,
Where that he wolde make his chace,
The houndes weren in a throwe
Uncoupled and the hornes blowe,
The great herte anone was founde
- 2300 With swifte feet set on the grounde.
And he with spore in horse fide
Him hasteth faste for to ride,
Till alle men be left behinde.
And as he rode under a linde
- 2305 Beside a roche, as I the telle,
He sigh where spronge a lusty welle.
The day was wonder hote withalle,
And suche a thurst was on him falle,
That he must outhere deie or drinke.
- 2310 And downe he light and by the brinke
He tide his hors unto a braunche
And laid him lowe for to staunche

exagitaret, in gravem
fitim incurrens necef-
sitate compulsus ad bi-
bendum de quodam
fonte pronus inclina-
vit, ubi ipse faciem
suam pulcherrimam
in aqua percipiens
putabat se per hoc il-
lam nimpham, quam
poete Ekko vocant,
in flumine coram suis
oculis pocius confex-
isse, de cuius amore
confestim laqueatus,
ut ipsam ad se de
fonte extraheret, plu-
ribus blandiciis adul-
labatur, sed cum illud
perficere nullatenus
potuit, pre nimio lan-
guore deficiens contra
lapides ibidem adja-
centes caput exverbe-
rans cerebrum effudit.
Et sic de propria pul-
chritudine qui fuerat
presumptuosus de
propria pulchritudine
fatuatus interiit.

- His thurst. And as he cast his loke
 Into the welle and hede toke,
 2315 He sigh the like of his visage
 And wende there were an ymage
 Of suche a nimphe, as tho was say,
 Wheroft that love his herte assay
 Began, as it was after sene
 2320 Of his fotie and made him wene
 It were a woman, that he sigh.
 The more he cam the welle nigh,
 The nere cam she to him ayein.
 So wist he never what to fain,
 2325 For whan he wepte he sigh her wepe,
 And whan he cried he toke good kepe,
 The same worde she cried also,
 And thus began the newe wo,
 That whilom was to him so straunge.
 2330 Tho made him love an harde eschaunge
 To set his herte and to beginne
 Thing, whiche he might never winne.
 And ever amonge he gan to loute
 And prraith, that she to him come oute.
 2335 And other while he goth a fer
 And other while he draweth ner
 And ever he founde her in one place.
 He wepeth, he crieth, he axeth grace,
 There as he mighte gete none.
 2340 So that ayein a roche of stome,
 As he that knewe none other rede,
 He smote him self til he was dede,

- * Wheroft the nimphes of the welles
 And other that there weren elles
 2345 Unto the wodes belongende
 The body, which was dede ligende,
 For pure pite that they have
 Under grave they begrave.
 And than out of his sepulture
 2350 There spronge anone peraventure
 Of floures suche a wonder sight,
 That men ensample take might
 Upon the dedes whiche he dede.
 And tho was sene in thilke stede,
 2355 For in the winter fresh and faire
 The floures ben, ^{44166,337}whiche is contraire
 To kinde, and so was the folie
 Which felle of his surquedrie.

Thus he, which love had in disdeigne, Confessor.

- 2360 Worst of all other was beseine,
 And as he set his prise most hie,
 He was left worthy in loves eye
 And most bajaped in his wit,
 Wheroft the remembraunce is yit,
 2365 So that thou might ensample take
 And eke all other for his sake.

My fader, as touchend of me
 This vice I thenke for to fle,
 Whiche of his wening overthroweth
 2370 And namelich of thing, which groweth
 In loves cause or well or wo,
 Yet prided I me never so.

Amans.

Scy

But wolde god that grace fende,
 That toward me my lady wende
 2375 As I towardes here wene,
 My love shulde so be fene,
 There shulde go no pride a place.
 But I am fer fro thilke grace
 And for to speke of time nowe
 2380 So mote I suffre and praie you,
 That ye woll axe on other side,
 If there be any point of pride
 Wherof it nedeth me to be shrive.

Confessor. My sone, god it the foryive,
 2385 If thou have any thing misdo
 Touchend of this, but evermo
 Ther is another yet of pride
 Which couth never his wordes hide,
 That he ne wold him selfe avaunt.
 2390 There may nothing his tunga daunt,
 That he ne clappeth as a belle,
 Wherof if thou wolt that I telle
 It is behovely for to here,
 So that thou might thy tunga stere
 2395 Toward the worlde and stonde in grace,
 Which lacketh ofte in many a place
 To him that can nought sitte stille,
 Whiche elles shuld have all his wille.

9. *Magniloque propriam minuit ja&tantia lingue
 Famam, quam stabilem firmat honore filens.
 Ipse sui laudem meriti non percipit, unde
 Se sua per verba ja&ctat in orbe palam.
 Estque viri culpa ja&tantia, que rubifactas
 In muliere reas causat habere genas.*

- The vice cleped avauntance
 2400 With pride hath take his acquaintance,
 So that his owne pris he laffeth
 Whan he such mesure overpasseth,
 That he his owne herald is.
 That first was wel is thanne mis,
 2405 That was thankworthy is than blame,
 And thus the worship of his name
 Through pride of his avauntarie
 He torneth into vilenie.
 I rede, how that this proude vice
 2410 Hath thilke wind in his office,
 Which through the blastes that he bloweth
 The mannes fame he overthroweth
 Of vertue which shulde elles springe
 Unto the worldes knoulechinge.
 2415 But he fordoth it all to fore,
 And right of such a maner lore
 There ben lovers, forthy if thou
 Art one of hem, tell and say how,
 Whan thou hast taken any thinge
 2420 Of loves yefte or ouche or ringe
 Or toke upon the for the colde
 Some goodly word that the was tolde
 Of frendly chere or token or letter,
 Wheroft thin herte was the better,
 2425 Of that she fende the gretinge.
 Hast thou for pride of thy likinge
 Made thin avaunt, where as the liste ?
 I wolde, fader, that ye wiste

Hic loquitur de qua-
 ta specie superbie, que
 ja&tancia dicitur, ex
 cuius natura causatur,
 ut homo de se ipso
 testimonium perhi-
 bens suarum virtu-
 tum merita de laude
 in culpam transferat
 et, suam famam cum
 extollere vellet, illam
 proprio ore subvertat.
 Sed et Venus in amo-
 ris causa de isto vicio
 maculatos a sua curia
 super omnes alios ab-
 horrens expellit et
 eorum multiloquium
 verecunda detestatur,
 unde confessor amanti
 opponens materiam
 plenius declarat.

- My conscience lith not here.
- 2430 Yet had I never such matere,
Wherof min herte might amende,
Nought of so mochel as she fende
By mouth and saide: grete him wel.
And thus for that there is no dele
- 2435 Wherof to make min avaunt,
It is to reson accordaunt,
That I may never, but I lie,
Of love make avauntarie.
I wote nought what I shulde have do,
- 2440 If that I had encheson so
As ye have said here many one.
But I found cause never none
But daunger, which me welnigh slough.
Theroft I couthe telle inough
- 2445 And of none other avauntaunce.
Thus nedeth me no repentaunce.
Now axeth further of my life,
For herof am I nought gultife.
- Confessor. My sone, I am wel paid with all.
- 2450 For wite it wel in speciall,
That love of his verray justice
Above all other ayein this vice
At alle times most debateth
With all his hert and most it hateth.
- 2455 And eke in alle maner wife
Avauntarie is to despise,
As by ensample thou might wite,
Whiche I finde in the bokes write.

- * Of hem that we Lombardes now calle
 2460 Albinus was the firste of alle,
 Which bare crowne of Lombardie,
 And was of great chivalrie
 In werre ayeinst divers kinges.
 So felle amonge other thinges,
 2465 That he that time a werre had
 With Gurmund, which the Geptes lad,
 And was a mightie kinge also.
 But netholes it fell him so
 Albinus slough him in the felde,
 2470 Ther halpe him nouther spere ne shelde,
 That he ne smote his heved of thanne,
 Wheroft he toke awey the panne,
 Of whiche he saide he wolde make
 A cuppe for Gurmundes fake
 2475 To kepe and drawe into memoire
 Of his bataile the victoire.
 And thus when he the felde had wonne,
 The londe anon was overronne
 And sefed in his owne honde,
 2480 Where he Gurmundes doughter fondे,
 Which maide Rosemunde hight,
 And was in every mannes sight
 A fair, a fresh, a lusty one.
 His herte fell to her anone,
 2485 And suche a love on her he cast,
 That he her wedded ate last.
 And after that long time in reste
 With her he dwelleth and to the beste

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui vel de sua in armis probitate, vel de suo in amoris causa desiderio completo se ja^ctant. Et narrat, qualiter Albinus primus rex Longobardorum, cum ipse quendam alium regem nomine Gurmundum in bello morientem triumphasset, testam capitis defuncti auferens cipham ex ea gemmis et auro circumligatum in sue victorie memoriam fabricari constituit insuper et ipsius Gurmundi filiam Rosemundam rapiens maritali thoro in conjugem sibi copulavit. Unde ipso Albino postea coram regni sui nobilibus in suo regali convivio sedente dicti Gurmundi cipham infuso vino ad se inter epulas afferri jussit, quem sumptum uxori sue regine porrexit dicens: bibe cum patre tuo, quod et ipsa huiusmodi operis ignara fecit. Quo facto rex statim super his, que prius gesta fuerant, cunctis audiencibus per singula se ja^ctavit. Regina vero cum talia audisset, celato animo factum abhorrens in mortem domini sui regis circumspecta industria conspiravit ipsumque auxiliantibus Glodesida et Helmege brevi subsecuto tempore interfecit, cuius mortem dux

Albinus a Romanis in Gallia regis tria in Parilia, part 10. This is the same as Parker's Latin, but it is longer. An MSS. 21, p. 21, gives more or less of 'Parilia', which will be taken from a very early hand, and is got out of 'Parker', which also has the first lines of 'Parilia'.

Ravenensis tam in
corpus dicte regine
quam suorum fauto-
rum postea vindicavit.
Sed et huius tocius
infortunii sola super-
bie jaſtancia fomitem
ministrabat.

- They love eche other wonder wele.
But ſhe, that keþeth the blinde whele,
Venus, when they be moft above
In all the hottest of her love,
Her whele ſhe torneth, and they felle
In the maner, as I ſhall telle.
- 2495 This king, which ſtood in all his welth
Of pees, of worship and of helth,
And felt him on no ſide greved
As he that hath his worldeacheved,
Tho thought he wolde a feſte make
- 2500 And that was for his wives fake,
That ſhe the lordes ate feſte,
That were obeifaunt to his heſte,
May knowe. And fo forth there upon
He lette ordeigne and ſend anon
- 2505 By letters and by meſſengers
And warned all his officers,
That every thing be well arraied,
The great ſtedes were affaied
For juſtinge and for tornement,
- 2510 And many a perled garnement
Embrouded was ayein the day.
The lordes in her beſte array
Be comen at the time ſet,
One juſteth well, an other bet,
- 2515 And other while they torney,
And thus they caſten care awey
And token luſtes upon honde.
And after thou ſhalt underſtonde

- To mete into the kinges halle
 2520 They comen, as they be bidden alle.
 And whan they were set and served
 Than after, as it was deserved
 To hem, that worthy knightes were
 So as they setten here and there,
 2525 The pris was yove and spoken out
 Among the heralds all about.
 And thus benethe and eke above
 All was of armes and of love,
 Wherof abouthe ate bordes
 2530 Men had many sondry wordes,
 That of the mirthe which they made
 The kinge him self began to glade
 Within his hert and toke a pride
 And sigh the cuppe stonde aside,
 2535 Which made was of Gurmundes hed,
 As ye have herd, when he was ded,
 And was with golde and riche stones
 Beset and bounde for the nones*,
 And stode upon a fote on highte
 2540 Of burned golde, and with great slighte
 Of werkmenship it was begrave,
 Of such worke as it shulde have
 And was policed eke so clene,
 That no signe of the scull was sene
 2545 But as it were a gripes eye.
 The king bad bere his cuppe awey
 Which stood before him on the borde
 And fette thilke upon his worde.

MS. A. 1. 1. fol. 47v
 251, 252, 253, 254, 255
 258, 259

- This sculle is fette and wine therinne,
 2650 Wheroft he bad his wife beginne :
 Drink with thy fader, dame, he said.
 And she to his bidding obeid
 And toke the sculle, and what her list
 She drank as she, which nothing wist
 2655 What cup it was. And than all out
 The kinge in audience about
 Hath tolde, it was her faders sculle,
 So that the lordes knowe shulle
 Of his bataile a soth witnesse,
 2660 And made avaunt through what prouesse . . .
 He hath his wives love wonne,
 Whiche of the sculle hath so begonne.
 Tho was there mochel pride alofte,
 They spoken all, and she was softe,
 2665 Thenkend on thilke unkind pride
 Of that her lord so nigh her fide
 Avaunteth him, that he hath flaine
 And piked out her faders braine
 And of the sculle had made a cuppe.
 2670 She suffreth all till they were uppe,
 And tho she hath sekenesse feigned
 And goth to chambre and hath compleigned
 Unto a maide which she triste,
 So that none other wight it wiste.
 2675 This maide Glodesfide is hote,
 To whom this lady hath behote
 Of ladisship all that she can
 To vengen her upon this man,

Which did her drink in such a plite
2580 Among hem alle for despite
Of her and of her fader bothe,
Wheroft her thoughtes ben so wrothe,
She saith, that she shall nought be glad,
Till that she se him so bestad,
2585 That he no more make avaunt.
And thus they felle in covenauant,
That they accorden ate laste
With such wiles as they caste,
That they wol get of here accorde
2590 Some orped knight to sle this lorde.
And with this sleighe they beginne,
How they Helmege mighten winne,
Which was the kinges boteler,
A proude and lusty bachiler,
2595 And Glodeside he loveth hote.
And she to make him more affote
Her love graunteth, and by nighte
They shape how they to-gider mighte
A bedde mete. And done it was
2600 This same night. And in this cas
The quene her self the night seconde
Went in her stede and there she fonde
A chambre derke without light
And goth to bedde to this knight.
2605 And he to kepe his obseruaunce
To love doth his obeisaunce
And weneth it be Glodeside.
And she than after lay a side

- And axeth him what he hath do,
- ²⁶¹⁰ And who she was she tolde him tho
And said : Helmege, I am thy quene,
Now shall thy love well be sene
Of that thou hast thy wille wrought,
Or it shall sore ben abought,
- ²⁶¹⁵ Or thou shalt worche, as I the saie.
And if thou wolt by suche a waie
Do my plesaunce and holde it stille,
For ever I shall ben at thy wille
Bothe I and all min heritage.
- ²⁶²⁰ Anone the wilde loves rage,
In which no man him can governe,
Hath made him, that he can nought werne,
But felle all hole to her assent,
And thus the whele is all miswent,
- ²⁶²⁵ The which fortune hath upon honde.
For how that ever it after stonde,
They shope among hem such a wile
The king was ded within a while.
So slyly came it nought aboute,
- ²⁶³⁰ That they ne ben discovered out,
So that it thought hem for the beste
To fle, for there was no reste.
And thus the tresor of the kinge
They trusse and mochel other thinge
- ²⁶³⁵ And with a certaine felaship
They fled and went awey by ship
And helde her right cours from thenne,
Till that they comen to Ravenne,

Where they the dukes helpe fought.

2640 And he, so as they him besought,
A place graunteth for to dwelle.

But after, whan he herde telle
Of the maner how they have do,
The duke let shape for hem so,

2645 That of a poison which they drunke
They hadden that they have beswunke.
And all this made avaunt of pride.

Good is therfore a man to hide
His owne prise, for if he speke,

2650 He may lightly his thanke breke.
In armes lith none avauntance

To him, which thenketh his name avaunce
And be renomed of his dede.

And also who that thenketh to spedē

2655 Of love he may nought him avaunte.
For what man thilke vice haunte,
His purpose shall full ofte faile.

In armes he that woll travaile

Or elles loves grace atteigne,

2660 His lose tungē he mot restreigne,
Whiche bereth of his honour the keie.

Forthy my sone, in alle waie

Confessor.

Take right good hede of this matere.

I thonke you, my fader dere,

Amans.

2665 This scole is of a gentil lore.

And if there be ought elles more

Of pride whiche I shall escheue,

Nowe axeth forth, and I woll sue

- in ch. of St. Mary's, Exeter.

What thing, that ye me woll enforme.

Confessor. My sone, yet in other forme

There is a vice of prides lore,
Which like an hawk, whan he will fore,
Fleeth up on high in his delices
After the likinge of his vices

2675 And woll no mannes reson knowe,
Till he down falle and overthrowe.

This vice veingloire is hote,
Wheroft, my sone, I the behote
To trete and speke in suche a wife,
2680 That thou the might better avise.

10. *Gloria perpetuos pregnat mundana dolores,*
Qui tamen est vanus gaudia vana cupid.
Eius amiciciam, quem gloria tollit inanis,
Non sine blandiciis planus habebit homo.
Verbis compositis qui scit strigilare favellum,
Scandere sellata jura valebit eques.
Sic in amore magis qui blanda subornat in ore
Verba per hoc bravium que nequit alter habet.
Et tamen ornatos cantus variosque paratus
Letaque corda suis legibus optat amor.

Hic loquitur de quinta specie superbie, que inanis gloria vocatur, et eiusdem vicii naturali primo describens super eodem in amoris causa confessor amanti consequenter opponit.

The proude vice of veingloire
Remembreth nought of purgatoire,
His worldes joies ben so grete,
Him thenketh of heven no beyete.
This lives pompe is all his pees,
Yet shall he deie netheles,
And therof thenketh he but a lite,
For all his lust is to delite
In newe thinges, proude and veine,
2690 Als ferforth as he may atteine.

I trowe, if that he myghte make.
His body newe, he wolde take
A newe forme and leve his olde.
For what thing, that he may beholde,
2695 The which to comun use is straunge,
Anone his olde guise chaunge
He woll and falle therupon
Lich unto the camelion,
Whiche upon every sondry hewe
2700 That he beholt he mote newe
His colour, and thus unavised
Ful ofte time he stant desguised
More jolif than the brid in maie.
He maketh him ever fresh and gaie
2705 And doth all his array desguise,
So that of him the newe guise
Of lusty folke all other take.
And eke he can carolles make,
Roundel, balade and virelay.
2710 And with all this, if that he may
Of love gete him avauntage,
Anone he wext of his corage
So over glad, that of his ende
He thenketh there is no deth comende.
2715 For he hath than at alle tide
Of love such a maner pride,
Him thenketh his joy is endeles.
Now shrive the, sone, in goddes pees
And of thy love tell me plein,
2720 If that thy gloire hath be so vein.

Salomon. Amic-
tus eius annunciat
de eo. *

Now shrive the, sone, in goddes pees Confessor.

And of thy love tell me plein,

2720 If that thy gloire hath be so vein.

- Amans. My fader, as touchend of all
 I may nought well ne nought ne shall
 Of vein gloire excuse me,
 That I ne have for love be
 2725 The better addressed and arraied.
 And also I have ofte affaied
 Roundel, balade and virelay
 For her, on whom min herte lay,
 To make and also for to peinte
 2730 Carolles with my wordes queinte
 To sette my purpos alofte.
 And thus I sang hem forth full ofte
 In halle and eke in chambre aboute
 And made merie among the route.
 2735 But yet ne ferde I nought the bet.
 Thus was my gloire in vein beset
 Of all the joie that I made.
 For when I wolde with her glade
 And of her love songes make,
 2740 She saide, it was nought for her sake,
 And liste nought my songes here
 Ne witen, what the wordes were.
 So for to speke of min array
 Yet couth I never be so gay
 2745 Ne so well make a songe of love,
 Wheroft I mighte ben above
 And have encheson to be glad.
 But rather I am ofte adrad
 For sorwe, that she faith me nay.
 2750 And netheles I woll nought say,

- That I nam glad on other side
 For fame, that can nothing hide.
 All day woll bringe unto min ere
 Of that men speken here and there,
 2755 How that my lady berth the prise,
 How she is faire, how she is wife,
 How she is womanlich of chere.
 Of all this thing whan I may here,
 What wonder is though I be fain.
 2760 And eke whan I may here fain
 Tidinges of my ladis hele,
 All though I may nought with her dele,
 Yet am I wonder glad of that.
 For whan I wote her good estate,
 2765 As for that time I dare well swere,
 None other forwe may me dere.
 Thus am I gladed in this wife.
 But, fader, of your lores wife,
 Of whiche ye be fully taught,
 2770 Now tell me if ye thenketh ought,
 That I therof am for to wite.
 Of that there is, I the acquite,
 My sone, he saide, and for thy good
 I woll that thou understood,
 2775 For I thenke upon this matere
 To tell a tale, as thou shalt here,
 How that ayein this proude vice
 The highe god of his justice
 Is wrothe and great vengeance doth.
 2780 Nowe herken a tale, that is soth,

Confessor.

Though it be nought of loves kinde.
 A great ensample thou shalt finde
 This veingloire for to fle,
 2784 Whiche is so full of vanite.

11. *Humani generis cum sit tibi gloria major,
 Sepe subesse solet proximis ille dolor.
 Mens elata graves descensus sepe subibit,
 Mens humilis stabile molleque firmat iter.
 Motibus innumeris volutat fortuna per orbem,
 Cum magis alta petis, inferiora time.*

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra vicium inanis glorie narrans, qualiter Nabugodonosor rex Caldeorum cum ipse in omni sue magestatis gloria celsior extitifset, deus eius superbiam castigare volens ipsum extra formam hominis in bestiam fenum comedentem transmutavit. Et sic per septennium penitens cum ipse potentiorem se agnovit, misertus deus ipsum in regni sui solium restituta sanitate emendatum graciosius collocavit.

- There was a king, that mochel might,
 Which Nabugodonosor hight,
 Of whom that I spake here to-fore.
 Yet in the bible this name is bore,
 For all the worlde in thorient
 Was hole at his commaundement,
 As than of kinges to his liche
 Was none so mighty ne so riche,
 To his empire and to his lawes
 As who saith all in thilke dawes
 Were obeisaunt and tribute bere,
 As though he god of erthe were.
 With strengthe he put kinges under
 And wrought of pride many a wonder,
 He was so full of veingloire,
 2800 That he ne hadde no memoire,
 That there was any god but he
 For pride of his prosperite.
 Till that the highe king of kinges,
 Which seeth and knoweth alle thinges,
 2805 Whose eye may nothinge asterte
 The privetes of mannes herte,

They speke and sounen in his ere
As though they loude windes were,
He toke vengeance of his pride.

2810 But for he wolde a while abide
To loke, if he wolde him amende,
To him afore token he fende.

And that was in his slepe by night
This proude kinge a wonder fight

2815 Had in his sweven, there he lay.
Him thought upon a mery day,
As he beheld the world aboute,
A tre full growe he figh there oute
Which stood the world amiddes even,

2820 Whos heighe straught up to the heven.
The leves weren faire and large,
Of fruit it bore so ripe a charge,
That alle men it mighte fede.
He figh also the bowes sprede

2825 Above all erth, in whiche were
The kinde of alle briddes there.
And eke him thought he figh also
The kinde of alle bestes go
Under the tre about round

2830 And fedden hem upon the ground.
As he this wonder stood and figh,
Him thought he herde a vois on high
Criende, and saide aboven alle :
Hewe down this tree and let it falle,
2835 The leves let defoule in haste
And do the fruit destruie and waste.

- And let offshreden every braunche,
But ate roote he let it staunche.
Whan all his pride is cast to grounde,
2840 The roote shall be faste bounde
And shall no mannes herte bere,
But every lust he shall forbere
Of man and lich an oxe his mete
Of gras he shall purchace and ete,
2845 Till al the waters of the heven
Have washen him by times seven,
So that he be through-knowe aright,
What is the hevenliche might,
And be made humble to the wille
2850 Of him, which may all save and spille.
This king out of his sweven abraide
And he upon the morwe it faide
Unto the clerkes, which he hadde.
But none of hem the soth aradde,
2855 Was none his sweven couth undo.
And it stood thilke time so,
This kinge had in subjection
Judee and of affection
Above al other one Daniel
2860 He loveth, for he couthe well
Divine, that none other couthe.
To him were alle thinges couthe,
As he it hadde of goddes grace.
He was before the kinges face
2865 Assent and bode, that he shulde
Upon the point the kinge of tolde

The fortune of his sweven expounde,
As it shulde afterward be founde.
Whan Daniel this sweven herde,
2870 He stood long time, er he answerde,
And made a wonder hevy chere.
The king toke hede of his manere
And bad him telle that he wiste
As he, to whome he mochel triste,
2875 And said, he wolde nought be wroth.
But Daniel was wonder loth
And said: upon thy fomen alle,
Sir king, thy sweven mote falle.
And netheles touchend of this
2880 I woll the tellen, howe it is
And what disese is to the shape,
God wote if thou it shall escape.
The highe tre, which thou hast sein,
With lef and fruit so wel besein,
2885 The which stood in the world amiddes,
So that the bestes and the briddes
Governed were of him alone,
Sir king, betokeneth thy persone,
Which stonde above all erthely thinges.
2890 Thus regnen under the the kinges
And all the people unto the louteth
And all the worlde thy person doubteth,
So that with vein honour deceived
Thou hast the reverence weived
2895 Fro him, whiche is thy kinge above,
That thou for drede ne for love

- Wolt nothing knownen of this god,
 Which now for the hath made a rod,
 Thy veingloire and thy folie
 2900 With grete peines to chaste.
 And of the vois thou herdest speke,
 Which bad the bowes for to breke
 And hewe and felle down the tre,
 That word belongeth unto the.
 2905 Thy regne shall be overthrowe,
 And thou despuailed for a throwe.
 But that the roote shulde stonde,
 By that thou shalt wel understande,
 There shall abide of thy regne
 2910 A time ayein whan thou shall regne.
 And eke of that thou herdest faie
 To take a mannes hert aweie
 And sette there a bestiall,
 So that he lich an oxe shall
 2915 Pasture, and that he be bereined
 By times seven and sore peined,
 Till that he knowe his goddes mightes,
 Than shall he stand ayein uprightes.
 All this betokeneth thine estate,
 2920 Which now with god is in debate,
 Thy mannes forme shall be laffed,
 Till seven yere ben overpassed,
 And in the likenesse of a beste
 Of gras shall be thy roiall feste,
 2925 The weder shall upon the reine.
 And understande, that all this peine,

- Which thou shalt suffre thilke tide,
 Is shape all only for thy pride
 Of veingloire and of the finne,
 2930 Which thou hast longe stonden inne.
 So upon this condicion
 Thy sween hath exposicion.
 But er this thing befallie in dede,
 Amende the, this wold I rede,
 2935 Yif and departe thin almeffe,
 Do mercy forth with rightwisnesse,
 Beseeche and prai the highe grace,
 For so thou might thy pees purchace
 With god and stonde in good accorde.
 2940 But pride is loth to leve his lorde
 And wol nought suffre humilite
 With him to stonde in no degre.
 And whan a ship hath lost his stere,
 Is none so wise, that may him stere
 2945 Ayein the wawes in a rage.
 This proude king in his corage
 Humilite hath so forlore,
 That for no sween he sigh to-fore
 Ne yet for all that Daniel
 2950 Him hath counseiled every dele,
 He let it passe out of his minde
 Through veingloire, and as the blinde
 He feth no weie, er him be wo.
 And fel withinne a time so,
 2955 As he in Babiloine wente,
 The vanite of pride him hente.

- His hert aros of vein gloire,
 So that he drough into memoire
 His lordship and his regalie
 2960 With wordes of surquedrie.
 And whan that he him most avaunteth,
 That lord, which veingloire daunteth,
 All sodeinlich as who faith treis
 Where that he stood in his paleis
 2965 He toke him fro the mennes fight.
 Was none of hem so ware, that might
 Set eye, where that he becom.
 And thus was he from his kingdom
 Into the wilde forest drawe,
 2970 Where that the mighty goddes lawe
 Through his power did him transforme
 Fro man into a bestes forme.
 And lich an oxe under the fote
 He grafeth as he nedes mote
 2975 To geten him his lives fode.
 Tho thought him colde grasses goode,
 That whilome ete the hote spices,
 Thus was he torned fro delices.
 The wine, which he was wont to drinke,
 2980 He toke than of the welles brinke
 Or of the pit or of the flough,
 It thought him thanne good inough.
 In stede of chambres well arraied
 He was than of a bussh well paied,
 2985 The harde ground he lay upon
 For other pilwes had he non,

- The stormes and the reines fall,
The windes blowe upon him all,
He was tormented day and night.
2990 Such was the highe goddes might,
Till seven yere an ende toke.
Upon him self tho gan he loke,
In stede of mete gras and streis,
In stede of handes longe cleis,
2995 In stede of man a bestes like
He sigh, and than he gan to sike
For cloth of golde and of perrie,
Which him was wont to magnifie.
When he beheld his cote of heres
3000 He wepte and with wofull teres
Up to the heven he caste his chere
Wepend and thought in this manere,
Though he no wordes mighte winne,
Thus said his hert and spake withinne :
3005 O mighty god, that all haft wrought
And all might bring ayein to nought
Now knowe I wel but all of the
This world hath no prosperite,
In thin aspect ben alle aliche
3010 The pouer man and eke the riche,
Withoutte the there may no wight,
And thou above all other might.
O mighty lord, toward my vice
Thy mercy medle with justice
3015 And I woll make a covenauant,
That of my life the remenaunt

- I shall it by thy grace amende
 And in thy lawe so dispende,
 That veingloire I shall escheue
- 3020 And bowe unto thin heste and sue
 Humilite, and that I vowe.
 And so thenkend he gan down bowe,
 And though him lacke vois of speche,
 He gan up with his fete areche
- 3025 And wailend in his bestly steven
 He made his plaint unto the heven.
 He kneleth in his wife and braieth
 To seche mercy and assaieth
 His god, which made him nothing straunge.
- 3030 Whan that he sigh his pride chaunge
 Anone as he was humble and tame
 He found toward his god the same,
 And in a twinkeling of a loke*
 His mannes forme ayein he toke
- 3035 And was reformed to the regne,
 In whiche that he was wont to regne,
 So that the pride of veingloire
 Ever afterward out of memoire
 He lett it passe. And thus is shewed
- 3040 What is to ben of pride unthewed
 Ayein the highe goddes lawe.
 To whom no man may be felawe,
- Confessor. Forthy my sone, take good hede
 So for to lede thy manhede,
- 3045 That thou ne be nought lich a beste.
 But if thy life shall ben honeste

- Thou must humblefesse take on honde,
 For thanne might thou siker stonde,
 And for to speke it other wife
 3050 A proud man can no love affise.
 For though a woman wolde him plefe,
 His pride can nougnt ben at ese.
 There may no man to mochel blame
 A vice, which is for to blame.
 3055 Forthy men shulden nothing hide,
 That mighte fall in blame of pride,
 Whiche is the worst vice of alle,
 Wherof so as it was befalle
 The tale I thenke of a cronicque
 3060 To telle, if that it may the like,
 So that thou might humblefesse sue
 And eke the vice of pride escheue,
 Wherof the gloire is false and veine,
 Which god him self hath in disdeine,
 3065 That though it mounte for a throwe,
 It shall down falle and overthrowe.

*Eft virtus humilis, per quam deus altus ad ima
 Se tulit et nostre viscera carnis habet.
 Sic humilis supereft, et amor sibi subditur omnis,
 Cuius habet nulla sorte superbus opem.
 Odit eum terra, celum dejecit et ipsum,
 Sedibus inferni statque receptus ibi.*

12.

- A king whilom was yonge and wise,
 The which set of his wit great prise.
 Of depe ymaginations
 3070 And straunge interpretations,

Hic narrat confessor
 exemplum simpliciter
 contra superbiam et
 dicit, quod nuper qui-
 dam rex famose pru-
 dencie cuidam militi
 suo super tribus que-

L

The story of the wise King, all in wafford, original, with the second part in glosse, written in
 Date 12601 L:

It is to start it was som day in the month of June, and the sunne was high, in the heat of the day, and the people were	Maner gheuenre ge warden Meine leide et plus preste Auoy, et about, gelege et r
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tionibus, ut inde certitudinis responsionem daret, sub pena capitalis sentencie terminum prefixit.
 Primo quid minoris indigencie ab inhabitibus orbem auxilium majus obtinuit.
 Secundo quid majoris valencie meritum continens minoris expense reprisas exiguit.
 Tercio quid omnia bona diminuens ex sui proprietate nichil penitus valuit. Quarum vero questionum quedam virgo dicti militis filia nomine patris sapientissima solucionem aggrediens taliter regire respondit. Ad primam dixit, quod terra nullius indiget, quam tantum adjuvare cotidianis laboribus omnes intendunt. Ad secundam dixit, quod humilitas omnibus virtutibus prevalet, que tamen nullius prodigalitatis expensis mensuram excedit. Ad tertiam dixit, quod superbia omnia tam corporis quam anime bona devastans maiores expensarum excessus inducit. Et tamen nullius valoris immo totius perditionis causam sua culpa ministrat.

Problemes and demaundes eke
 His wisedom was to finde and seke,
 Wherof he wolde in sondry wise
 Opposen hem, that weren wise.
 But none of hem it mighte bere
 Upon his word to yive answere
 Out taken one, which was a knight,
 To him was every thing so light,
 That also sone as he hem herde
 The kinges wordes he answerde,
 What thing the king him axe wolde,
 Whereof anone the trouthe he tolde.
 The king somdele had an envie
 And thought he wolde his wittes plie
 To fete some conclusion,
 Which shulde be confusion
 Unto this knight, so that the name
 And of wisdom the highe fame
 Toward him selfe he wolde winne.
 And thus of all his wit withinne
 This king began to studie and muse
 What straunge mater he might use
 The knightes wittes to confounde,
 And ate last he hath it founde
 And for the knight anon he fente,
 That he shall telle what he mente.
 Upon thre points stood the matere
 Of questions as thou shalte here.

Prima questio.

3100 Was this: what thing in his degre

Of all this world hath nede left
And yet men helpe it allthermeſt.

The ſeconde is : what moſte is worth Secunda queſtio.
And of coſtage is leſt put forth.

3105 The thrid is : which is of moſt coſt Tercia queſtio.
And leſt is worth and goth to loſt.

The king theſe thre demaundes axeth,
To the knight this law he taxeth,
That he ſhall gone and comen ayein

3110 The thridde weke and tell him pleine
To every point, what it amounteth.
And if fo be, that he miſcounteth

To make in his anſwere a faile,
There ſhall none other thinge availe,

3115 The king faith, but he ſhall be dede
And leſe his goodes and his hede.
This knight was fory of this thinge

And wolde excuse him to the kinge,
But he ne wolde him nougħt forbere,

3120 And thus the knight of his anſwere
Goth home to take avifement.

But after his entendement
The more he caſt his wit aboue,
The more he ſtant therof in doubtē.

3125 Tho wiſt he well the kinges herte,
That he the deth ne ſhulde aſterte
And ſuche a forwe to him hath take,
That gladſhip he hath all forſake.
He thought firſt upon his life
3130 And after that upon his wife,

- Upon his children eke also,
 Of whiche he had doughteres two.
 The yongest of hem had of age
 Fourtene yere, and of visage
 3135 She was right faire and of stature
 Lich to an hevenlich figure,
 And of maner and goodly speche,
 Though men wolde alle londes seche,
 They shulden nougnt have founde her like.
- 3140 She sigh her fader forwe and fike
 And wist nougnt the cause why.
 So cam she to him prively
 And that was, wher he made his mone
 Within a gardin all him one.
- 3145 Upon her knees she gan down falle
 With humble herte and to him calle
 And faide : O good fader dere,
 Why make ye thus hevy chere
 And I wot nothinge how it is?
- 3150 And well ye knowe, fader, this,
 What aventure that you felle
 Ye might it saufly to me telle,
 For I have ofte herd you faide,
 That ye such truste have on me laide,
- 3155 That to my suster ne to my brother
 In all this worlde ne to none other
 Ye durste telle a private
 So well, my fader, as to me.
 Forthy, my fader, I you praie
- 3160 Ne casteth nougnt that hert awaie,

For I am she, that wolde kepe
 Your honour. And with that to wepe
 Her eye may nought be forbore,
 She wisheth for to ben unbore,
 3165 Er that her fader so mistriste
 To tellen her of that he wiste.
 And ever among mercy she cride,
 That he ne shulde his counseil hide
 From her, that so wolde him good
 3170 And was so nigh fleshe and blood.
 So that with weeping ate laste
 His chere upon his childe he caste
 And sorwefully to that she prайд
 He tolde his tale and thus he saide :
 3175 The sorwe, doughter, which I make
 Is nought all only for my sake,
 But for the bothe and for you alle.
 For suche a chaunce is me befalle,
 That I shall er this thridde day
 3180 Lese all that ever I lese may,
 My life and all my good thereto.
 Therfore it is I sorwe so.
 What is the cause, alas, quod she,
 My fader, that ye shulden be
 3185 Dede and destruied in suche a wife ?
 And he began the points devise,
 Which as the king tolde him by mouthe
 And said her pleinly, that he couthe
 Answeren to no point of this.
 3190 And she, that hereth howe it is,

Her counseil yaf and saide tho :
 My fader, sithen it is so,
 That ye can se none other weie,
 But that ye must nedes deie,
 3195 I wolde pray you of o thinge,
 Let me go with you to the kinge,
 And ye shall make him understande,
 How ye my wittes for to fonde
 Have laid your answere upon me,
 3200 And telleth him in such degre
 Upon my worde ye wol abide
 To life or deth what so betide.
 For yet perchaunce I may purchace
 With some good word the kinges grace,
 3205 Your life and eke your good to fave.
 For ofte shall a woman have
 Thing, whiche a man may nought areche.
 The fader herd his doughters speche
 And thought there was no reson in
 3210 And sigh his owne life to winne
 He couthe done him self no cure.
 So better him thought in aventur
 To put his life and all his good,
 Than in the maner as it stood
 3215 His life incertein for to lese.
 And thus thenkend he gan to chefe
 To do the counseil of this maid
 And toke the purpose, which she said.
 The day was comen and forth they gone,
 3220 Unto the court they come anone,

Where as the kinge in his jugement
Was fet and hath this knight assent.
Arraied in her beste wife
This maiden with her wordes wife
3225 Her fader ledde by the honde
Into the place, where he fonde
The king with other which he wolde,
And to the king knelend he tolde,
As he enformed was to-fore
3230 And prraith the king, that he therfore
His doughters wordes wolde take
And faith, that he woll undertake
Upon her wordes for to stonde.
Tho was ther great merveile on honde,
3235 That he, which was so wife a knight,
His life upon so yonge a wight
Befette wolde in jeopartie,
And many it helden for folie.
But at the lafte nethelas
3240 The king commaundeth ben in pees
And to this maide he cast his chere
And faide, he wolde her tale here
And bad her speke, and she began :
My lege lord, so as I can,
3245 Quod she, the pointes which I herde,
They shull of reson ben answerde.
The first I understande is this,
What thinge of all the worlde it is,
Which men most helpe and hath leſt nede.
3250 My lege lord, this wolde I rede

The erthe it is, whiche evermo
With mannes labour is bego
As well in winter as in maie.

- The mannes honde doth what he may
 3255 To helpe it forth and make it riche,
And forthy men it delve and diche
And eren it with strength of plough,
Wher it hath of him self inough
So that his nede is ate leste.
- 3260 For every man, birde and beste
Of flour and gras and roote and rinde
And every thing by way of kinde
Shall sterue, and erthe it shall become,
As it was out of erthe nome
- 3265 It shall to therthe torne ayein.
And thus I may by reson fein
That erthe is most nedeleſ
And most men helpe it netheles,
So that, my lord, touchend of this
- 3270 I have anſwerde how that it is.
That other point I understood,
Which most is worth and most is good
And costeth leſt a man to kepe,
My lorde, if ye woll take kepe,
- 3275 I say it is humilite,
Through whiche the high Trinite
As for deserte of pure love
Unto Marie from above
Of that he knewe her humble entente
- 3280 His owne fone adown he fente

- Above all other, and her he chese
For that vertu, which bodeth pees.
So that I may by reson calle
Humilite most worthe of alle,
3285 And leſt it costeth to mainteine
In all the worlde, as it is feine.
For who that hath humbleſſe on honde
He bringeth no werres into londe,
For he desireth for the best
3290 To ſetten every man in reſte.
Thus with your highe reverence
Me thenketh that this evidence
As to this point is ſuffiſaunt.
And touchend of the remenaunt,
3295 Whiche is the thridde of your axinges,
What leſt is worth of alle thinges
And costeth moſt, I telle it pride,
Which may nougħt in the heven abide.
For Lucifer with hem that felle
3300 Bar pride with him into helle.
There was pride of to grete coſt,
Whan he for pride hath heven loſt,
And after that in paradise
Adam for pride loſt his priſe
3305 In middel-erth. And eke alſo
Pride is the caufe of alle wo,
That all the world ne may ſuffiſe
To ſtaunche of pride the reprife.
Pride is the heved of all finne,
3310 Which waſteth all and may nougħt winne.

Pride is of every mis the pricke,
 Pride is the worste of all wicke
 And costeth most and least is worth
 In place where he hath his forth.

- 3315 Thus have I said that I woll say
 Of min answere and to you pray,
 My lege lorde, of your office,
 That ye such grace and suche justice
 Ordeigne for my fader here,
 3320 That after this, whan men it here,
 The world therof may speke good.

- The king, which reson understood
 And hath all herde how she hath said,
 Was inly glad and so well paid,
 3325 That all his wrath is over go.
 And he began to loke tho
 Upon this maiden in the face,
 In which he found so mochel grace,
 That all his prise on her he laide
 3330 In audience and thus he saide :
 My faire maide, well the be
 Of thin answere, and eke of the
 Me liketh well, and as thou wilte
 Foryive be thy faders gilte.
 3335 And if thou were of such lignage,
 That thou to me were of parage
 And that thy fader were a pere,
 As he is now a bachelere,
 So siker as I have a life,
 3340 Thou sholdest thanne be my wife.

But this I saie netholes,
 That I woll shape thin encrefe,¹¹
 What worldes good that thou wolt crave
 Are of my yift, and thou shalt have.

- 3345 And she the king with wordes wife
 Knelende thonketh in this wife :
 My lege lord, god mot you quite.
 My fader here hath but a lite
 Of warisom, and that he wende
 3350 Had all be lost, but now amende
 He may well through your noble grace.
 With that the king right in his place
 Anon forth in that freshe hete
 An erldome, which than of eschete
 3355 Was late falle into his honde,
 Unto this knight with rent and londe
 Hath yove and with his chartre sesed.
 And thus was all the noise appesed.
 This maiden, which fate on her knees
 3360 To-fore the kinges charitees,
 Commendeth and faith evermore :
 My lege lord, right now to-fore
 Ye faide, and it is of recorde,
 That if my fader were a lorde
 3365 And pere unto these other grete,
 Ye wolden for nought elles lette,
 That I ne sholde be your wife.
 And thus wote every worthy life
 A kinges worde mot nede be holde.
 3370 Forthy my lord, if that ye wolde

- So great a charite fulfille,
 God wote it were well my wille.
 For he, which was a bachelere,
 My fader is now made a pere,
 3375 So whan as ever that I cam
 An erles daughter nowe I am.
- This yonge king, which peised all
 Her beaute and her wit withall,
 As he, which was with love hente,
 3380 Anone therto yaf his assente.
 He might nought the place asterte,
 That she nis lady of his herte.
 So that he toke her to his wife
 To holde, while that he hath life.
- 3385 And thus the king toward his knight
 Accordeth him, as it is right.
 And over this good is to wite
 In the cronique as it is write
 This noble kinge, of whom I tolde,
 3390 Of Spaine by tho daies olde
 The kingdom had in governaunce,
 And as the boke maketh remembraunce
 Alphonse was his propre name.
 The knight also, if I shall name,
 3395 Danz Petro hight, and as men telle
 His doughter wife Petronelle
 Was cleped, which was full of grace.
 And that was fene in thilke place,
 Where she her fader out of tene
 3400 Hath brought and made her selfe a quene,

Of that she hath so well desclosed
The points, wherof she was opposed.

Lo now, my sone, as thou might here, Confessor.

Of all this thing to my matere

3405 But one I take, and that is pride,

To whom no grace may betide.

In heven he fell out of his stede

And paradise him was forbede,

The good men in erthe him hate,

3410 So that to helle he mote algate,

Where every vertue shall be weived

And every vice be resceived.

But humblesse is all other wife,

Which most is worth and no reprise

3415 It taketh ayein, but softe and faire

If any thing stant in contraire

With humble speche it is redreffed.

Thus was this yonge maiden blessed,

The whiche I spake of now to-fore,

3420 Her faders life she gat therfore

And wan with all the kinges love.

Forthy my sone, if thou wolt love,

It fit the well to leve pride

And take humblesse on thy side,

3425 The more of grace thou shalt gete.

My fader, I woll nougnt foryete

Amans.

Of this that ye have told me here,

And if that any such manere

Of humble port may love appaie,

3430 Here afterwarde I thonke affaie.

But now forth over I beseeche,
That ye more of my shrifte seche.

Confessor. My gode sone, it shall be do.

Now herken and lay an ere to,

3435 For as touchend of prides fare
Als ferforth as I can declare

In cause of vice, in cause of love

That hast thou pleinly herde above,

So that there is no more to saie

3440 Touchend of that, but other waie

Touchend envie I thenke telle,

Whiche hath the propre kinde of helle,

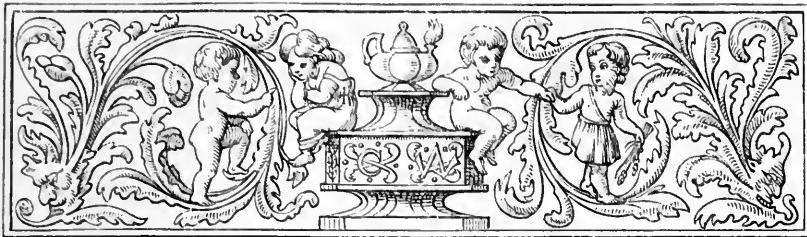
Withoute cause to misdo

Toward him self and other also

Here afterward as understande

3446 Thou shalt the spieces, as they stonde.

Explicit liber primus.



Incipit Liber Secundus.

*Invidie culpa magis est attrita dolore,
Nam sua mens nullo tempore leta manet.
Quo gaudent alii, dolet ille, nec unus amicus
Est, cui de puro commoda velle facit.
Proximitatis honor sua corda veretur, et omnis
Est sibi leticia sic aliena dolor.
Hoc etenim vicium quam sepe repugnat amanti,
Non sibi, sed reliquis, dum favet ipsa Venus.
Est amor ex proprio motu fantasticus, et que
Gaudia fert aliis credit obesse sibi.*

1.

OW after pride the secounde
There is, which many a wo-
full stounde,
Towardes other berth aboute
Within him self and nought withoute.
For in his thought he brenneth ever,
Whan that he wote an other lever
Or more vertuos than he,
Which passeth him in his degré.
Therof he taketh his maladie.
That vice is cleped hot envie.*
Forthy my sone, if it be so,
Thou art or haſt ben one of tho,
As for to speke in loves cas
If ever yet thin herte was

Hic in secundo li-
bro tractat de invi-
dia et eius specie-
bus, quarum dolor
alterius gaudii pri-
ma nuncupatur,
cuius condicionem
secundum vicium
confessor primitus
describens amanti,
quatenus amorem
concernit, super
eodem consequen-
ter opponit.

Confessor.

* Book II deal ent to secounde lib. in Exemplar Lyricon. Order 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 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15 Seke of an other mannes hele ?

- Amans. So god avaunce my quarele,
 My fader, ye a thoufand fithe,
 Whan I have sene another blithe
 Of love and hadde a goodly chere,
- 20 Ethna, which brenneth yere by yere,
 Was thanne nougnt so hote as I
 Of thilke fore which prively
 Mine hertes thought withinne brenneth.
 The shif, which on the wawes renneth
- 25 And is forstormed and forblowe,
 Is nougnt more peined for a throwe
 Than I am thanne whan I se
 Another, which that paffeth me
 In that fortune of loves yifte.
- 30 But fader, this I telle in shrifte,
 That is no where but in o place.
 For who that lese or finde grace
 In other stede, it may nougnt greve.
 But this ye may right well beleve,
- 35 Toward my lady, that I serve,
 Though that I wiste for to sterve,
 Min hert is full of such foly,
 That I my selfe may nougnt chafty,
 Whan I the court se of Cupide
- 40 Approche unto my lady fide
 Of hem that lusty ben and fresshe,
 Though it availe hem nougnt a resshe.
 But only that they ben of speche,
 My forwe is than nougnt to seche.

- 45 But whan they rounen in her ere,
 Than groweth all my moste fere.
 And namely whan they talen longe,
 My forwes thanne be so stronge,
 Of that I see hem well at ese
 50 I can nought telle my disese.
 But, fire, as of my lady selve,
 Though she have wowers, ten or twelve,
 For no mistrust I have of her
 Me greveth nought, for certes, fir,
 55 I trowe in all this world to seche
 Nis woman, that in dede and speche
 Woll better avise her what she doth,
 Ne better for to saie a fothe
 Kepe her honour at alle tide
 60 And yet get her a thank beside.
 But netheles I ambeknowe,
 That whan I se at any throwe
 Or elles if I may it here,
 That she make any man good chere,
 65 Though I therof have nought to done,
 My thought woll entermete him sone.
 For though I be my selven straunge
 Envie maketh min herte chaunge,
 That I am forwefully bestad
 70 Of that I se another glad
 With her, but of other all
 Of love what so may befall,
 Or that he faile or that he spedē,
 74 Therof take I but litel hede.

75 Nowe have I said, my fader, all,
 As of this point in speciall
 As ferforthly as I have wiste.

Now axeth, fader, what you liste

Confessor. My sone, er I axe any more

80 I thenke somdele for thy lore
 Tell an ensample of this matere
 Touchend envy, as thou shalt here.

Write in Civile this I finde,

Though it be nought the houndes kinde

85 To ete chaff, yet woll he werne
 An oxe, which cometh to the berne,
 Theroftaken any fode.

And thus who that it understande
 It stant of love in many a place.

90 Who that is out of loves grace
 And may him selven nought availe,
 He wold an other sholde faile.

And if he may put any lette,
 He doth al that he may to lette.

95 Wherof I finde, as thou shalt wit,
 To this purpos a tale write.

There ben of suche mo than twelve,

That ben nought able as of hem selve
 To get love, and for none envie
 Upon all other they aspie.

And for hem lacketh that they wolde,
 They kepte that none other sholde
 Touchend of love his cause spedde,
 Wherof a great ensample I rede,

Hic ponit confessio
 exemplum faltem
 contra istos, qui in
 amoris causa aliorum
 gaudiis invidentes ne-
 quaquam per hoc sibi
 ipsis proficiunt. Et
 narrat, qualiter qui-
 dam juvenis miles
 nomine Acis, quem
 Galathea nimpha
 pulcherrima toto cor-
 de peramavit, cum
 ipsis sub quadam rupe

*... folio 20 recto, line 1. Not. 2. b. 3. 1. 'De Regis Fune' is a subplot
 restricted to the second half of the story, repeated in medieval & later versions, notably
 in Chaucer's 'Tale of Troylus and Criseyde' (see Folio 186v)*

- 105 Whiche unto this mater accordeth,
As Ovid in his boke recordeth,^{*}
How Poliphemus whilom wrought,
Whan that he Galathe besought
Of love, whiche he may nought lacche,
110 That made him for to waite and wacche
By alle waies howe it ferde,
Till at the last he knewe and herde,
How that an other hadde leve
To love there, as he mot leve,
115 As for to speke of any spedē,
So that he knewe none other rede,
But for to waiten upon alle
Till he may se the chaunce falle,
That he her love mighte greve,
120 Whiche he him self may nought achieve.
This Galathe, faith the poete,
Above all other was unmete
Of beaute, that men thanne knewe,
And had a lusty love and trewe
125 A bacheler in his degré
Right such an other as was she,
On whom she hath her herte set,
So that it mighte nought be let
For yifte ne for no beheste,
130 That she ne was all at his heste.
This yonge knight Acis was hote,
Whiche her ayeinwarde also hote
All only loveth and no mo.
Herof was Poliphemus wo

juxta litus maris colloquium adinvicem habuerunt, Poliphemus gigas concussa rupe magnam inde partem super caput Acis ab alto projiciens ipsum per invidiā interfecit. Et cum ipse super hoc dictam Galatheam rapere voluisse, Neptunus giganti obsistens ipsam inviolatam salva custodia preservavit. Sed et dii miserti corpus Acis defuncti in fontem aque dulcissime subito transmutarunt.

- 135 Through pure envie and ever aspide
 And waiteth upon every fide,
 Whan he to-gider mighte se
 This yonge Acis with Galathe.
 So longe he waiteth to and fro,
- 140 Till at the laste he founde hem two
 In prive place, where they stood
 To speke and have her wordes good.
 The place, where as he hem sigh,
 It was under a banke nigh
- 145 The great se, and he above
 Stood and behelde the lusty love,
 Whiche eche of hem to other made
 With goodly chere and wordes glade,
 That all his hert hath sette a fire
- 150 Of pure envie. And as a vire,
 Which flieth out of a mighty bowe,
 Away he fledde for a throwe,
 As he that was for love wode,
 Whan that he sigh how that it stode.
- 155 This Polipheme a geaunt was.
 And whan he sigh the fothe cas,
 How Galathe him hath forfiske
 And Acis to her love take,
 His herte may it nought forbere,
- 160 That he ne roreth as a bere
 And as it were a wilde beast,
 In whom no reson might areste.
 He ranne Ethna the hill about,
 Where never yet the fire was out,

165 Fulfilled of forwe and great diseſe,
That he ſigh Acis well at eſe.
Till ate laſt he him bethoughte
As he, which all envie ſoughte,
And torneth to the banke ayein,
170 Where he with Galathe hath fein
That Acis, whom he thought greve,
Though he him ſelf may nougħt releve.
This geaunt with his rude might
Part of the banke he ſhof down right,
175 The whiche even upon Acis fell,
So that with falling of this hill
This Poliphemus Acis flough,
Wheroft ſhe made forwe inough.
And as ſhe fledde from the londe,
180 Neptunus toke her by the honde
And kept her in ſo faſte a place
Fro Polipheme and his manace,
That he with his false envie
Ne might atteigne her compaignie.
185 This Galathe, of whom I ſpeke
That of her ſelf may nougħt be wreke,
Without any ſemblaunt feigned
She hath her loves deth compleigned,
And with her forwe and with her wo
190 She hath the goddes moved ſo,
That they of pite and of grace
Have Acis in the ſame place,
There he lay dede, into a welle
194 Transformed, as the bokes telle,

195 With fresfhe stremes and with clere,
 As he whilom with lusty chere
 Was fresh his love for to queme.
 And with this rude Polipheme
 For his envie and for his hate
 200 They were wroth and thus algate.

Confessor. My sone, thou might understande,
 That if thou wolt in grace stonde
 With love, thou must leve envie.
 And as thou wolt for thy partie
 205 Toward thy love stonde fre,
 So must thou suffre another be
 What so befalle upon thy chaunce.
 For it is an unwise vengeaunce
 Which to none other man is lefe
 210 And is unto him selve grefe.

Amans. My fader, this ensample is good,
 But how so ever that it stood
 With Poliphemus love as tho,
 It shall nought stonde with me so
 215 To worchen any felonie
 In love for no suche envie.
 Forthy if there ought elles be,
 Now axeth forth, in what degré
 It is, and I me shall confesse
 220 With shrifte unto your holineſſe.

2. *Vita sibi solito mentalia gaudia livor*
Dum videt alterius damna doloris agit.
Invidus obridet hodie fletus aliorum,
Fletus cui proprios craftina fata parant.

*Sic in amore pari stat sorte jocosus, amantes
 Cum vidit illusos invidus ille quasi.
 Sic licet in vacuum sperat tamen ipse levamen,
 Alterius casu lapsus et ipse simul.*

- My gode sone, yet there is
 A vice revers unto this,
 Whiche envious taketh his gladnesse
 Of that he feeth the heviness
 225 Of other men. For his welfare
 Is, whan he wote another care
 Of that an other hath a falle,
 He thenketh him selfe arise with alle.
 Suche is the gladship of envie
 230 In worldes thinges and in partie,
 Full ofte times eke also
 In loves cause it stant right so.
 If thou, my sone, hast joie had,
 Whan thou an other sigh unglad,
 235 Shrive the therof. My fader, yis.
 I am beknowe unto you this
 Of these lovers that loven streite,
 And for that point, which they coveite,
 Ben pursuauntes from yere to yere
 240 In loves court, when I may here,
 How that they climbe upon the whele,
 And whan they wene all shall be wele,
 They ben down throwen ate laste,
 Than am I fed of that they faste
 245 And laugh, of that I se hem loure.
 And thus of that they brewe soure

Hic loquitur con-
 fessor de secunda
 specie invidie, que
 gaudium alterius
 doloris dicitur, et
 primo eiusdem vi-
 cii materiam tract-
 ans amantis consci-
 enciam super eo-
 dem ulterius inve-
 tigat.

Amans.

- I drinke swete and am well esed
 Of that I wote they ben diseased.
 But this whiche I you telle here
 250 Is only for my lady dere,
 That for none other, that I knowe,
 Me recheth nought who overthrowe,
 Ne who that stonde in love upright,
 But be he squier, be he knight,
 255 Which to my lady warde purfueth
 The more he lost of that he sueth,
 The more me thenketh that I winne.
 And am the more glad withinne
 Of that I wote him forwe endure,
 260 For ever upon suche aventure
 It is a comfort as men fain
 To him, the which is wo besein
 To fene an other in his peine.
 So that they bothe may compleine,
 Where I myself may nought availe.
 To fene an other man travaile
 I am right glad if he be let.
 And though I fare nought the bet,
 His forwe is to min herte a game,
 270 Whan that I knowe it is the same,
 Which to my lady stant inclined
 And hath his love nought termined,
 I am right joyfull in my thought,
 If such envie greveth ought.
 275 As I beknowe me coupable,
 Ye that be wife and resonable,

Boecius. Conclu-
 sio miserorum est
 habere confortem
 in pena.

My fader, telleth your avise.

My sone, envie into no prife

Confessor.

Of such a forme I understande

280 Ne mighte by no reson stonde.

For this envie hath such a kinde,

That he woll set him self behinde

To hinder with another wight

And gladly lese his owne right

285 To make another lese his.

And for to knownen how so it is

A tale lich to his matere

I thenke telle, if thou wolte here,

To shewe properly the vice

290 Of this envie and the malice.

* Of Jupiter thus I finde iwrite,

How whilom that he wolde wite

Upon the pleinte, whiche he herde

Among the men, how that it ferde

295 As of her wrong condicion

To do justificacion.

And for that cause down he sent

An aungel, which aboute went,

That he the fothe knowe may.

300 So it befell upon a day

This aungel, which him shuld enforme,

Was clothed in a mannes forme

And overtoke, I understande,

Two men, that wenten over londe,

305 Through which he thoughte to aspie

His cause and goth in compaignie.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illum, qui sponte sui ipsius detrimentum in alterius penam majorum patitur, et narrat, quod cum Jupiter angelum suum in forma hominis, ut hominum condiciones exploraret, ab excelsō in terram misit, contigit, quod ipse angelus duos homines, quorum unus cupidus et alter invidus erat, itinerando spacio quasi unius diei commitabatur. Et cum sero factum esset, angelus eorum noticie le ipsum tunc manifestans dixit, quod quid alter eorum ab ipso donari sibi pecierit, illud statim obtinebit, quod et socio suo secum comitanti affirmat duplicandum. Super

quo cupidus impeditus avaricia sperans sibi divicias carpere duplicitas primo pettere recusavit. *Quod* cum invidus animadverteret naturam sui vicii concernens, ita ut focius suus utroque lumine privaretur, se ipsum monoculum fieri constanter primus ab angelo postulabat. Et sic unius invidia alterius avariciam maculavit.

- This aungel with his wordes wise
 Opposeth hem in sondry wife
 Now loude wordes and now softe,
 That made hem to desputen ofte.
 And eche of hem his reson hadde.
 And thus with tales he hem ladde
 With good examinacion,
 Till he knew the condicion
 What men they were bothe two
 And figh wel ate laste tho,
 That one of hem was coveitous,
 And his felaw was envious.
 And thus, whan he hath knouleching,
- 320* Anone he feigned departing
 And said he mote algate wende.
 But herken now what fell at ende,
 For than he made hem understonde,
 That he was there of goddes sonde,
- 325* And said hem for the kindefship,
 That they have done him felaship,
 He wolde do some grace ayein,
 And bad that one of hem shuld fain,
 What thinge him is levest to crave
- 330* And he it shall of yifte have.
 And over that eke forth with all
 He faith that other have shall
 The double of that his felawe axeth.
 And thus to hem his grace he taxeth.
- 335* The coveitous was wonder glad
 And to that other man he bad

And faith, that he first axe sholde.
For he supposeth, that he wolde
Make his axing of worldes good.

340 For than he knewe well howe it stood,
That he him self by double weight
Shall efte take, and thus by sleight
By cause that he wolde winne
He badde his felaw first beginne.

345 This envious, though it be late
Whan that he sigh he mote algate
Make his axinge first, he thought,
If he worship or profit sought,
It shall be doubled to his fere

350 That wold he chefe in no manere.
But than he sheweth what he was
Towarde envie, and in this cas
Unto this aungel thus he faide
And for his yifte this he prайд

355 To make him blinde on his one eye,
So that his felaw no thing sigh.
This word was nought so fone spoke,
That his one eye anon was loke,
And his felaw forth with also

360 Was blinde on both his eyen two.
Tho was that other gladde inough,
That one wept, and that other lough,
He set his one eye at no cost,
Wheroft that other two hath lost.

365 Of thilke ensample, which fell tho,
Men tellen now full ofte so.

The worlde empeireth comunly,
And yet wot none the cause why,
For it accordeth nought to kinde

- 370 Min owne harme to seche and finde,
Of that I shall my brother greve
I might never wel achieve.

Confessor. What faist thou, sone, of this folie?

Amans. My fader, but I shulde lie

- 375 Upon the point, which ye have saide,
Yet was min herte never laide,
But in the wife, as I you tolde.
But evermore if that ye wolde
Ought elles to my shrifte faie

- 380 Touchend envie, I wolde praie.

Confessor. My sone, that shall well be do.

Now herken and lay thin ere to.

3. *Invidie pars est detractio pessima, pestem
Que magis infamem flatibus oris agit.
Lingue venenato sermone repercutit auris,
Sic ut in alterius scandala fama volat.
Morsibus a tergo, quos inficit ipsa fideles,
Vulneris ignoti sepe salute carent.
Sed generofus amor linguam conservat, ut eius
Verbum, quod loquitur, nulla sinistra gerat.*

Hic tractat confessor de tercia specie invidie, que detractio dicitur, cuius morsus vipereos lefa quam lepe fama deplangit.

Touchend as of envious brood

I wot nought one of alle good,
But netheles Suche as they be
Yet there is one, and that is he,
Which cleped is detraction.

And to conferme his action
He hath witholde malebouche,

- 390 Whose tungē nouther pill ne crouche

*172 CONFESSIO AMANTIS.
370 Min owne harme to seche and finde,
Of that I shall my brother greve
I might never wel achieve.
375 Upon the point, which ye have saide,
Yet was min herte never laide,
But in the wife, as I you tolde.
But evermore if that ye wolde
Ought elles to my shrifte faie
380 Touchend envie, I wolde praie.
My sone, that shall well be do.
Now herken and lay thin ere to.
3. Invidie pars est detractio pessima, pestem
Que magis infamem flatibus oris agit.
Lingue venenato sermone repercutit auris,
Sic ut in alterius scandala fama volat.
Morsibus a tergo, quos inficit ipsa fideles,
Vulneris ignoti sepe salute carent.
Sed generofus amor linguam conservat, ut eius
Verbum, quod loquitur, nulla sinistra gerat.*

May hire, so that he pronounce
A plein good word withouten frounce.
Where behinde a mannes backe,
For though he preife, he find some lacke,
³⁷⁵ Whiche of his tale is ay the laste
That all the prise shall overcaste.
And though there be no cause why,
Yet woll he jangle nought forthy,
As he whiche hath the heraldie
⁴⁰⁰ Of hem, that usen for to lie.

* For as the nettle, whiche up renneth,
The freshe red roses brenneth
And maketh hem fade and pale of hewe,
Right so this fals envious hewe
⁴⁰⁵ In every place, where he dwelleth,
With fals wordes, where he telleth,
He torneth preising into blame
And worship into worldes shame.
Of such lesinge as he compasseth
⁴¹⁰ Is none so good, that he ne passeth
Betwene his tethe and is backbited
And through his false tungē endited.
Lich to the sharnebudes kinde,
Of whose nature this I finde,
⁴¹⁵ That in the hotest of the day,
Whan comen is the mery may,
He spret his winge and up he fleeth
And under all aboute he feeth
The faire lusty floures springe.
⁴²⁰ But therof hath he no likinge.

'Cest alle weil mal jecreert,
Que d'auanture vant brenelle';
La rose füg big i si rosene. Monum. de Cracow, 1721.

*La lèpe tortue fait son air,
Et l'escarbot converse avec
l'abeille. L'ordre de la reine défile*

- But where he feeth of any beste
 The filthe, there he maketh his feste,
 And there upon he woll alighte,
 There liketh him none other fighte.*
- ⁴²⁵ Right so this jangler envious,
 Though he a man se vertuous
 And full of good condicion,
 Theroft maketh he no mencion.
 But elles be it nought so lite,
- ⁴³⁰ Wheroft that he may set a wite,
 There renneth he with open mouth
 Behinde a man and maketh it couth.
 But all the vertue, whiche he can,
 That woll he hide of every man
- ⁴³⁵ And openly the vice telle,
 As he, which of the scole of helle
 Is taught and fostred with envie.
 Of housholde and of compaignie
 Where that he hath his propre office
- ⁴⁴⁰ To sette on every man a vice.
 How so his mouth be comely,
 His worde set evermore awry
 And saith the worste that he may.
 And in this wife now a daye
- ⁴⁴⁵ In loves court a man may here
 Full ofte pleine of this matere,
 That many envious tale is stered,
 Where that it may nought be answered.
 But yet full ofte it is beleved,
- ⁴⁵⁰ And many a worthy love is greved

Through backbitinge of false envie.

If thou have made suche janglerie
In loves court, my sone, er this,
Shrive the therof. My fader, yis.

455 But wite ye how nought openly,
But otherwhile prively,
Whan I my dere lady mete
And thenke how that I am nought mete
Unto her highe worthinesse

460 And eke I se the besineſſe
Of all this yonge lusty route,
Which all day pursue her aboue,
And eche of hem his time awaiteth,
And eche of hem his tale affaiteth

465 All to deceive an innocent,
Which woll nought be of her assent.
And for men fain unknownen unkiste,
Her thombe ſhe holt in her fiste
So close within her owne honde,

470 That there winneth no man londe.
She leveth nought all that ſhe hereth
And thus ful ofte her ſelf ſhe ſkiereth
And is all ware of *had I wiſt*.
But for all that min hert arife,

475 Whan I theſe comun lovers fee,
That wol nought holden hem to thre,
But well nigh loven over al,
Min hert is envious with all,
And ever I am adrad of guile,

480 In aunter if with any wile

Hic in amoris causa
huius vicii crimen
ad memoriam re-
ducens confessor a-
manti super eodem
pleniū opponit.

They might her innocence enchaunte.
 Forthy my words full ofte I haunte
 Behinde hem so as I dare,
 Wheroft my lady may beware.

⁴⁸⁵ I say what ever cometh to mouth
 And wers I wolde, if that I couth.

For whan I come unto her speche
 All that I may enquere and seche
 Of such deceipte, I telle it all

⁴⁹⁰ And ay the worst in speciall.

So faine I wolde that she wist,
 How litel they ben for to trifte
 And what they wold and what they mente,
 So as they be of double entente,

⁴⁹⁵ Thus toward hem, that wicke mene,
 My wicked word was ever grene.

And netholes the soth to telle
 In certein if it so befelle
 That althertrewest man ibore

⁵⁰⁰ To chese amonge a thousand score,
 Which were all fully for to trifte,
 My lady loved, and I it wiste,
 Yet rather than he shulde spede
 I wolde suche tales sprede

⁵⁰⁵ To my lady, if that I might,
 That I shuld all his love unright
 And therto wolde I do my peine.

For certes though I shulde feigne
 And telle, that was never thought,

⁵¹⁰ For all this worlde I might nougnt

To suffre an other fully winne
 There as I am yet to beginne.
 For be they good, or be they bad
 I wolde none my lady had.

- 515 And that me maketh full ofte aspie
 And usen wordes of envie.
 And for to make hem bere a blame
 And that is but of thilke fame,
 The whiche unto my lady drawe,
- 520 For ever on them I rounge and gnawe
 And hinder hem all that ever I maie.
 And that is soothly for to saie,
 But only to my lady selve,
 I telle it nought to ten ne twelve.
- 525 Theroft I wol me well avise
 To speke or jangle in any wife
 That toucheth to my ladies name,
 The whiche in ernest and in game
 I wolde fave into my deth.
- 530 For me were lever to lacke breth
 Than speken of her name amis.
 Now have ye herd touchend of this,
 My fader, in confession
 And therfore of detraction
- 535 In love, of that I have mispoke,
 Tell how ye will it shall be wroke.
 I am all redy for to bere
 My peine, and also to forbere
 What thing that ye woll nought allowe.
- 540 For who is bounden, he must bowe.

- So woll I bowe unto your heſt,
 For I dare make this beheſt,
 That I to you have nothing hid,
 But told right as it is betide,
 545 And otherwife of no misspeche
 My conſcience for to feche.
 I can nougnt of envie finde,
 That I miſſpoke have ought behinde,
 Wheroſt love ought be miſpaide.
 550 Now have ye herde and I have faide,
 What woll ye fader, that I do ?

Confessor. My ſone, do no more fo,
 But ever kepe thy tungē ſtill,
 Thou might the more have thy will.

- 555 For as thou faift thy ſelven here,
 My lady is of ſuch manere,
 So wife, ſo ware in alle thinges,
 It nedeth of no bakbitinges,
 That thou thy lady miſenforme.
 560 For whan ſhe knoweth all the forme,
 How that thy ſelf art envious,
 Thou ſhalt nougnt be fo gracious,
 As thou paraunter ſhuldeſt be elles.
 There wol no man drinke of the welles,
 565 Whiche as he wote is poifon inne.
 And ofte ſuche as men beginne
 Towardes other, ſuch they finde,
 That ſet hem ofte fer behinde,
 Whan that they wenē be before.
 570 My gode ſone, and thou therfore

Be ware and leve thy wicked speche,
Wheroft hath fallen ofte wreche
To many a man before this time.
For who so wol his hondes lime,
575 They musten be the more unclene.
For many a mote shall be sene,
That woll nougnt cleve elles there.
And that shulde every wise man fere.
For who so woll another blame,
580 He seketh ofte his owne shame,
Which elles might be right stille.
Forthy if that it be thy wille
To stonde upon amendement,
A tale of great entendement
585 I thenke telle for thy sake,
Wheroft thou might ensample take.
¶ A worthy knight in Cristes lawe
Of great Rome, as is the fawe,
The sceptre hadde for to right,
590 Tibery Constantin he hight,
Whos wife was cleped Italie.
But they to-gider of progenie
No children hadde but a maide.
And she the god so wel apaide,
595 That al the wide worldes fame
Spake worship of her gode name.
Constance, as the cronique saith,
She hight and was so full of faith,
That the greatest of Barbarie
600 Of hem, whiche usen marchandie,

Hic loquitur confessor contra istos in amoris causa detrahentes, qui suis obloquii aliena solacia perturbant, et narrat exemplum de Constancia Tiberii Rome imperatoris filia omnium virtutum famosissima. Ob eius amorem soldanus tunc Persie, ut eam in uxorem ducere posset, cristianum se fieri promisit, cuius accepta cauzione consilio Pelagii tunc pape dicta filia una cum duobus cardinalibus aliquique Rome proceribus in Periam maritagii causa navigio honorifice destinata fuit, que tamen obloquencium postea

ies of bows race, when passing from *Valence* to *Montauban*, and were also used in battle by *Wallace*, *Hart*, *Le Roi de la Violette*, *Le Boeuf*, *Florence of Poer*. *Becket's* Name of *Lion Tail* is a free translation of the Anglo-French *Chevalier de Nez*. *Thibaut* was a free Tenant with no *overlord* under *Godwin*, and is also in the *Entrails of Thurocada*.

detractionibus variis
modis prout inferius
articulatur absque sui
culpa dolorosa fata
multipliciter passa est.

She hath converted, as they come
To her upon a time in Rome
To shewen such thing, as they brought,
Which worthely of hem she bought.

- 605 And over that in suche a wife
She hath hem with her wordes wife
Of Cristes feith so full enformed,
That they therto ben all conformed,
So that baptisme they receiven
610 And all her false goddes weiven.

Whan they ben of the feith certein,
They gone to Barbarie ayein,
And theré the souldan for hem sente
And axeth hem to what entente
615 They have her firste feith forfiske.
And they, whiche hadden undertake
The righte feith to kepe and holde,
The mater of her tale tolde
With all the hole circumstaunce.

620 And whan the souldan of Constaunce
Upon the point that they answerde
The beaute and the grace herde
As he, which thanne was to wedde,
In alle haste his cause spedde
625 To fende for the mariage.

And furthermore with good corage
He faith, be so he may her have
That Crist, that came this world to save,
He woll beleve, and thus recorded
630 They ben on either side accorded.

- And there upon to make an ende
 The souldan his hostages fende
 To Rome, of princes sones twelve.
 Wherof the fader in him selve
 635 Was glad, and with the pope avised
 Two cardinales he hath affised
 With other lordes many mo,
 That with his doughter shulden go
 To se the souldan be converted.
- 640 But that which never was wel herted
 Envie tho began to travaile
 In disturbance of this spousaile
 So prively that none was ware.
 The moder, which the souldan bare,
 645 Was than alive and thoughte this
 Unto her selfe : if it so is,
 My sone him wedde in this manere,
 Than have I lost my joies here,
 For min estate shall so be lassed.
- 650 Thenkend thus she hath compassed
 By sleight how that she may beguile
 Her sone, and fell within a while
 Betwene hem two whan that they were,
 She feigned wordes in his ere
 655 And in this wise gan to say :
- My sone, I am by double way
 With all min herte glad and blithe,
 For that my selfe have ofte sithe
 Desired thou wolte, as men faith,
 660 Receive and take a newe feith,

Qualiter adveniente
 Constancia in Barba-
 riam mater soldani
 huiusmodi nupcias
 perturbare volens fi-
 lium suum una cum
 dicta Constancia car-
 dinalibusque et aliis
 Romanis primo die
 ad convivium invita-
 vit, et convescentibus
 illis in mensa ipsum
 soldanum omnesque
 ibidem preter Con-
 stanciam Romanos ab
 insidiis latitantibus
 subdola detractione
 interfici procuravit
 ipsamque Constanci-
 am in quadam navi
 absque gubernaculo
 positam per altum
 mare ventorum flati-
 bus agitandam in ex-
 ilium dirigi solam
 constituit.

- Which shall be forthringe of thy life.
 And eke so worshipfull a wife
 The doughter of an emperour
 To wedde it shall be great honour.
- 665 Forthy my sone, I you beseeche,
 That I such grace might areche,
 Whan that my doughter come shall,
 That I may than in speciall
 So as me thenketh it is honeste
- 670 Be thilke, which the firste feste
 Shall make unto her welcominge.
- The souldan graunteth her axinge.
 And she therof was gladde inough,
 For under that anone she drough
- 675 With false wordes that she spake
 Covin of dethe behinde his backe.
 And therupon her ordinaunce
 She made so, that whan Constance
 Was comen forth with the Romans
- 680 Of clerkes and of citezeins,
 A riche feste she hem made.
 And moste whan they weren glade
 With false covin, which she hadde,
 Her close envie tho she spradde.
- 685 And alle tho, that hadden be
 Or in appert or in prive
 Of counseil to the mariage,
 She slough hem in a sodein rage
 Endlong the borde as they be fet,
- 690 So that it mighte nought be let

- Her owne sone was nought quite,
But died upon the same plite.
But what the highe god woll spare
It may for no perill misfare.
- 695 This worthy maiden, which was there,
Stode than as who faith dede for fere
To se the fest, how that it stood,
Whiche all was torned into blood.
The disfh forth with the cuppe and all
700 Bebled they weren over all.
She sigh hem die on every fide,
No wonder though she wepte and cride
Makend many a wofull mone.
Whan all was slain but she al one,
- 705 This olde fend, this Sarazin
Let take anone this Constantin
With all the good she thider brought
And hath ordeigned as she thought
A naked ship withoute stere,
- 710 In which the good and her in fere
Vitald full for yeres five,
Where that the winde it wolde drive,
She put upon the wawes wilde.
But he, which alle thinges may shilde,
- 715 Thre yere til that she cam to londe
Her ship to stere hath take on honde,
And in Northumberlond arriveth,
And happeth thanne that she driveth
Under a castell with the flood,
- 720 Whiche upon Humber banke stood.

Qualiter navis cum
Constancia in partes
Anglie, que tunc pa-
gana fuit, prope Hum-
ber sub quodam ca-
stello regis, qui tunc
Allee vocabatur, post
triennium applicuit,
quam quidam miles
nomine Elda dicti
castelli tunc custos e
navi lete suscipiens

uxori sue Hermingel-de in custodiam honorifice commenda-vit.

And was the kinges owne also,
The whiche Allee^{*} was cleped tho,
A Saxon and a worthy knight,
But he belevesth nought aright.

725 Of this castell was castellaine
Elda the kinges chamberlaine,
A knightly man after his lawe.
And whan he sigh upon the wawe
The ship drivend alone so,

730 He badde anone men shulden go
To se, what it betoken may.
This was upon a somer day,
The ship was loked and she founde.
Elda within a litel stounde

735 It wist and with his wife anone
Toward this yonge lady gone,
Where that they founde great richeesse.
But she her wolde nought confesse,
Whan they her axen what she was.

740 And netheles upon the cas
Out of the ship with great worship
They toke her into felaship
As they, that weren of her glade.
But she no maner joie made,

745 But forweth sore of that she fonde
No christendome in thilke londe.
But elles she hath all her will,
And thus with hem she dwelleth still.
Dame Hermegild, which was the wife
750 Of Elda, liche her owne life

Constance loveth, and fell so
 Spekend all day betwene hem two
 Through grace of goddes purveiaunce
 This maiden taught the creaunce

- 755 Unto this wife so parfitly,
 Upon a day that faste by
 In presence of her husbonde,
 Where they go walkend on the stronde,
 A blinde man, which cam ther ladde,
 760 Unto this wife criend he badde
 With bothe his hondes up and prайд
 To her and in this wife he saide :
 O Hermegilde, which Cristes feith
 Enformed, as Constance saith,
 765 Received hast : yif me my fight.

Upon this worde her herte aflight
 Thenkend what was beste to done,
 But netheles she herde his bone
 And saide : in trut of Cristes lawe,
 770 Which done was on the crosse and flawe,
 Thou blinde man beholde and se.
 With that to God upon his kne
 Thonkend he toke his fight anone,
 Wherof they merveil everychone.
 775 But Elda wondreth most of alle,
 This open thing whiche is befalle
 Concludeth him by suche a way,
 That he the feith mo nede obey.

Now list what fell upon this thinge.

780 This Elda forth unto the kinge

Qualiter Constan-
 cia Eldam cum ux-
 ore sua, qui antea
 Christiani non ex-
 titerant, ad fidem
 Christi miraculoſe
 convertit.

Qualiter quidam mi-
 les juvenis in amorem
 Constancie exardeſ-

cens, pro eo quod ipsa affentire noluit,
eam de morte Hermegilde, quam ipse
noctanter interfecit, verbis detractoris accusavit, sed angelus domini ipsum sic detrahentem in maxilla subito percutiens non solum pro mendace comprobavit, sed ieiunio mortali post ipsius confessionem penitus interfecit.

A morwe toke his way and rode,
And Hermegild at home abode
Forth with Constance well at ese.
Elda, which thought his king to plese
As he, that than unwedded was,
Of Constance all the pleine cas
As godelich as he couth tolde.
The king was glad and said he wolde
Come thider in suche a wife,
That he him might of her avise.
The time appointed forth withall
This Elda truste in speciall
Upon a knight, which fro childhode
He had updrawe into manhode.
 795 To him he tolde all that he thought,
Wherof that after him forthought.
And netheles at thilke tide
Unto his wife he bad him ride
To make redy alle thinge
 800 Ayeinst the cominge of the kinge,
And faith that he him self to-fore
Thenketh for to come and bad therfore,
That he him kepe and tolde him whan.
This knight rode forth his waie than.
 805 And soth was, that of time passed
He had in all his wit compasfled,
Howe he Constance mighthe winne.*
But he sigh tho no spedre therinne.
Wherof his lust began to abate,
 810 And that was love is thanne hate.

The original manuscript of this poem was long thought to be lost. However, a copy of it, written by a monk of the 15th century, was recently discovered in a library in France.

Of her honour he had envie,
So that upon his trecherie
A lefinge in his herte he cast,
Til he come home, he hieth fast

815 And doth his lady to understande
The message of her husebonde.
And therupon the longe daie
They setten thinges in arraie,
That all was as it shulde be

820 Of every thinge in his degré.
And whan it came into the night,
This wife her hath to bedde dight,
Where that this maiden with her lay.
This false knight upon delay,

825 Hath taried till they were aslepe,
As he that woll to his time kepe
His dedly werkes to fulfille.
And to the bed he stalketh stille,
Where that he wiste was the wife,

830 And in his honde a rasfour knife
He bar, with whiche her throte he cut
And prively the knife he put
Under that other beddes side,
Where that Constance lay beside.*

835 Elda come hom the same night
And stille with a prive light
As he that wolde nought awake
His wife, he hath his waie take
Into the chambre and there liggend

840 He fonde his dede wife bledend,

comes to England disguised as a merchant selling very superior spindles, ("of the meadow in Gladden Galliard's garden, Wiltshire"); he lets his daughter have one if he sleeps over night in the room with our children; but he steals into her room adjoining, takes the dagger from her girdle, lays the childress & replaces the blood dagger in its sheath. He then escapes & disguises himself as an astrologer, consults in about the number: he advises that all the wrongs of the palace be fulfilled & so the known. Dorthea is condemned to绞刑 or a cruel death. Therefore he commands that she should be stripped naked, naked buried up to her chin in the earth, and that she be well fed, in order that she might bring down the worms, devours her flesh while yet still living. ("of the book in Philbrick, Massachusetts")

Where that Constance faste by
 Was falle aslepe, and fodeinly
 He cried aloude, and she awoke
 And forth with all she cast a loke
 845 And sigh this lady blede there,
 Wherof swounende dede for fere
 She was and stille as any stone
 She laie, and Elda therupon
 Into the castell clepeth out
 850 And up sterte every man about,
 Into the chambre forth they went.
 But he whiche all untrouthe ment
 This false knight among hem all
 Upon this thing whiche is befall
 855 Saith that Constance hath don this dede.
 And to the bed with that he yede
 After the falsehed of his speche
 And made him there for to seche
 And fond the knife, where he it laid.
 860 And than he cried and than he said :
 Lo, se the knife all bloody here,
 What nedeth more in this matere
 To axe? and thus her innocence
 He sclaudreth there in audience
 865 With false wordes, whiche he feigneth.
 But yet for al that ever he pleineth.
 Elda no full credence toke.
 And happed that there lay a boke,
 Upon the which, whan he it fighe,
 870 This knight hath swore and said on highe,

- That alle men it mighten wite
 Now by this boke, which here is write,
 Constance is gultif well I wote.
 With that the honde of heven him smote
- 875 In token of that he was forswore,
 That he has bothe his eyen lore,
 Out of his hed the same stounde
 They stert, and so they were founde.*
 A vois was herd, whan that they fel,
- 880 Which saide: O dampned man to helle,
 Lo, thus hath god thy sclauder wroke,
 That thou ayein Constance hath spoke,
 Beknowe the fothe er that thou deie.
 And he tolde out his felonie
- 885 And starf forth with his tale anone.
 Into the grounde, where alle gone,
 This dede lady was begrave.
 Elda, which thought his honour save,
 All that he may restreigneth forwe.
- 890 For he the second day a morwe
 The king came, as they were accorded.[†]
 And whan it was to him recorded,
 What god hath wrought upon this chaunce,
 He toke it into remembraunce
- 895 And thought more than he saide,
 For all his hole herte he laide
 Upon Constance and saide he shulde
 For love of her, if that she wolde,
 Baptisme take and Cristes feith
- 900 Beleve and over that he faith,

p 112

Qualiter rex Allee ad fidem Christi converfus baptismum recepit et Conſanciam ſuper hoc leto animo deſponsavit, que ta- men qualis vel unde fuit alicui nullo modo fatebatur, et cum in- fra breve poſtea a do- mino ſuo impregnata fuiffet, ipſe ad debel- landum cum Scoti iter arriput et ibi- dem ſuper guerras ali- quandiu permanſit.

From the legend of St. Kenelm - see William of Malmesbury, p 238, Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, p 346, Giraldus Cambrensis, Itinerarium, Chaucer, Nun's Priest's Tale, 290.

This is better than Chaucer's version, in that Alla comes back along with the constable & Constance is tried before him. It here agrees with Gower.

He wol her wedde, and upon this
 Assured eche til other is.
 And for to make shorte tales
 There came a bisshop out of Wales
 705 Fro Bangor, and Lucie he hight,
 Which through the grace of god almighty
 The king with many an other mo
 He cristned, and betwene hem two
 He hath fulfilled the mariage.
 710 But for no lust, ne for no rage
 She tolde hem never what she was.
 And netholes upon this cas
 The king was glad, how so it stood,
 For well he wist and understood
 715 She was a noble creature.
 The highe maker of nature
 Her hath visited in a throwe,
 That it was openliche knowe,
 She was with childe by the kinge,
 720 Wherof above all other thinge
 He thonketh god and was right glad.
 And fell that time he was bestad
 Upon a werre and must ride.
 And while he shulde there abide,
 725 He left at home to kepe his wife
 Suche as he knewe of holy life,
 Elda forth with the bisshop eke.
 And he with power go to seke
 Ayein the Scottes for to fonde
 730 The werre, whiche he toke on honde.

The time set of kinde is come,
 This lady hath her chambre nome
 And of a sone bore fulle,
 Wheroft she was joefull,
 135 She was delivered sauf and sone.
 The bisshop, as it was to done,
 Yaf him baptisme and Moris calleth.*
 And therupon as it befalleth
 With letters writen of recorde
 140 They send unto her lege lorde
 That kepers weren of the quene.
 And he, that shulde go betwene,
 The messanger to Knaresburgh,
 Which town he shulde passe thurgh,
 145 Ridende cam the first daie
 The kinges moder there lay,
 Whose right name was Domilde,†
 Whiche after all the cause spilde.
 For he, which thonk deserve wolde,
 150 Unto this lady goth and tolde
 Of his message al how it ferde.
 And she with feigned joie it herde
 And yaf him yeftes largely,
 But in the night al prively
 155 She toke the letters, whiche he had,
 Fro point to point and overrad
 As she, that was through out untrewe,
 And let do writen other newe
 In stede of hem, and thus they speke.
 160 Our lege lord, we the besike,

Qualiter regina Constanția infantem masculum, quem in baptismo Mauricium vocant, rege absente enixa est, sed invida mater regis Domilda super isto facto condolens mendacibus regi certificavit, quod uxor sua demoniaci et non humani generis quoddam monstrorum fantasma loco geniture adortum produxit, huiusmodique detractoribus adversus Constanțiam in tanto procuravit, quod ipsa in navem, qua prius venerat, iterum ad exilium una cum suo partu remissa desolabatur.

Prima littera in commendacionem

Mauricius - Cawellius

Domegild in Chancery

The name in Chancery is 2nd son of the Queen, & U. were wife Old Test. v. 1. 1555

Constancie ab epif-
copo regi missa per
Domildam in con-
trarium falsata.

- That thou with us ne be nought wroth,
 Though we such thing, as is the loth,
 Upon our trouthe certifie.
 Thy wife, whiche is of fairie,
 965 Of suche a child delivered is
 Fro kinde, which stant all amis.*
 But for it shulde nought be saie
 We have it kept out of the waie
 For drede of pure worldes shame,
 970 A pouer childe, and in the name
 Of thilke, whiche is so misbore,
 We toke and therto we be fware,
 That none but only you and we
 Shall knownen of this private.
 975 Morice it hat, and thus men wene,
 That it was bore of the quene
 And of thine owne bodie gete.
 But this thing may nought be foryete,
 That thou ne fende us worde anone,
 980 What is thy wille therupon.
 This letter, as thou haft herd devise,
 Was counterfet in suche a wise,
 That no man shulde it apperceive.
 And she, which thought to deceive,
 985 It laith, where she that other toke.
 This messanger, whan he awoke,
 And wist nothinge how it was,
 Arose and rode the great pas
 And toke his letter to the kinge.
 990 And whan he sigh this wonder thinge,

He maketh the messanger no chere,
 But nethelas in wife manere,
 He wrote ayein and yaf him charge,
 That they ne suffre nought at large
 995 His wife to go but kepe her still,*
 Till they have herd more of his will.

This messanger was yefteles,
 But with his letter nethelas
 Or be him lefe or be him loth
 1000 In alle haste ayeine he goth
 By Knaresburgh, and as he went,
 Unto the moder his entent
 Of that he fond toward the kinge
 He tolde, and she upon this thinge
 1005 Saith, that he shulde abide all night
 And made him feste and chere aright,
 Feignend as though she couthe him thonke.
 But he with strong wine which he dronke
 Forth with the travaile of the day
 1010 Was drunke aslepe, and while he lay,
 She hath his letters oversay
 And formed in an other way,
 There was a newe letter write,
 Which faith: I do you for to wite,
 1015 That through the counseil of you two
 I stonde in point to ben undo
 As he, whiche is a king deposed,
 For every man it hath supposed,
 How that my wife Constance is fay.
 1020 And if that I, they sain, delay

Secunda littera per
 regem episcopo re-
 missa a Domilda
 iterum falsata.

To put her out of compaignie,
 The worship of my regalie
 Is lore, and over this they telle,
 Her child shal nought among hem dwelle
 1025 To claimen any heritage.
 So can I se none avauntage,
 But all is lost, if she abide.
 Forthy to loke on every fide
 Toward the mischefe as it is
 1030 I charge you and bidde this,
 That ye the same ship vittaile,*
 In which that she toke arrivaile,
 Therin and putteth bothe two
 Her self forth with her childe also,
 1035 And so forth brought into the depe
 Betaketh her the see to kepe.
 Of foure daies time I set,
 That ye this thing no lenger let,
 So that your life be nought forfeite.
 1040 And thus this letter counterfete
 The messanger, which was unaware,
 Upon the kinges halve bare
 And where he shulde it hath betake.
 But whan that they have hede take
 1045 And rad, that writen is withinne,
 So great a forwe they beginne,
 As they her owne moder fighen
 Brent in a fire before her eyen.
 There was wepinge and there was wo,
 1050 But finally the thinge is do.

Upon the see they have her brought,
 But she the cause wiste nougħt,
 And thus upon the flood they wone
 This lady with her yonge sone.

- 1055 And than her hondes to the heven
 She straught and with a milde steven
 Knelend upon her bare kne
 She faide: O high mageste,
 Which seest the point of every trouth,
- 1060 Take of thy wofull woman routh
 And of this child, that I shal kepe.
 And with that word she gan to wepe
 Swounend as dede, and there she lay.
 But he, whiche alle thinges may,
- 1065 Conforteth her, and ate laſte
 She loketh and her eyen caste
 Upon her childe and fayde this:
 Of me no maner charge it is
 What forwe I suffre, but of the
- 1070 Me thenketh it is great pite,
 For if I sterue thou shalt deie,
 So mote I nedes by that weie
 For moderhed and for tendereſſe
 With all min hole besinesſe
- 1075 Ordeigne me for thilke office
 As she, which shall be thy norice.
 Thus was she strengthed for to stonde.
 And tho she toke her childe in honde
 And yaf it souke and ever amonge
- 1080 She wepte and otherwhile songe

To rocke with her childe aslepe,
 And thus her owne childe to kepe
 She hath under the goddes cure.

Qualiter navis
 Constancie post bi-
 ennium in partes
 Hispanie superioris
 inter Sarazenos jac-
 tabatur, a quorum
 manibus deus ipsam
 conservans gratio-
 fissime liberavit.

And so fell upon aventure,
 Whan thilke yere hath made his ende,
 Her ship, so as it moste wende,
 By strength of wind which god hath yive
 Eftward was into Spaine drive
 Right fast under a castell walle,
 Where that an hethen admiralle
 Was lorde, and he a steward had
 One Thelous, whiche al was bad,†
 A fals knight and a renegate.
 He goth to loke, in what estate
 1045 The ship was comen, and there he fonde
 Forth with a childe upon her honde
 This lady, where she was alone.
 He toke good hede of the persone
 And sigh she was a worthy wight
 1050 And thought he wolde upon the night
 Demene her at his owne wille,
 And let her be therinne stille,
 That no man sigh she nought that day.
 At goddes wille and thus she lay
 1055 Unknowe, what her shall betide.
 And fell so that by nightes tide
 This knight withoute felaship
 Hath take a boote and cam to ship
 And thought of her his lust to take
 1100 And swore, if she him daunger make,

In this is the last line written, but it was to long for the manuscript -

- That certainly she shulde deie.
 She sigh there was none other weie
 And saide he shulde her well conforte,
 That he first loke out at porte,
 1115 That no man were nigh the stede,
 Which mighte knowe, what they dede.
 And than he may do what he wolde.
 He was right glad, that she so tolde,
 And to the port anone he ferde.
 1120 She praieth god, and he her herde.
 And fodeinlich he was out throwe *
 And dreint, and tho began to blowe
 Winde mevable fro the londe,
 And thus the mighty goddes honde
 1125 Her hath conveied and defended.
 And whan thre yere ben full despended,
 Her ship was drive upon a daie,
 Where that a great navie laie
 Of shippes, all the worlde at ones.
 1130 And as god wolde for the nones,
 Her ship goth in amonge hem alle
 And stint nought, er it befalle
 And hath that vessel under gete,
 Which maister was of all the flete.
 1135 But there it resteth and abode.
 This grete ship on anker rode,
 The lord come forth, and whan he sigh
 That other ligge on bord so nigh
 He wondreth, what it mighte be,
 1140 And bad men to go in and se.

Qualiter navicula
 Constancie quodam
 die per altum mare
 vagans inter copio-
 sam navium multitu-
 dinem dilapsa est,
 quarum Arcennius
 Romanorum consul,
 dux et capitaneus ip-
 sam ignotam suscipi-
 ens usque ad Roman
 secum perduxit, ubi
 equalem uxori sue
 Elene permanfuram
 reverenter associavit
 nec non et eiusdem
 filium Mauricium in
 omni abundancia
 quasi proprium edu-
 cavit.

In Chancery she resists a struggle, during which he falls overboard.

Five years in Travel, Chancery gives no time.

This lady tho was crope a side
 As she, that wolde her selven hide,
 For she ne wiste, what they were.
 They fought about and fond her there
¹¹⁴⁵ And broughten up her childe and her.
 And therupon this lord to spire
 Began, fro whenne that she came
 And what she was. Quod she: I am
 A woman wofully bestad.

¹¹⁵⁰ I had a lorde, and thus he bad,
 That I forth with my litel sone
 Upon the wawes shulde wone.
 But why the cause was I not,
 But he whiche alle thinges wot
¹¹⁵⁵ Yet hath, I thonk him, of his might
 My childe and me so kepte upright,
 That we be saufe bothe two.
 This lorde her axeth evermo
 How she belevest, and she saith:
¹¹⁶⁰ I leve and trust in Cristes feith,
 Which died upon the rode tre.
 What is thy name, tho quod he?
 My name is Custe, she him saide.*
 But furthermore for nought he praid
¹¹⁶⁵ Of her estate to knowe pleine
 She wolde him nothing elles faine
 But of her name, which she feigned,
 All other thinges she restreigned,
 That o word more she ne tolde.

¹¹⁷⁰ This lord than axeth if she wolde

With him abide in compaignie
 And faide, he came from Barbarie
 To Rome ward and home he went.
 Tho she supposeth what it ment
 1175 And faith, she wolde with him wende
 And dwelle unto her lives ende,
 If it so be to his plesaunce.
 And thus upon her acqueintaunce
 He tolde her pleinly as it stood,
 1180 Of Rome how that the gentil blood
 In Barbarie was betraied
 And therupon he hath affaied
 By werre and taken such vengeaunce,
 That none of thilke alliaunce,
 1185 By whom the treson was compassed,
 Is from the fwerd alive passed.
 But of Constance how it was
 That couthe he knowe by no cas
 Where she becam, so as he said
 1190 Her ere unto his word she laid,
 But furthermore made she no chere.
 And netheles in this matere
 It happed that ilke time so
 This lord, with whom she shulde go,
 1195 Of Rome was the senatour
 And of her fader themperour
 His brother doughter hath to wife,
 Which hath her fader eke on live,
 And was Salustes cleped tho,
 1200 His wife Heleine hight also,*

Trivet also makes him Arsenius, wedded to her cousin Helen, daughter of her uncle Salustius, a senator, returning for taking vengeance in Syria; whose wife is her aunt

To whom Constance was coufine.
 Thus to the fike a medicine
 Hath god ordeigned of his grace,
 That forthwith in the same place
 1205 This senatour his trouthe plight
 For ever, while he live might
 To kepe her in worship and in wele,
 Be so that god woll yive her hele,
 This lady, which fortune him fende.
 1210 And thus by ship forth failende
 Her and her childe to Rome be brought,
 And to his wife tho he besought
 To take her into compaignie.
 And she, which couth of curtesie
 1215 All that a good wife shulde conne,
 Was inly glad, that she hath wonne
 The felaship of so good one.
 This emperours doughter Cufste
 Forth with the doughter of Saluste
 1220 Was kept, but no man redely
 Knew what she was, and nought forthy
 They thoughten well she hadde be
 In her estate of high degré,
 And every life her loveth wele.

Now herken thilke unstable whele,
 Whiche ever torneth, went aboute.
 The king Allee, while he was oute,
 As thou to-fore haft herd this cas,
 Deceived through his moder was.
 But whan that he come home ayein,
 He axeth of his chamberlain

*Qualiter rex Allee
 inita pace cum
 Scotis a guerris
 rediens et non in-
 venta uxore sua
 causam exilio dilig-
 encius perscrutans, cum matrem
 suam Domildam
 inde culpabilem
 scivisset, ipsam in
 igne prociciens con-
 buri fecit.*

And of the bisshop eke also,
Where they the quene hadden do.
And they answarde there he bad
And have him thilke letter rad,
1235 Whiche he hem sende for warrant,
And tolde him pleinly as it stant
And sain, it thought hem great pite
To se a worthy one as she
With such a childe, as there was bore,
1240 So fodeinly to be forlore.
He axeth hem, what child that were.
And they him saide, that no where
In all the world, though men it sought,
Was never woman, that forth brought
1245 A fairer child, than it was one.
And than he axeth hem anone,
Why they ne hadden writen so.
They tolden, so they hadden do.
He saide nay. They saiden yis.
1250 The letter shewed rad it is,
Which they forsoken every dele.
Tho was it understande wele,
That there is treson in the thinge.
The messenger to-fore the kinge
1255 Was brought and fodeinlich opposed
As he, which no thinge hath supposed
But alle wel, began to saie,
That he no where upon the waie
Abode but only in a stede,
1260 And cause why, that he so dede,

Was, as he went to and fro,
 At Knaresburgh by nightes two
 The kinges moder made him dwelle.
 And when the king it herde telle,
 1265 Within his hert he wiste als faste
 The treson, whiche his moder caste,
 And thought he wolde nought abide.
 But forth right in the same tide
 He toke his hors and rode anone,
 1270 With him there riden many one,
 To Knaresburgh and forth they wente
 And lich the fire, which thonder hente,
 In suche a rage, as faith the boke,
 His moder sodeinlich he toke
 1275 And saide unto her in this wise :
 O beste of helle, in what juise
 Hast thou deserved for to deie,
 That hast so falsely put aweie
 With treson of thy backbitinge
 1280 The trewest at my knoulechinge
 Of wives and the most honest ?
 But I wol make this behest,
 I shall be venged or I go.
 And let a fire do make tho
 1285 And bad men for to caste her inne.*
 But first she tolde out all the finne
 And did hem alle for to wite,
 How she the letters hadde write
 Fro point to point, as it was wrought.
 1290 And tho she was to dethe brought

And brent to-fore her sones eye,
Wheroft these other, whiche it fighe
And herden how the cause stood,
Sain, that the jugement was good,
1295 Of that her sone her hath so served.
For she it hadde wel deserved
Through treson of her false tunge,
Which through the lond was after songe,
Constance and every wight compleineth.

1500 But he, whom alle wo distreigneth,
This forwefull king was so bestad,
That he shall never more be glad,
He faith, eftfone for to wedde,
Till that he wist how that she spedde,
1505 Which hadde ben his firste wife,
And thus his yonge unlusty life
He driveth forth so as he may.

Till it befel upon a day,
Whan he his werres haddeacheved
¹³¹⁰ And thought he wolde be releved
Of soule hele upon the feith,
Whiche he hath take, than he faith,
That he to Rome in pelrinage
Wol go, where pope was Pelage,
¹³¹⁵ To take his absolucion.

And upon this condicion
He made Edwin his lieutenaunt,
Whiche heir to him was apparaunt,
That he the lond in his absence
Shall reule. And thus by providence

Qualiter post lapsum .xii. annorum rex Allee absolucionis causa Romanum proficiens uxorem suam Constantiam una cum filio suo divina providencia ibidem letus invenit.

Of alle thinges well begonne
He toke his leve and forth is gone.

- Elda, which was with him tho there,
Er they fulliche at Rome were,
¹³²⁵ Was sent to-fore to purveie,
And he his guide upon the weie
In helpe to ben his herbergeour
Hath axed, who was senatour,
That he his name mighte kenne.
¹³³⁰ Of Capadoce, he saide, Arcenne*
He hight and was a worthy knyght.
To him goth Elda tho forth right
And tolde him of his lord tiding
And prайд, that for his cominge
¹³³⁵ He wolde assigne him herbergage.
And he so did of good corage.

- Whan all is do, that was to done,
The kinge him self cam after sone.
This senatour whan that he come
¹³⁴⁰ To Custe and to his wife at home,
Hath tolde how suche a kinge Allee
Of great array to the citee
Was come, and Cust upon his tale
With herte close and colour pale
¹³⁴⁵ A swoune felle, and he merveileth
So sodeinly what thinge her eileth
And caught her up, and whan she woke,
She fiketh with a pitous loke
And feigneth fikenesse of the see,
¹³⁵⁰ But it was for the kinge Allee

- For joie, which fell in her thought,
 That god him hath to towne brought.
 This king hath spoke with the pope
 And tolde all that he couthe grope,
 1355 What greveth in his conscience,
 And than he thought in reverence
 Of his estate, er that he went,
 To make a feste and thus he sent
 Unto the senatour to come
 1360 Upon the morwe and other some
 To fitte with him at the mete.
 This tale hath Cüst nought foryete.
 But to Morice her sone tolde,^f
 That he upon the morwe sholde
 1365 In all that ever he couth and might
 Be present in the kinges fight,
 So that the kinge him ofte sigh.
 Morice to-fore the kinges eye
 Upon the morwe, where he sat,
 1370 Full ofte stood, and upon that
 The king his chere upon him caste
 And in his face him thought als faste
 He sigh his owne wife Constance,
 For nature, as in resemblaunce
 1375 Of face, him liketh so to clothe,
 That they were of a suite bothe.
 The king was moved in his thought
 Of that he sigh and knew it nought.
 This childe he loveth kindely,
 1380 And yet he wot no cause why.

^f Who was now 7 years old, according to Tamm.

But wel he sigh and understande,
 That he toward Arcenne stode,
 And axeth him anone right there,
 If that this childe his sone were.

- ¹³⁸⁵ He faide : ye, so I him calle,
 And wolde it were so befalle,
 But it is all in other wife.
 And tho began he to devise,
 How he the childes moder fonde
¹³⁹⁰ Upon the see from every londe
 Within a ship was stereles,
 And how this lady helpeles
 Forth with her childe he hath forth drawe.
 The kinge hath understood his sawe
¹³⁹⁵ The childes name and axeth tho,
 And what the moder hight also,
 That he him wolde telle he prайд.
 Morice this childe is hote, he faide,
 His moder hat Custe, and this
¹⁴⁰⁰ I not what maner name it is.
 But Allee wiste wel inough,
 Wheroft somdele smilend he lough.
 For Custe in Saxon is to faine
 Constance upon the word Romaine.
¹⁴⁰⁵ But who that couthe specifie,
 What tho fell in his fantasie,
 And how his witte aboute renneth
 Upon the love, in which he brenneth,
 It were a wonder for to here.
¹⁴¹⁰ For he was nouther there ne here,

But clene out of him selfe awey,
That he not what to thenke or say.
So faine he wolde it were she,
Wheroft his hertes privete
¹⁴¹⁵ Began the werre of ye and nay,
The whiche in such balaunce lay,
That contenaunce for a throwe
He loste, till he mighte knowe
The soth. But in his memoire
¹⁴²⁰ The man, which lieth in purgatoire,
Desireth nought the heven more,
That he ne longeth also sore
To wite, what him shall betide.
And whan the bordes were aside
¹⁴²⁵ And every man was rise aboute,
The kinge hath weived all the route
And with the senatour alone
He spake and praid him of a bone,
To se this Custe where she dwelleth
¹⁴³⁰ At home with him, so as he telleth.
The senatour was wel apaide.
This thing no lenger was delaide.
To se this Custe goth the kinge,
And she was warned of the thinge,
¹⁴³⁵ And with Heleine forth she came
Ayein the kinge, and he tho name
Good hede, and whan he sigh his wife,
Anone with all his hertes life
He caught her in his armes and kiste.
¹⁴⁴⁰ Was never wight that sigh ne wiste

A man that more joie made,
 Wherof they weren alle glade,
 Which herde tellen of this chaunce.^{*}

This king tho with his wife Constance,
¹⁴⁴⁵ Whiche had a great part of his will,
 In Rome for a time still
 Abode and made him well at ese.
 But so yet couth he never plesse
 His wife, that she him wolde faine

¹⁴⁵⁰ Of her estate the trouthe pleine,
 Of what contre that she was bore,
 Ne what she was, and yet therfore
 With all his wit he hath done seke.
 Thus as they ligh in bedde and speke,

¹⁴⁵⁵ She prraith him and counseileth both,
 That for the worship of hem both
 So that her thought it were honeste
 He wolde an honourable feste
 Make er he went in that citee,

¹⁴⁶⁰ Where themperour him self shall be.
 He graunteth all that she him prайд.
 But as men in that time saide,
 This emperour fro thilke day
 That first his doughter went away

¹⁴⁶⁵ He was than after never gladde,
 But what that any man him badde
 Of grace for his doughter sake
 That grace wolde he nought forsake,
 And thus ful great almeffe he dede,

¹⁴⁷⁰ Wherof he hadde many a bede.

This emperour out of the towne,
 Within a ten mile enviroune,
 Where as it thought him for the beste
 Hath sondry places for to reste,
 1475 And as fortune wolde tho
 He was dwellend at one of tho.
 The kinge Allee forth with thassent
 Of Cufte his wife hath thider sent
 Morice his sone, as he was taught,
 1480 To themperour, and he goth straught
 And in his fader halve he sought
 As he, whiche his lordship sought,
 That of his highe worthinessse
 He wolde do so great mekenessse
 1485 His owne town to come and se
 And yive a time in the citee,
 So that his fader might him gete,
 That he wolde ones with him ete.
 This lorde hath graunted his requeste.
 1490 And whan the day was of the feste,
 In worship of her emperour
 The kinge and eke the senatour
 Forth with her wives bothe two,
 With many a lorde and lady mo,
 1495 On hors ride him ayeine,
 Till it befell upon a pleine
 They figh, where he was comend.
 With that Constance anone praiend
 Spake to her lord, that he abide,
 1500 So that I may to-fore ride

Qualiter Constancia,
 que antea per totum
 tempus exilii sui penes omnes incognitam
 se celavit, tunc de-
 dum patri suo impe-
 ratori se ipsam per
 omnia manifestavit,
 quod cum rex Allee
 scivisset, una cum uni-
 versa Romanorum
 multitudine ineftima-
 bili gaudio admiran-
 tes cunctipotentem
 laudarunt.

To ben upon his bienvenue
 The firste, which shall him salue.
 And thus after her lordes graunte
 Upon a mule white amblaunte
 1505 Forth with a fewe rode this quene.
 They wondred, what she wolde mene,
 And riden after softe pas.
 But whan this lady comen was
 To thumperour, in his presence
 1510 She faide aloude in audience :
 My lord, my fader, wel you be !
 And of this time that I se
 Your honour and your gode hele,
 Whiche is the helpe of my quarele,
 1515 I thonke unto the goddes might.
 For joie his herte was aflight
 Of that she tolde in remembraunce.
 And whan he wiste, it was Constance,
 Was never fader half so blithe.
 1520 Wepend he kiste her often sithe,
 So was his hert all overcome,
 For though his moder were come
 Fro deth to life out of the grave,
 He might no more wonder have
 1525 Than he hath, whan that he her sigh.
 With that her owne lord come nigh
 And is to thumperour obeied.
 And whan the fortune is bewreied,
 How that Constance is come aboute,
 1530 So harde an herte was none oute,

That he for pite tho ne wepte.
 Arcennus, which her fonde and kepte,
 Was thanne glad of that is falle,
 So that with joie among hem alle
 1535 They riden in at Rome gate.
 This emperour thought all to late,
 Till that the pope were come
 And of the lordes fende some
 To pray him, that he wolde haste.
 1540 And he cam forth in alle haste.
 And whan that he this tale herde,
 How wonderly this chaunce ferde,
 He thonketh god of his miracle,
 To whos might may be none obſtacle.
 1545 The king a noble feſte hem made,
 And thus they weren alle glad.
 A parlement er that they went
 They ſetten unto this entent,
 To putten Rome in full eſpeire,
 1550 That Morice was apparent heire
 And ſhulde abide with hem ſtille,
 For ſuch was all the londes wille.
 Whan every thing was fully ſpoke
 Of forwe and queint was all the smoke,
 1555 Tho toke his leve Allee the kinge
 And with full many a riche thinge
 Which themperour him hadde yive
 He goth a gladde life to live.
 For he Conſtance hath in his honde,
 1560 Which was the comfort of the londe.

Qualiter Mauricius
 cum imperatore ut
 heres imperii re-
 manſit et rex Allee
 et Conſtancia in
 Angliam regreſſi
 funt.

* Twixt Les granſſat, makes hiſ caper; Chaucer ſays that the pope made no enþor late

For whan that he cam home ayein,
There is no tunge that might fain,

What joie was that ilke stounde
Of that he hath his quene founde,

¹⁵⁶⁵ Which first was sent of goddes fonde,
Whan she was driven upon the stronde,
By whom the misbeleve of sinne
Was lefte and Cristes feith came inne
To hem that whilome were blinde.

¹⁵⁷⁰ But he, which hindreth every kinde

And for no gold may be forbought,
The deth commend er he besought
Toke with this king such acqueintaunce,
That he with all his retenaunce
Ne mighty nought defend his life,
And thus he parteth from his wife,
Which thanne made sorwe inough.

And therupon her herte drough
To leven Englond for ever

¹⁵⁸⁰ And go where that she hadde lever
To Rome whanne that she came.

And thus of all the lond she nam
Her leve, and goth to Rome ayein.

And after that the bokes sain

¹⁵⁸⁵ She was nought there but a throwe,
Whan deth of kinde hath overthrowe

De morte impera-
toris. Her worthy fader, which men faide
That he betwene her armes deide.

And afterward the yere suende

De morte Con-
stancie. Tho god hath made of her an ende,

Qualiter rex Allee
post biennium in
Anglia humane
carnis resolucio-
nem subiens nature
debitum perfoluit,
post cuius obitum
Constancia cum
patre suo Rome se
transtulit moratu-
ram.

And fro this worldes fairie
Hath take her into compaignie.

Morice her sone was corouned,
Which so ferforth was abandouned
To Cristes feith, that men him calle
Morice the christenest of alle.

And thus the whel meving of love
Was ate lafte set above.

And so, as thou hast herd to-fore,

1600 The false tunges weren lore,

Whiche upon love wolden lie.

Forthy touchend of this envie,
Which langath unto habbitingas

Which longeth unto bakbiting
Be ware thou make no lesinge

¹⁶⁰⁵ In hindring of another wight.

And if thou wolt be taught aright.

What mischefe bakbitinge doth,

By other waie a tale soth

Now might thou here next fuende,

1610 Which to this vice is accordende.

In a cronique as thou shalt wite

A great ensample I finde write,

Whiche I shall telle upon t
T. 1. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9.

Philip of Macedoine kinge

Whole fame yet in Greece is
Reaching the tenth.

Demetrius the little brother
Was both and Bersous that other

Demetrius men saiden the

¹⁶²⁹ The better knight was of the two

De coronacione
Mauricii, qui ad-
huc in cronicis
Mauricius impera-
tor christianissimus
nuncupatur.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra istos detraactores, qui in alterius vituperium mendacia confingentes diffamacionem fieri procurant. Etnarrat, qualiter Perseus, Philippi regis Macedonie filius, Demetrio fratri suo ob eius probitatem invidens, composito detractionis mendacio ipsum apud patrem suum mortaliter accusavit, dicens, ipse non solum patrem, sed et totum

Macedonie regnum
Romanis hostibus
proditorie vendidif-
set, quem super hoc in
judicium producens
testibusque judicibus
auro subornatis,
quamvis falsissime
morte condemnata-
tum evicit, quo de-
functo eciā et pater
infra breve postea
mortuus est. Et sic
Perseo successive reg-
nante deus huiusmodi
detractionis invidiam
abhorrens ipsum cum
universa suorum pug-
natorum multitudine
extra Danubii fluvi-
um ab Emilio tunc
Romanorum consule
eventu bellico inter-
fici fortunavit. Ita
quod ab illo die Ma-
cedonie potestas pe-
nituit destruēta Roma-
no imperio subjugata
deservivit, et eius de-
tractio, quam contra
alium conspiraverat,
in sui ipsius diffama-
cionem pro perpetuo
divulgata consistit.

To whom the lond was attendant
As he, whiche heir was apparant
To regne after his faders day.
But that thing, which no water may
Quenche in this world but ever brenneth,
Into his brothers hert it renneth,
The proud envie of that he fighe
His brother shulde climbe on highe,
And he to him mot than obeie
That may he suffre by no waie,
With strengthe durst he no thing fonde.
So toke he lefinge upon honde,
Whan he sīgh time and spake therto.
For it befell that time so
His fader grete werres hadde
With Rome, whiche he strecte ladde
Through mighty hond of his manhod,
As he which hath inough knighthod.
And ofte hem hadde sore greved.

1640 But er the werre wereacheved,
As he was upon ordenaunce
At home in Grece, it fell par chaunce
Demetrius, whiche ofte aboute
Ridend was, stood that time out,

1645 So that this Perse in his absence,
Which bar the tunge of pestilence
With false wordes whiche he feigneth
Upon his owne brother pleineth,
In private behinde his bake
1650 And to his fader thus he spake :

- My dere fader, I am holde
By way of kinde, as reson wolde
That I fro you shall nothing hide,
Which mighte torne in any side
1655 Of youre estate into grevaunce.
Forthyn hertes obeifaunce
Toward you I thenke kepe.
For it is good ye take kepe
Upon a thing, whiche is me tolde.
1660 My brother hath us alle folde
To hem of Rome, and you also,
For thanne they behote him so,
That he with hem shall regne in pees.
Thus hath he cast for his encres,
1665 That your estate shall go to nought.
And this to prove shall be brought
So ferforth, that I undertake
It shall nought wel mow be forfiske.
The kinge upon this tale answerd
1670 And said, if this thing which he herd
Be sooth and may be brought to prove,
It shall nought be to his behove,
Which so has shapen us the werste,
For he him self shall be the ferste
1675 That shall be dede, if that I may.
Thus afterwarde upon a day,
Whan that Demetrius was come,
Anone his fader hath him nome
And bad unto his brother Perse,
1680 That he his tale shall reherse

- Of thilke treson, whiche he tolde.
 And he whiche all untrouthe wolde
 Counseileth, that so high a nede
 Be treted, where as it may spedē,
 1685 In comun place of jugement.
 The king therto yaf his assent.
 Demetrius was put in holde,
 Wheroft that Perseus was bolde.
 Thus stood the trouth under the charge
 1690 And the falsehede goth at large,
 Which through behest hath overcome
 The greatest of the lordes some,
 That priveliche of his accorde
 They stonde as witnesse of recorde,
 1695 The juge was made favourable,
 Thus was the lawe deceivable,
 So ferforth that the trouthe fonde
 Rescousse none, and thus the londe
 Forth with the king deceived were.
 1700 The gilteles was dampned there
 And deide upon accusement.
 But suche a fals conspirement,
 Though it be prive for a throwe,
 God wolde nought it were unknowe,
 1705 And that was afterward wel proved
 In him, which hath the deth controvred,
 Of that his brother was so slaine.
 This Perseus was wonder faine
 As he, that tho was apparant
 1710 Upon the regne expectant,

- Wheroft he wax so proude and veine,
That he his fader in disdeigne
Hath take and sette at none accompte,
As he, which thought him to surmounte,
¹⁷¹⁵ That where he was first debonaire
He was tho rebell and contraire,
And nought as heir, but as a kinge
He toke upon him alle thinge
Of malice and of tirannie
¹⁷²⁰ In contempte of regalie
Livend his fader and so wrought,
That whan the fader him bethought
And fighe to whether side it drough,
Anone he wiste well inough,
¹⁷²⁵ How Perse after his false tonge
Hath so thenvious belle ronge,
That he hath slain his owne brother,
Wheroft as thanne he knew none other.
But sodeinly the juge he nome,
¹⁷³⁰ Which corrupt sat upon the dome,
In suche a wise and hath him pressed,
That he the soth him hath confessed
Of all that hath ben spoke and do.
More sory than the king was tho
¹⁷³⁵ Was never man upon this molde
And thought in certain, that he wolde
Vengeaunce take upon this wronge.
But thother partie was so stronge,
That for the lawe of no statute
¹⁷⁴⁰ There may no right ben execute.

And upon this division
 The lond was torned up so downe,
 Wherof his herte is so distraught,
 That he for pure sorwe hath caught
 1745 The maladie, of which nature
 Is queint in every creature.

And whan this king was passed thus,
 This false tungan Perseus
 The regiment hath underfonge.

- 1750 But there may nothing stonde longe,
 Whiche is nought upon trouthe grounded.
 For god, which hath al thinge bounded
 And sigh the falsehed of his guile,
 Hath set him but a litel while,
 1755 That he shall regne upon depose,
 For sodeinlich right as a rose
 So sodeinliche down he felle.

In thilke time so it befelle
 This newe king of newe pride
 1760 With strengthe shope him for to ride
 And saide he wolde Rome waste,
 Wherof he made a besy haste,
 And hath assembled him an host
 In all that ever he might most,
 1765 What man that might wepen bere
 Of all he wolde none forbere.
 So that it mighte nought be nombred
 The folke which was after encombred
 Through him, that god wolde overthrow.
 1770 Anon it was at Rome know

The pompe, which that Perse lad,
And the Romans that time had
A consul, which was cleped thus
By name Paul Emilius,

1775 A noble, a worthy knight withalle,
And he, which chef was of hem alle
This werre on honde hath undertake.

And whan he shulde his leve take
Of a yong doughter, which was his,

1780 She wepte, and he what cause it is
Her axeth, and she him answerde,
That Perse is dede, and he it herde
And wondreth what she mene wolde.

And she upon childehod him tolde,

1785 That Perse her litel hounde is dede.

With that he pulleth up his hede
And made right a glad visage
And said, how it was a presage
Touchend unto that other Perse,

1790 Of that fortune him shulde adverse.

He saith for suche a prenostike
Most of an hound was to him like,
For as it is an houndes kinde
To berke upon a man behinde,

1795 Right so behinde his brothers bake
With false wordes whiche he spake
He hath do slaine, and that is routh.
But he, whiche hateth all untrouth
The highe god it shall redresse.

1800 For so my doughter prophetesse

Forth with her litel houndes dethe
 Betokeneth, and thus forth he geth
 Comforted of this evidence

With the Romans in his defence

¹⁸⁰⁵ Ayein the Grekes that ben comende.

This Perseus as nought seende
 This mischef which that him abode
 With all his multitude rode

And prided him upon this thinge,

¹⁸¹⁰ Of that he was become a kinge,
 And howe he had his regne gete.

But he hath all the right foyete,
 Which longeth unto governaunce,
 Wherof through goddes ordenaunce

¹⁸¹⁵ It felle upon the winter tide,
 That with his hoste he shulde ride
 Over Danubie thilke flood,
 Whiche all beforfe thanne stood
 So harde, that he wende wele

¹⁸²⁰ To passe. But the blinde whele,
 Which torneth ofte er men be ware,
 Thilke ice, which that the horfmen bare,
 To-brake, so that a great partie
 Was dreint of the chivalrie,

¹⁸²⁵ The rerewarde it toke aweie,
 Came none of hem to londe drey.

Paulus this worthy knight Romain
 By his aspie it herde sain,
 And hasteth him all that he may,

¹⁸³⁰ So that upon that other day

He came, where he this host behelde,
 And that was in a large felde,
 Where the banners ben displaied.
 He hath anone his men arraied,
 1835 And whan that he was embatailed
 He goth and hath the felde affailed
 And slough and toke all that he fonde,
 Wheroft the Macedoine londe,
 Which through king Alisaundre honoured
 1840 Long time stood, tho was devoured
 To Perse and all that infortune
 They wite, so that the comune
 Of all the londe his heire exile,
 And he dispeired for the while
 1845 Desguised in a pouer wede
 To Rome goth, and there for nede
 The craft, which thilke time was,
 To worche in laton and in bras
 He lerneth for his sustenaunce.
 1850 Such was the sones purveiaunce.
 And of his fader it is faide,
 In strong prison that he was laide
 In Albe, where that he was dede
 For hunger and defaulte of brede.
 1855 The hounde was token and prophecie,
 That liche an hounde he shulde deie,
 Which lich was of condition,
 Whan he with his detraction
 Barke on his brother so behinde
 1860 Lo, what profit a man may finde,

Confessor.

Which hinder woll an other wight.
 Forthy with all thin hole might,
 My sone, escheue thilke vice.

Amans. My fader, elles were I nice.

1865 For ye therfore so well have spoke,
 That it is in min herte loke
 And ever shall, but of envie,
 If there be more in his bailie
 Towardes love, say me what.

Confessor. My sone, as guile under the hat
 With sleightes of a tregetour
 Is hid, envie of such colour
 Hath yet the fourthe deceivaunt,
 The whiche is cleped fals semblaunt,
 1875 Wheroft the mater and the forme
 Nowe herken, and I the shall enforme.

4. *Nil bilinguis aget, nisi duplo concinat ore,*
Dumque diem loquitur nox sua vota tegit.
Vultus habet lucem, tenebras mens, sermo salutem,
Actus sed morbum dat suus esse gravem.
Pax tibi, quam spondet, magis est prenóstica guerre,
Commoda si dederit, disce subesse dolum.
Quod patet esse fides, in eo fraus est que politi
Principium pacti finis habere negat.
O quem condicio talis deformat amantem,
Qui magis apparens est in amore nihil.

Hic tractat confessor super quarta specie invidie, que dissimulacio diciatur, cuius vultus quanto majoris amicicie apparen-
 ciam ostendit, tan-
 to subtilioris doli fallacias ad decipi-

Of fals semblaunt if I shall telle
 Above all other it is the welle,
 Out of the which deceipte floweth.
 There is no man so wise, that knoweth
 Of thilke flood, whiche is the tide,
 Ne howe he shulde him selven guide

- To take sauf passage there.
 And yet the wind to mannes ere
 1885 Is softe, and as it semeth oute
 It maketh clere weder all aboute.
 But though it feme, it is nougnt so.
 For fals semblaunt hath ever mo
 Of his counseil in compaignie
 1890 The derke untrewe ypocrisie,
 Whose word discordeth to his thought.
 Forthy they ben to-gider brought
 Of one covine, of one houshalde,
 As it shall after this be tolde.
 1895 Of fals semblaunt it nedeth nougnt
 To telle of olde ensamples ought.
 For all day in experience
 A man may see thilke evidence
 Of faire wordes, whiche he hereth.
 1900 But yet the barge envie stereth
 And halt it ever fro the londe,
 Where fals semblaunt with ore in honde
 It roweth and will nougnt arrive,
 But let it on the wawes drive
 1905 In great tempest and great debate,
 Wheroft that love and his estate
 Empeireth. And therfore I rede,
 My sone, that thou fle and drede
 This vice, and what that other fain
 1910 Let thy semblaunt be trewe and plein.
 For fals semblaunt is thilke vice,
 Which never was without office,

endum mens yma-
ginatur.

Where that envie thenketh to guile
 He shall be for that ilke while
 1415 Of prive counseil messagere.
 For whan his semblaunt is most clere
 Than is he most derke in his thought,
 Though men him se they knowe him nought.
 But as it sheweth in the glas
 1420 Thing which therinne never was,
 So sheweth it in his visage
 That never was in his corage.
 Thus doth he all his thing by sleighte.
 Now lith thy conscience in weighte,
 1425 My gode sone, and shrive the here
 If thou were ever custumere
 To fals semblaunt in any wife.

Confessio amantis. For ought I can me yet avise,
 My gode fader, certes no,
 1430 If I for love have ought don so,
 Now axeth, I wolde pray you.
 For elles I wot never how
 Of fals semblaunt that I have gilt.

Confessor. My sone, and sithen that thou wilt,
 1435 That I shall axe, gabbe nought,
 But telle, if ever was thy thought
 With fals semblaunt and coverture
 To wite of any creature,
 How that he was with love ladde,
 1440 So were he sory, were he gladde.
 Whan than thou wistest howe it were
 All that he rouned in thin ere,

- Thou toldest forth in other place
To setten him fro loves grace,
¹⁹⁴⁵ Of what woman that the best liste.
There as no man his counseil wiste
But thou, by whom he was deceived
Of love and from his purpose weived,
And thoughtest that his disturbance
¹⁹⁵⁰ Thin owne cause shuld avaunce,
As who faith, I am so fely,
There may no mannes private
Ben heled half so well as min.
Art thou, my sone, of such engin?
¹⁹⁵⁵ Tell on. My gode fader, nay,
As for the more part I saie.
But of somedele I ambeknowe,
That I may stonde in thilke rowe
Amonges hem, that saundres use.
¹⁹⁶⁰ I woll nought me therof excuse,
That I with such colour ne steine,
Whan I my beste semblant feigne
To my felow, till that I wote
All his counseil both colde and hote.
¹⁹⁶⁵ For by that cause I make him chere,
Till I his love knowe and here.
And if so be min herte soucheth,
That ought unto my lady toucheth
Of love, that he woll me telle,
¹⁹⁷⁰ Anon I renne unto the welle
And caste water in the fire,
So that his cart amid the mire

- By that I have his counseil knowe
 Full ofte sith I overthrowe,
 1975 Whan that he weneth best to stonde.
 But this I do you understande,
 If that a man love elles where,
 So that my lady be noughe there,
 And he me tell, I will it hide,
 1980 There shall no worde escape aside.
 For with deceipt of no semblaunt
 To him breke I no covenant.
 Me liketh noughe in other place
 To lette no man of his grace
 1985 Ne for to ben inquisitife
 To knowe an other mannes life,
 Where that he love or love noughe,
 That toucheth nothing to my thought.
 But all it passeth through min ere
 1990 Right as a thing that never were
 And is foryete and laid beside.
 But if it toucheth any fide
 My lady, as I have er spoken,
 Min eres ben thanne noughe loken.
 1995 For certes whanne that betit,
 My will, min herte and all my wit
 Ben fully set to herken and spire,
 What any man woll speke of hire.
 Thus have I feigned compaignie
 2000 Full ofte, for I wolde aspie
 What thinge it is, that any man
 Tell of my worthy lady can.

- And for two causes I do this.
The firste cause wheroft is,
²⁰⁰⁵ If that I might of herken and seke
That any man of her misspeke,
I woll excuse her so fully,
That whan she wist it inderly,
Min hope shulde be the more
²⁰¹⁰ To have her thank for evermore.
That other cause, I you assure,
Is, why that I by covverture
Have feigned semblaunt ofte time
To hem that passen all day byme
²⁰¹⁵ And ben lovers als well as I.
For this I wene truely,
That there is of hem alle none,
That they ne loven everychone
My lady. For sothlich I leve
²⁰²⁰ And durste setten it in preve,
Is none so wise that shulde asterte,
But he were lustles in his herte,
For why and he my lady sigh,
Her visage and her goodlich eye,
²⁰²⁵ But he her loved, er he went.
And for that suche is min entent,
That is the cause of min aspie,
Why that I feigne compaignie
And make felowe over all.
²⁰³⁰ For gladly wolde I knownen all
And holde me covert alway,
That I full ofte ye or nay

- Ne list answere in any wife,
 But feignen semblaunt as the wife
 2035 And herken tales, till I knowe
 My ladies lovers all arowe.
 And whan I here, how they have wrought,
 I fare as though I herd it nought
 And as I no worde understood.
- 2040 But that is nothing for her good.
 For leveth well, the soth is this,
 That whan I knowe all how it is,
 I woll but furthren hem a lite,
 But all the werste I can endite
- 2045 I tell it unto my lady plat
 For furthering of min own estate
 And hinder hem all that ever I may.
 But for all that yet dare I say,
 I finde unto my self no bote,
- 2050 All though min herte nedes mote
 Through strength of love al that I here
 Discover unto my lady dere.
 For in good feith I have no might
 To hele fro that swete wight,
- 2055 If that it toucheth her any thinge.
 But this wote wel the heven kinge,
 That sifthen first the world began
 Unto none other straunge man
 Ne feigned I semblaunt ne chere
- 2060 To wite or axe of his matere,
 Though that he loved ten or twelve,
 Whan it was nought my ladies felve.

But if he wold axe any rede
 Alonlich of his owne hede,
 2065 How he with other love ferde,
 His tales with min eres I herde,
 But to min herte came it nougnt
 Ne fank no deper in my thought
 But held counseil, as I was bede,
 2070 And tolde it never in other stede,
 But let it passen as it come.
 Now fader, say, what is thy dome,
 And how thou wolt, that I be peined
 For such semblaunt as I have feigned.

2075 My sone, if reson woll be peised,
 There may no vertue ben unpreised
 Ne vice none be set in pris.
 Forthy, my sone, if thou be wise
 Do no viser upon thy face,
 2080 Which wolde nougnt thin hert embrace.
 For if thou do, within a throwe
 To other men it shall be knowe,
 So might thou lightly fall in blame
 And lese a great part of thy name.
 2085 And netheles in this degre
 Full ofte time thou might se
 Of suche men, as now a day
 This vice setten in assay,
 I speke it for no mannes blame
 2090 But for to warne the the same.
 My sone, as I may here talke
 In every place where I walke,

Confessor.

- I not, if it be so or none,
 But it is many daies gone,
 2095 That I first herde telle this,
 How fals semblaunt hath be and is
 Most comunly from yere to yere
 With hem that dwelle among us here,
 Of suche as we Lumbardes calle.
 2100 For they ben the fliest of alle
 So as men sain in towne about
 To feigne and sheue thing without,
 Whiche is revers to that withinne,
 Wheroft they full ofte winne,
 2105 Whan they by reson shulde lese.
 They ben the laist and yet they chefe,
 And we the firste and yet behinde
 We gone, there as we shulden finde
 The profit of our owne londe,
 2110 Thus gone they free withouten bonde
 To done her profit all at large,
 And other men bere all the charge,
 Of Lumbardes unto this covine,
 Whiche alle londes conne engine,
 2115 May fals semblaunt in especiall
 Be likened, for they over all,
 Where that they thenken for to dwelle,
 Among hem self, so as they telle,
 First ben enformed for to lere
 2120 A craft, which cleped is facrere.
 For if facrere come about,
 Than afterward hem stant no doubt

- To voide with a subtil honde
 The beste goodes of the londe
 2125 And bringe chaffe and take corne,
 Where as facrere goth beforne
 In all his waie he fint no lette,
 That dore can none ussher shette,
 In whiche he list to take entre.
 2130 And thus the counseil most secre
 Of every thing facrere knoweth,
 Whiche into straunge place he bloweth,
 Where as he wote it may most greve.
 And thus facrere maketh beleve,
 2135 So that full ofte he hath deceived,
 Er that he may ben apperceived.
 Thus is this vice for to drede,
 For who these olde bokes rede
 Of suche ensamples as were er,
 2140 Him oughte be the more ware
 Of alle tho that feigne chere,
 Wheroft thou shalte a tale here.
 Of fals semblant, whiche is beleved,
 Ful many a worthy wight is greved,
 2145 And was long time or we were bore.
 To the, my sone, I will therfore
 A tale tell of fals semblaunt,*
 Which falseth many a covenauant
 And many a fraude of fals counsel
 2150 There ben hangend upon his fail.
 And that aboughten gilteles
 Both Deianire and Hercules,

Hic ponit confessio exemplum contra istos, qui sub dissimilate benivolencie speculo alios in amore defraudant, et narrat, qualiter Hercules, cum ipse quoddam fluvium cuius vada non novit cum Deianira transmeare propositus, superveniens Nessus gygas ob amiciciam Herculis, ut dixit, Deianiran in ulnas suas fuscipiens transripam salvo perduxit. Et statim cum

* Tal. Deianira & Hercules, for so said me the Thracians, giant; a tale of violence somewhat shorted by Gower.

ad litus pervenisset,
quam cito currere potuit, ipsam tanquam
propriam in prejudicium Herculis aspor-
tare fugiens conabantur. Per quod non
solum ipsi sed etiam
Herculi mortis even-
tum fortuna postmo-
dum causavit.

- The whiche in great disese fell
Through fals semblaunt, as I shall tell.
Whan Hercules within a throwe
All only hath his herte throwe
Upon this faire Deianire,
It fell him on a day desire,
Upon a river as he stood
That passe he wolde over the flood
Without bote and with him lede
His love, but he was in drede
For tendresse of that swete wight,
For he knewe nought the forde aright.
2165 There was a geaunt thanne nigh,
Which Nessus hight, and whan he sigh
This Hercules and Deianire,
Within his herte he gan conspire
As he, which through his trecherie
2170 Hath Hercules in great envie,
Whiche he bare in his herte loke,
And than he thought it shall be wroke.
But he ne durste netheles
Ayein this worthie Hercules
2175 Fall in debate as for to feight,
But feigned semblaunt all by sleight
Of frenfship and of alle good,
And cometh, where as they both stood,
And maketh hem all the chere he can
2180 And faith, that as her owne man
He is all redy for to do
What thinge he may, and it fel so,

- That they upon this semblaunt triste
And axen him, if that he wiste
2185 What thinge hem were best to done,
So that they mighten sauf and sone
The water passe, he and she.
And whan Nessus the private
Knew of her herte what it ment
2190 As he, that was of double entent,
He made hem right a glad visage.
And whan he herde of the passage
Of him and her, he thoughte guile
And feigneth semblant for a while
2195 To done hem plesaunce and servise,
But he thought all an other wise.

This Nessus with his wordes sligh
Yaf such counseil to-fore her eye,
Which semeth outward profitable
2200 And was withinne deceivable.
He bad hem of the stremes depe
That they beware and take kepe,
So as they knowe nought the pas.
But for to helpe in suche a cas
2205 He faith him self, that for her ese
He wolde, if that it myghte hem plese,
The passage of the water take
And for this lady undertake
To bere her to that other stronde
2210 And sauf to set her up a londe,
And Hercules may than also
The waie knowe, how he shall go.

- And herto they accorden all.
 But what as after shall befall
 2215 Well paid was Hercules of this.
 And this geaunt also glad is
 And toke this lady up alofte
 And set her on his shulder softe
 And in the flood began to wade
 2220 As he, which no grucchinge made,
 And bare her over sauf and founde.
 But whan he stood on drie grounde
 And Hercules was fer behinde,
 He set his trouth all out of minde,
 2225 Who so therof be lefe or loth
 With Deianire forth he goth,
 As he that thoughte to disfever
 The compaignie of hem for ever.
 Whan Hercules therof toke hede,
 2230 As faste as ever he might him sped
 He hieth after in a throwe.
 And hapneth that he had a bowe,
 The whiche in alle hast he bende,
 As he that wolde an arwe fende,
 2235 Whiche he to-fore had envenimed.
 He hath so well his shotte timed,
 That he him through the body smette
 And thus the false wight he lette.
 But list now, suche a felonie.
 2240 Whan Nessus wist he shulde deie,
 He toke to Deianire his sherte,
 Which with the blood was of his herte

Through out disteigned over all,
 And tolde how she it kepe shall
 2245 And prively to this entent,
 That if her lorde his herte went
 To love in any other place,
 This shert he faith hath suche a grace,
 That if she may so mochel make,
 2250 That he the sherte upon him take,
 He shall all other lette in veine
 And torne unto her love ayeine.

Who was so glad but Deianire ?
 Her thought her herte was on a fire,
 2255 Till it was in her cofre loke,
 So that no word therof was spoke.

The daies gone, the yeres passe,
 The hertes waxen lasse and lasse
 Of hem, that ben to love untrewe.

2260 This Hercules with herte newe
 His love hath set on Eolen,
 And therof speken alle men.

This Eolen, this faire maide
 Was as men thilke time faide

2265 The kinges doughter of Eurice.

And she made Hercules so nice
 Upon her love and so affote,[†]
 That he him clotheth in her cote,
 And she in his was clothed ofte.

2270 And thus feblesse is set alofte,
 And strengthe was put under fote.
 There can no man therof do bote.

* Iolen, here confounded with Eolen, &c. See, Faerie, v. 5, 24. i.e. daughter of Eole, King of Oceanus, and wife of Hercules.

† See Eolen first fille à l'empereur d'Eurice. Traité vii, pt 2.

Whan Deianire hath herd this speche,
 There was no forwe for to seche,
 2275 Of other helpe wot she none,
 But goth unto her cofre anone,
 With wepend eye and wofull herte
 She toke out thilke unhappy sherte,
 As she that wende wel to do,
 2280 And brought her werke aboute so,
 That Hercules this shert on dede
 To suche entent, and as she was bede
 Of Nessus, so as I said er.
 But therof was she nougthe the ner,
 2285 As no fortune may be weived,
 With fals semblant she was deceived.
 But whan she wende best have wonne,
 She lost all that she hath begonne.
 For thilke shert unto the bone
 2290 His body sette a fire anone
 And cleveth so, it may nougthe twinne
 For the venim, that was therinne.
 And he than as a wilde man
 Unto the highe wode he ran,
 2295 And as the clerke Ovide telleth,
 The grete trees to grounde he felleth
 With strengthe of his owne might
 And made an hughe fire upright
 And lept therin him self at ones
 2300 And brent him self both flesh and bones,
 Which thinge cam through fals semblant,
 That false Nessus the geaunt

Made unto him and to his wife,
Wheroft he hath lost his life,
2305 And she sory for evermo.

Forthy my fone, er the be wo
I rede, be wel ware therfore.
For whan so great a man was lore,
It ought to yive a great conceipt
2310 To warne all other of such deceipt.

Graunt mercy, fader, I am ware
So fer, that I no more dare
Of fals semblaunt take acqueintaunce.
But rather I wol do penaunce,
2315 That I have feigned chere er this.

Now axeth forth, what so there is
Of that belongeth to my shrifte.

My fone, yet there is the fifte,
Whiche is conceived of envie
2320 And cleped is supplantarie,
Through whos campassement and guile
Ful many a man hath lost his while
In love as wel as other wife
Here after as I shall devise.

Invidus alterius est supplantator honoris
Et tua quo vertat culmina subtus arat.
*Est opus occultum, quasi que latet anguis in herba**
Quod facit, et subita forte nocivus adeat.
Sic subtilis amans alium supplantat amantem
Et capit occulte, quod nequit ipse palam,
Sepeque supplantans in plantam plantat amoris,
Quod putat in propriis alter habere bonis.

2325 The vice of supplantacion
With many a fals collacion,

Confessor.

Amans.

Confessor.

5.

Hic tractat confes-
for de quinta specie
invidie, que sup-

* Virgil, Eccl. III, 12. See my note on Shaks. pl. Macbeth, 2, 5 L.

plantacio dicitur,
cuius cultor priuif-
quam percipiatur
aliene dignitatis et
officij multociens
intrusor existit.

Whiche he conspireth all unknowe,
Full ofte time hath overthrowe
The worship of another man.

So wel no life awaite can
Ayein his sleighe for to caste,
That he his purpose ate laste
Ne hath, er that it be withset.

But most of all his hert is set

²³³⁵ In court upon these great offices
Of dignites and benifices.

Thus goth he with his sleighe about
To hinder and shove another out
And stonden with his sligh compas

²³⁴⁰ In stede there another was,
And so to set him selven inne.

He recheth nought be so he winne
Of that another man shall lese,
And thus full ofte chalk for chefe

²³⁴⁵ He chaungeth with full litel coste,
Wherof another hath the loste
And he the profit shall receive.

For his fortune is to deceive
And for to chaunge upon the whele

²³⁵⁰ His wo with other mennes wele,
Of that another man availeth

His own estate thus he up haileth
And taketh the brid to his beyete,
Where other men the bushes bete.

²³⁵⁵ My sone, and in the same wife
There ben lovers of suche emprise,

- That shapen hem to be relieved,
 Where it is wronge to ben achieved.
 For it is other mannes right
 2360 Whiche he hath taken day and night
 To kepe for his owne store
 Toward him self for evermore
 And is his proper by the lawe,
 Which thing that axeth no felawe,
 2365 If love holde his covenauant.
 But they that worchen by supplant,
 Yet wolden they a man supplant
 And take a part of thilke plant,
 Whiche he hath for him selve set.
 2370 And so ful ofte is all unknet,
 That some man weneth be right faste.
 For supplauant with his flie caste
 Full ofte happeneth for to mowe
 Thing, which another man hath sowe,
 2375 And maketh comun of proprete
 With sleighte and with subtilte,
 As men may sen from yere to yere.
 Thus claimeth he the bote to stere,
 Of whiche another maister is.
 2380 Forthy my sone, if thou er this
 Hast ben of such profession,
 Discover thy confession,
 Hast thou supplanted any man?
 For ought that I you telle can,
 2385 Min holy fader, as of dede
 I am withouten any drede

Hic in amoris causa
 opponit confessor
 amanti super eodem.

Confessio amantis.

- And gilteles, but of my thought
 My conscience excuse I nought.
 For were it wronge or were it right,
 2390 Me lacketh no thinge but might,
 That I ne wolde longe er this
 Of other mannes love iwis
 By way of supplantation
 Have made appropriation
 2395 And holde that I never bought,
 Though it another man forthought.
 And all this speke I but of one,
 For whom I let all other gone.
 But her I may nought overpasfe,
 2400 That I ne mote alway compasse,
 Me rought nought by what queintise,
 So that I might in any wise
 Fro suche, that my lady serve,
 Her herte make for to swerve
 2405 Withoute any part of love.
 For by the goddes alle above
 I wolde it mighte so befalle,
 That I alone shuld hem alle
 Supplant and welde her at my wille.
 2410 And that thing may I nought fulfille,
 But if I shulde strengthe make.
 And that I dare nought undertake,
 Though I were as was Alifaunder,
 For therof might arise a sclaunder.
 2415 And certes that shall I do never,
 For in good feith yet had I lever

In my simplesse for to deie,
Than worche such supplantarie.
Of other wife I woll nought say,
2420 That if I founde a fiker way,
I wolde as for conclusioun
Worche after supplantacion
So highe a love for to winne.
Now fader, if that this be finne,
2425 I am all redy to redresse
The gilt, of whiche I me confesse.
My gode sone, as of supplant
The there nought drede tant ne qu
As for no thing that I have herde,
2430 But only that thou hast misferde
Thenkend and that me liketh noug
For god beholt a mannes thought.
And if thou understood in soth
In loves cause what it doth
2435 A man to ben a supplantour,
Thou woldest for thin own honour
By double waie take kepe.
First for thin own estate to kepe
To be thy self so well bethought,
2440 That thou supplanted were nought
And eke for worship of thy name
Towardes other do the same
And suffre every man have his.
But netheles it was and is,
2445 That in awaite at all affaies
Supplant of love in our waies

Confessor.

The lief full ofte for the lever
 Forsaketh, and so it hath done ever.
 Ensample I finde therupon,

Qualiter Agamemnon de amore Brex-eide Achillem, et Diomedes de amore Criseide Troilum supplantavit.

At Troie how that Agamemnon
 Supplanted the worthy knight
 Achilles for that swete wight,
 Which named was Brisseida,[†]

And also of Criseida,

²⁴⁵⁵ Whom Troilus to love ches,
 Supplanted hath Diomedes,[†]

Qualiter Amphitron solum suum Getam, qui Alcmenam peramavit, se ipsum loco alterius cautelosa supplantacione substituit.

Of Geta and Amphitrite,
 That whilom were both as one
 Of frendship and of compaignie,
 I rede how that supplantarie

In love, as it betid tho,
 Beguiled hath one of hem two.

For this Geta, that I of mene,
 To whom the lusty faire Alcmene

²⁴⁶⁵ Assured was by way of love,
 Whan he best wende have ben above
 And fikereſt of that he hadde,
 Cupido so the cause ladde,
 That while he was out of the way,

²⁴⁷⁰ Amphitron her love away
 Hath take and in this forme he wrought.
 By night unto the chambre he sought,
 Where that ſhe lay, and with a wile
 He counterfeteth for the while.

²⁴⁷⁵ The vois of Get in ſuche a wife,
 That made her of her bedde arife

- Wenende, that it were he,
 And lete him in, and whan they be
 To-gider a bedde in armes faste,
 2480 This Geta cam than ate laste
 Unto the dore and saide: undo.
 And she answerd and badde him go
 And saide, how that abed all warme
 Her lief lay naked in her arme.
 2485 She wende, that it were soth.
 Lo, what supplant of love doth.
 This Geta forth bajaped went,
 And yet ne wist he, what it ment.
 Amphitron him hath supplanted
 2490 With sleight of love and her enchaunted,
 And thus put every man out other.
 The ship of love hath lost his rother,
 So that he can no reson stere.
 And for to speke of this matere
 2495 Touchende love and his supplaunt
 A tale, whiche is accordaunt,
 Unto thin ere I thenke enforme.
 Now herken, for this is the forme.
 Of thilke citee chefe of alle,
 2500 Which men the noble Rome calle,
 Er it was set to Cristes feith,
 There was, as the cronique saith,
 An emperour, the whiche it ladde
 In pees, that he no werres hadde.
 2505 There was no thing disobeifaunt,
 Which was to Rome appertenaunt,

Hic in amoris causa
 contra fraudem detractionis ponit con-
 fessor exemplum et
 narrat de quodam
 Romani imperatoris
 filio, qui probitates
 armorum super omnia
 exercere affectans
 nesciente patre ultra
 mare in partes Persie
 ad deservendum sol-
 dano super guerras
 cum solo milite tan-

quam socio suo ignotus se transtulit, et cum ipsius milicie fama super alios ibidem celsior accreviſſet, contigit, ut in quodam bello contra caliphum Egipti inito soldanus a sagitta mortaliter vulneratus priusquam moreretur quendam annulum filie sue secretissimum iſto nobili Romano tradidit dicens, qualiter filia sua sub paterne benedictionis vinculo adjurata est, quod quicunque diectum annulum ei afferret, ipsum in conjugem pre omnibus susciperet. Defuncto autem soldano versus civitatem, que Kaire dicitur, itinerantes iste Romanus commilitoni suo huius misterii secretum revelavit, qui noctanter a bursa domini sui annulum furto surripiens hec, que audivit, usui proprio falfissima supplancione applicuit, et sic servus pro domino despontata sibi soldani filia coronatus Persie regnavit.

1530

1535

But all was torned into rest.
 To some it thought hem for the best,
 To some it thought nothinge so.
 And that was only unto tho,
 Whose herte stood upon knighthode.
 But most of alle his manhode
 The worthy sone of themperour,
 Which wolde ben a werriour,
 As he, that was chivalrous
 Of worldes fame and desirous,
 Began his fader to besuche,
 That he the werres mighte seche
 In straunge marches for to ride.
 His fader faide he shulde abide
 And wolde graunte him no leve.
 But he, which wolde nought beleve,
 A knight of his, to whom he trifst,
 So that his fader nothing wist,
 He toke and tolde him his corage,
 That he purposeth a viage,
 If that fortune with him stonde.
 He said how that he wolde fonde
 The grete see to passe unknowe
 And there abide for a throwe
 Upon the werres to travaile.
 And to this point withoute faile
 This knight, whan he hath herde his lorde,
 Is swore and stant of his accorde.
 And they that bothe yonge were,
 So that in prive counseil there

- They ben assented for to wende
 And therupon to make an ende
 Tresure inough with hem they token.
 2540 And whan the time is best they loken
 That sodeinlich in a galeie
 Fro Rome-lond they went their waie
 And londed upon that other side.
 The worlde fell so thilke tide,
 2545 Whiche ever his happes hath diverse,
 The grete souldan than of Perse
 Ayein the caliphe of Egipte
 A werre, which that him beclipte,
 Hath in a marche costeaunt.
 2550 And he, which was a purfuaunt
 Worship of armes to atteigne,
 This Romain let anon ordeigne,
 That he was redy every dele.
 And whan he was arraied wele
 2555 Of every thing, which him belongeth,
 Straught unto Kaire his wey he fongeth,
 Wher he the souldan thanne fonde
 And axeth, that within his londe
 He might him for the werre serve
 2560 As he, which woll his thank deserve.
 The souldan was right glad withall
 And well the more in speciall,
 Whan that he wist he was Romain.
 But what was elles incertain
 2565 That might he wite by no way.
 And thus the knight of whom I say

Appone of wende the capital of Rome by Ciceron

Toward the souldan is belefte
 And in the marches now and eft,
 Where that the dedly werres were,
 2570 He wroughte such knighthode there,
 That every man spake of him good.
 And thilke time so it stood,
 This mighty souldan by his wife
 A daughter hath, that in this life
 2575 Men saide there was none so faire,
 She shulde ben her faders heire,
 And was of yeres ripe inough,
 Her beaute many an herte drough
 To bowen to that ilke lawe,
 2580 Fro which no life may be withdrawe.
 And that is love, whose nature
 Set life and deth in a venture
 Of hem, that knighthode undertake.
 This lusty peine hath overtake
 2585 The hert of this Romain so sore,
 That to knighthode more and more
 Prowesse avaunteth his corage.
 Lich to the leon in his rage,
 Fro whom that alle bestes fle,
 2590 Such was this knight in his degré.
 Where he was armed in the felde,
 Ther durste none abide his shelde.
 Great price upon the werre he hadde.
 But she, whiche all the chaunce ladde,
 2595 Fortune shope the marches so,
 That by thaffent of bothe two

The souldan and the caliphe eke
Bataile upon a day they seke,
Which was in fuche a wise set,
2600 That lenger shulde it nought be let.
They made hem stronge on every side,
And whan it drough toward the tide,
That the bataile shulde be,
The souldan in great private
2605 A gold ringe of his doughter toke
And made her swere upon a boke
And eke upon the goddes all,
That if fortune so befall
In the bataile that he deie,
2610 That she shall thilke man obeie
And take him to her husebonde,
Which thilke same ring to honde
Her shulde bringe after his deth.
This hath she swore, and forth he geth
2615 With all the power of his londe
Unto the marche, where he fonde
His enemy full embatailed.
The souldan hath the feld assailed.
They that ben hardy sone assemblen,
2620 Wheroft the dredfull hertes tremblen.
That one sleeth, and that other sterveth,
But aboven all his prisef deserveth
This knightly Romain, where he rode
His dedly swerd no man abode,
2625 Ayein the which was no defence,
Egipte fledde in his presence,

And they of Perse upon the chace
 Purfuen, but I not what grace
 Befell, an arwe out of a bowe
 2630 All fodeinly within a throwe
 The souldan smote, and there he lay.
 The chas is left for thilke day,
 And he was bore into a tent.
 The souldan sigh how that it went,
 2635 And that he shulde algate deie.
 And to this knight of Romainie,
 As unto him, whome he most triste,
 His daughters ring that none it wiste
 He toke and tolde him all the cas,
 2640 Upon her othe what token it was,
 Of that she shulde ben his wife.
 Whan this was said, the hertes life
 Of this souldan departeth sone.
 And therupon, as was to done,
 2645 The dede body well and faire,
 They carry till they come at Kaire,
 There he was worthely begrave.
 The lordes, whiche as wolden save
 The regne, which was desolate,
 2650 To bringe it into good estate
 A parlement they set anone.
 Now herken what fell therupon.
 This yonge lord, this worthy knight
 Of Rome upon the same night,
 2655 That they a morwe trete sholde,
 Unto his bacheler he tolde

- His counseil and the ring with al
 He sheweth, through which that he shall,
 He faith, the kinges doughter wedde,
- ²⁶⁶⁰ For so the ring was leid to wedde,
 He tolde, into her faders honde,
 That with what man that she it fonde
 She shulde him take unto her lorde.
 And thus, he faith, stant^l of record.
- ²⁶⁶⁵ But no man wot who hath this ring.
 This bacheler upon this thing
 His ere and his entente laid
 And thoughte more than he said
 And feigneth with a fals visage,
- ²⁶⁷⁰ That he was glad, but his corage
 Was all set in another wife.
 These olde philosophres wife
 They writen upon thilke while,
 That he may best a man beguile
- ²⁶⁷⁵ In whom the man hath most credence.
 And this befell in evidence
 Toward this yonge lord of Rome.
 His bacheler, which hadde come,
 Whan that his lorde by night slepte,
- ²⁶⁸⁰ This ring, the which his maister kepte,
 Out of his purs awey he dede
 And put another in the stede.
 A morwe whan the court is set
 The yonge lady was forth fet,
- ²⁶⁸⁵ To whom the lordes done homage,
 And after that of mariage

- They treten and axen of her wille.
 But she, which thoughte to fulfille
 Her faders heft in this matere,
 2690 Said openly, that men may here,
 The charge whiche her fader bad.
 Tho was this lorde of Rome glad
 And drough toward his purs anone,
 But all for nougnt, it was agone.
 2695 His bacheler it hath forth drawe
 And axeth therupon the lawe,
 That she him holde covenauant.
 The token was so suffisaunt,
 That it ne mighte be forsake.
 2700 And nethenes his lorde hath take
Quarele ayein his owne man,
 But for no thing that ever he can
 He might as thanne nougnt be herde,
 So that his claime is unanswerde,
 2705 And he hath of his purpos failed.
 This bacheler was tho counseiled
 And wedded and of thilke empire
 He was corouned lord and fire,
 And all the lond him hath received,
 2710 Wheroft his lord, which was deceived,
 A siknesse er the thridde morwe
 Conceived hath of dedly forwe.
 And as he lay upon his deth,
 There while him lasteth speche and breth
 2715 He fende for the worthiest
 Of all the londe and eke the best

And tolde hem all the fothe tho,
 That he was sone and heire also
 Of themperour of grete Rome,
 2720 And how that they to-gider come
 This knight and he, right as it was
 He tolde hem all the pleine cas.
 And for that he his counseil tolde,
 That other hath all that he wolde
 2725 And he hath failed of his mede.
 As for the good he taketh none hede,
 He faith, but only of the love,
 Of which he wend have ben above.
 And therupon by letter write
 2730 He doth his fader for to wite
 Of all the mater how it stode.
 And thanne with an hertely mode
 Unto the lordes he besought
 To tell his lady howe he bought
 2735 Her love, of whiche another gladdeth.
 And with that worde his hewe fadeth
 And saide: a dieu my lady swete.
 The life hath lost his kindely hete,
 And he lay dede as any stone,
 2740 Wheroft was fory many one,
 But none of alle so as she.
 This false knight in his degré
 Areſted was and put in holde.
 For openly whan it was tolde
 2745 Of the trefon, whiche is befalle,
 Throughout the lond they saiden alle,

- If it be soth, that men suppose
 His owne untrouth him shall depose.
 And for to seche an evidence
- 2750 With honour and great reverence,
 Wheroft they mighte knowe an ende,
 To themperour anon they fende
 The letter, whiche his sone wrote.
 And whan that he the fothe wote,
- 2755 To tell his forwe is endeles,
 But yet in haste netheles,
 Upon the tale, whiche he herde,
 His steward into Perse ferde
 With many a worthy Romain eke
- 2760 His lege tretour for to feke.
 And whan they thider come were,
 This knight him hath confeffed there,
 How falsly that he hath him bore,
 Wheroft his worthy lord was lore.
- 2765 Tho saiden some he shulde deie,
 But yet they founden such a weie,
 That he shall nought be dede in Perse.
 And thus the skilles ben diverse
 By cause that he was coroned,
- 2770 Of that the lond was abandoned
 To him, all though it were unright.
 There is no peine for him dight,
 But to this point and to this ende
 They graunten wel, that he shall wende
- 2775 With the Romans to Rome ayein.
 And thus accorded full and plein

- The quicke body with the dede
 With leve take forth they lede,
 Where that supplant hath his juise.
- 2780 Wheroft thou the might avise
 Upon this enformatcion
 Touchend of supplantacion,
 That thou, my sone, do nought so.
 And for to take hede also
- 2785 What supplant doth in other halve
 There is no man can finde a falve
 Pleinly to helen suche a fore.
 It hath and shall ben evermore,
 Whan pride is with envie joint,
- 2790 He suffreth no man in good point,
 Where that he may his honour let.
 And therupon if I shall set
 Ensample, in holy chirche I finde
 How that supplant is nought behinde.
- 2795 God wote, if that it now be so.
 For in cronique of time ago
 I finde a tale concordable
 Of supplant, which that is no fable,
 In the maner as I shall telle
- 2800 So as whilom the thinges felle.
 * At Rome as it hath ofte falle
 The viker generall of alle
 Of hem that leven Cristes feith
 His laste day, which none with-faith,
- 2805 Hath shette as to the worldes eye,
 Whos name, if I shall specifie,

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra istos in causa dignitatis adquirende supplantatores. Et narrat, qualiter papa Bonifacius predecessor rem suum Celestimum a papatu contrajecata circumvencione

fraudulenter supplanted
tavit. Sed qui poten-
tes a fede deponit,
huiusmodi supplantationis fraudem non
sustinens, ipsum sic in
sublime exaltatum
postea in profundi
carceris miseriam pro-
ici fameque siti cruci-
ari nec non et ab
huius vite gaudiis do-
lorosa morte supplantari finali conclusione
permisit.

2815

2820

2825

2830

2835

He highte pope Nicholas.
And thus whan that he passed was,
The cardinals, that wolden save
The forme of lawe in the conclave,
Gon for to chese a newe pope,
And after that they couthe agrope
Hath eche of hem said his entent.
Til ate laste they assent
Upon an holy clerk recluse,
Which full was of godly vertuse.
His pacience and his simplesse
Hath set him into highe noblesse.
Thus was he pope canonised
With great honour and intronised.
And upon chaunce, as it is falle,
His name Celestin men calle,
Which notified was by bulle
To holy chirche and to the fulle
In alle londes magnified.
But every worship is envied,
And that was thilke time sene.
For whan this pope, of whome I mene,
Was chose and other set beside,
A cardinal was thilke tide,
Which the papate long hath desired
And therupon gretely conspired.
But whan he figh fortune is failed,
For which long time he hath travailed,
That ilke fire, whiche Ethna brenneth,
Throughout his wofull herte renneth,

Whiche is resembled to envie,
Wherof supplant and trecherie
Engendred is. And netholes

2840 He feigneth love, he feigneth pees.
Outward he doth the reverence,
But all within his conscience
Through fals ymagination
He thoughte supplantacion.

2845 And therupon a wonder wile
He wrought. For at thilke while
It fel so, that of his lignage
He hadde a clergeon of yonge age,
Whom he hath in his chambre affaited.

2850 This cardinal his time hath waited
And with his wordes fly and queint,
The whiche he couthe wisely peint,
He shope this clerke, of whiche I telle,
Toward the pope for to dwelle,

2855 So that within his chamber a night
He lay, and was a prive wight
Toward the pope on nightes tide.
May no man flee, that shall betide.

This cardinal, which thoughte guile,

2860 Upon a day, whan he hath while,
This yonge clerke unto him toke
And made him swere upon a boke
And tolde him what his wille was.
And forth with al a trompe of bras
2865 He hath him take and bad him this :
Thou shalt, he faide, whan time is

Awaite and take right good kepe,
 Whan that the pope is fast aslepe
 And that none other man be nigh.

²⁸⁷⁰ And thanne that thou be so sligh
 Through out the trompe into his ere,
 Fro heven as though a vois it were,
 To soune of such prolacion,
 That he his meditacion

²⁸⁷⁵ Theroft may take and understande,
 As though it were of goddes fonde.
 And in this wise thou shalt say,
 That he do thilk estate away
 Of pope, of whiche he stant honoured,

²⁸⁸⁰ So shall his soule be focoured
 Of thilke worship ate last
 In heven, which shall ever last.

This clerk, whan he hath herd the form,
 How he the pope shuld enform,

²⁸⁸⁵ Toke of the cardinal his leve
 And goth him home, till it was eve.
 And prively the trompe he hadde,
 Til that the pope was a bedde.

And at the midnight, whan he knewe

²⁸⁹⁰ The pope slepte, than he blewe
 Within his trompe through the wall
 And tolde, in what maner he shall
 His papacie leve and take

His firste estate. And thus awake

²⁸⁹⁵ This holy pope he made thries,
 Wheroft diverse fantasies

Upon his grete holineffe
 Within his hert he gan impresfe.
 The pope full of innocence
 2900 Conceiveth in his conscience
 That it is goddes wil, he cesse.
 But in what wise he may releffe
 His highe estate, that wote he noughe.
 And thus within him selfe be thought,
 2905 He bare it stille in his memoire,
 Till he cam to the confistoire,
 And there in presence of hem alle
 He axeth if it so befalle,
 That any pope cesse wolde,
 2910 How that the lawe it suffre sholde.
 They seten alle stille, and herde
 Was none, which to the point answerde.
 For to what purpos that it ment,
 There was no man knew his entent
 2915 But only he, which shap the guile.
 This cardinal the same while
 All openly with wordes pleine
 Saith if the pope woll ordeigne,
 That there be suche a lawe wrought,
 2920 Than might he cesse, and elles noughe.
 And as he saide, done it was.
 The pope anone upon the cas
 Of his papall auctorite
 Hath made and yove the decre.
 2925 And whan the lawe was confermed
 In due forme and all affermed,

This innocent, which was deceived,
 His papacie anone hath weived,
 Renounced and resigned eke.*

- ²⁹³⁰ That other was no thing to seke,
 But undernethe suche a jape
 He hath so for him selfe shape,
 That how as ever it him beseme
 The mitre with the diademe

²⁹³⁵ He hath through supplantacion
 And in his confirmacion
 Upon the fortune of his grace.
 His name was cleped Boneface.

Under the vifer of envie

²⁹⁴⁰ Lo, thus was hid the trecherie,
 Whiche hath beguiled many one.
 But such counseil there may be none
 Which treson, whan it is conspired,
 That it nis lich the sparke fired

²⁹⁴⁵ Up in the roof, which for a throwe
 Lith hid, til whan the windes blowe,
 It blaseth out on every fide.

This Boneface, which can nought hide
 The trecherie of his supplaunt,

²⁹⁵⁰ Hath openly made his avaunt,
 How he the papacie hath wonne.
 But thing which is with wrong begonne
 May never stonde wel at ende.

Where pride shall the bowe bende,

²⁹⁵⁵ He shet ful oft out of the way.

And thus the pope, of whom I say,

Notes: * The original text has 'Renounced and resigned eke' but this is a later addition. A note in the margin reads 'The note of F. M. is added 1773'

- Whan that he stood on high the whele,
 He can nought suffre himself be wele.
 Envie, whiche is loveles,
- ²⁹⁶⁰ And pride, whiche is laweles,
 With such tempeste made him erre,
 That charite goth out of herre.
 So that upon misgovernaunce
 Ayein Lewis the king of Fraunce*
- ²⁹⁶⁵ He toke quarell of his oulfrage
 And said, he shulde don homage
 Unto the chirche bodely.
 But he, that wist no thinge why
 He shulde do so great service
- ²⁹⁷⁰ After the worlde in suche a wife,
 Withstood the wrong of that demaunde,
 For nought the pope may commaunde
 The king woll nought the pope obeie.
 This pope tho by alle weie,
- ²⁹⁷⁵ That he may worche of violence,
 Hath sent the bulle of his sentence
 With cursinge and enterdite.
 The king upon this wrongfull plite
 To kepe his regne from servage,
- ²⁹⁸⁰ Counseiled was of his barnage,
 That might with might shall be withstond.
 Thus was the cause tak on hond,
 And saiden, that the papacie
 They wolden honour and magnifie
- ²⁹⁸⁵ In all that ever is spirituall,
 But thilke pride temporall

Of Boneface in his persone
 Ayein that ilke wronge alone
 They wolden stonde in debate,
 2990 And thus the man and nought the state
 The Frenshe shopen by her might
 To greve. And fel there was a knight
 Sire Guilliam de Langharet,
 Which was upon this cause set.
 2995 And therupon he toke a route
 Of men of armes and rode oute
 So longe and in a waite he lay,
 That he aspied upon a day
 The pope was at Avinon
 3000 And shulde ride out of the town
 Unto Pontforge, the whiche is
 A castell in Provence of his.
 Upon the way and as he rode,
 This knight, whiche hoved and abode
 3005 Embuished upon horsebake,
 All fodeinlich upon him brake,
 And hath him by the bridell fesed
 And said: O thou, which hast fiseſed
 The courte of Fraunce by thy wronge,
 3010 Now shalt thou singe an other songe.
 Thin enterdite and thy sentence
 Ayein thin owne conscience
 Hereafter thou shalt fele and grope.
 We pleigne nought ayein the pope,
 3015 For thilke name is honourable,
 But thou, whiche hast be deceivable

And trecherous in all thy werke,
 Thou Boneface, thou proude clerke,
 Misleder of the papacie,
 3020 Thy false body shall abie
 And suffre, that it hath deserved.

Lo, thus this supplantor was served.

For they him ladde into Fraunce
 And setten him to his penaunce
 3025 Within a toure in harde bondes,
 Where he for hunger both his hondes
 Ete of and died, god wote how.
 Of whome the writinge is yet now
 Registred as a man may here,
 3030 Which speketh and faith in this maner :

Thin entre lich a fox was sligh,
 Thy regne also with pride on high
 Was lich the leon in his rage,
 But ate lafte of thy passage
 3035 Thy deth was to the houndes like.

Suche is the letter of his cronicue
 Proclaimed in the court of Rome,
 Wheroft the wise ensample nome.
 And yet as ferforth as I dare,
 3040 I rede all other men beware
 And that they loke well algate,
 That none his owne estate translate
 Of holy chirche in no degré
 By fraude ne by subtilte.

3045 For thilke honour whiche Aaron toke
 Shall none receive as faith the boke,

Chronica Bonefa-
 cii. Intraisti ut
 vulpis, regnasti ut
 leo, et mortuus es
 ut canis, etc.

*Vulpes invenit talgarum leo protifacit,
 Exstet agere caro, deinde facta levata; I. 2. 2. 2. 2. 2.
 Unus datus vix exponitur - sic. No. 129, in el. 1. vol. 111, Part 3, p. 125.*

But he becleped as he was.

What shall I thenken in this cas
Of that I here nowe a day?

3050 I not, but he which can and may
By reson both and by nature
The helpe of every mannes cure
He kepe Simon fro the folde.

Nota de prophecia
Joachim abbas.
Quanti mercenarii
erunt in ovile dei,
tuas aures meis nar-
racionibus fedare
volo.

* For Joachim, thilke abbot tolde,
How suche daies shulden falle,
That comunlich in places alle
The chapmen of such mercerie
With fraude and with supplantarie
So many shulden beie and selle,
3060 That he ne may for shame telle
So foule a finne in mannes ere.
But god forbede, that it were
In oure daies, that he faith.
For if the clerk beware his faith,
3065 In chapmanhode at suche a faire
The remenaunt mot nede empeire
Of all that to the world belongeth.
For whan that holy chirche wrongeth,
I not what other thing shall righte.
3070 And netheles at mannes fighte
Envie for to be preferred
Hath conscience so differred,
That no man loketh to the vice,
Whiche is the moder of malice,
3075 And that is thilke fals envie,
Which caufeth many a trecherie.

For where he may another se
That is more gracious than he,
It shall nought stonden in his might,
3080 But if he hinder suche a wight.
And that is well nigh over all
This vice is now so generall.

Envie thilke unhappy indrough,
Whan Joab by deceipte slough
²⁰⁸⁵ Abner, for drede he shulde be
With king David such as was he.*

And through envie also it felle
Of thilke fals Achitofelle,
For his counseil was noughtacheved,

2090 But that he figh Cufy beleved
With Absolon and him forfake,
He henge him selfe upon a stake.

Senec witnesseth openly,
How that envie properly
3095 Is of the court the comun wenche

And halt taverne for to schenche

That drink, which maketh the hert brenne,
And doth the wit aboute renne
By every waie to compasse,
Hart taverne for to lencelene

3100 How that he might all other passe
As he, which through unkindeship
Envieth every felaship.

So that thou might well knowe and se,
There is no vice such as he
3105 First toward god abhominable
And to mankinde unprofitable.

Qualiter Joab princeps milicie David invidie causa Abner subdole interfecit. Et qualiter eciam Achitoffel ob hoc, quod Cusfy in consilio Absolon preferebatur, accusus invidia laqueo se suspendit.

2 Samuel III, 27, Josephus, Antiquities II, 1, 5

² Samuel 12:23; Jonah 1:14; Amos 9:11; Zephaniah 3:13. The stalk is upright (p. 10).

large attributed to Source, the author based on *Sainte Geneviève* (1670) - Class 2400
"Si come by sages le regole, la reale contz de son office
Ense estable pectrice Servoest et est comme pris. Marre de l'Orne 3831

And that by wordes but a fewe
I shall by reson prove and shewe.

6. *Invidie stimulus sine causa ledit abortus,
Nam sine temptante criminis crimen habet.
Non est huius opus temptare Cupidinis archum,
Dumque faces Veneris Ethnica flamma vorat,
Absque rubore gene pallor, quas fuscus obumbrat,
Frigida nature cetera membra docent.*

Hic describit confessor naturam invidie tam in amore quam aliter secundum proprietatem vicii sub compendio.

- Envie if that I shall descriue,
He is nought shaply for to wive
In erth among the women here.
For there is in him no matere,
Wheroft he myghte do plesaunce.
First for his hevy contenaunce
3115 Of that he semeth ever unglad
He is nought able to be hadde
And eke he brenneth so withinne,
That kinde may no profit winne,
Wheroft he shulde his love plese.
3120 For thilke blood, which shuld have ese
To regne among the moiste veines,
Is drie of thilke unkindly peines
Through which envie is fired ay.
And this by reson prove I may,
3125 That toward love envie is nought,
And other wise if it be sought,
Upon what side as ever it falle
It is the werste vice of alle,
Which of him self hath most malice.
3130 For understand that every vice
Some cause hath, wheroft it groweth.
But of envie no man knoweth

- Fro whenne he cam, but out of helle.
For thus the wife clerkes telle,
3135 That no spirit but of malice
By way of kinde upon a vice
Is tempted, and by such a way
Envie hath kinde put away
Envie hath kinde put away
And of malice hath his stering,
3140 Wheroft he maketh his bakbiting,
And is him self therof disesed.
So may there be no kinde plefed.
For ay the more that he envieth,
The more ayein him self he plieth.
3145 Thus stant envie in good espeire
To ben him self the divels heire
As he, whiche is his nexte liche
And furthest from the heven riche.
For there may he never wone.
3150 Forthy my gode dere sone,
If thou wolt finde a siker way
To love, put envie away.
Min holy fader, reson wolde,
That I this vice escheue sholde.
3155 But yet to strengthen my corage
If that ye wolde in avauntage
Theroft set a recoverir,
It were to me a great desir,
That I this vice mighte flee.
3160 Now understand, my sone, and see,
There is phisique for the seke
And vertues for the vices eke.

Who that the vices wolde escheue,
 He mot by reson thanne sue
 3165 The vertues. For by thilke way
 He may the vices done away.
 For they to-gider may nought dwelle.
 For as the water of the welle
 Of fire abateth the malice,
 3170 Right so vertu fordoth the vice.
 Ayein envie is charite,
 Whiche is the moder of pite,
 That maketh a mannes herte tender,
 That it may no malice engender
 3175 In him, that is inclined thereto.
 For his corage is tempred so,
 That though he might him self releve,
 Yet wolde he nought another greve,
 But rather for to do plesaunce
 3180 He bereth him selven the grevaunce,
 So fain he wolde another ese.
 Wheroft, my sone, for thin ese
 Now herken a tale, whiche I rede,
 And understande it well I rede.

* Among the bokes of latin
 I finde it writ of Constantin,
 The worthy emperour of Rome,
 Such infortunes to him come,
 Whan he was in his lusty age,
 The lepre caught in his visage
 And so forth over all aboute,
 That he ne mighte ride oute.

Hic ponit confessor
 exemplum de virtute
 charitatis contra invi-
 diam et narrat de
 Constantino Elene fi-
 lio, qui cum imperii
 Romani dignitatem
 obtinuerat, a morbo
 lepre infectus, medici
 pro sanitate recupe-
 randa ipsum in san-
 guine puerorum mas-
 culorum balneare
 proposuerant, sed cum

So left he bothe shield and spere,
 As he that might him nought bestere,
 3195 And helde him in his chamber close.
 Through all the world the fame arose.

The grete clerkes ben assent
 And com at his commaundement
 To tret upon this lordes hele.
 3200 So longe they to-gider dele,
 That they upon this medicine
 Appointen hem and determine,
 That in the maner as it stood
 They wolde him bath in childeſ blood
 3205 Withinne ſeven winter age.
 For as they fain, that ſhulde affuage
 The leper and all the violence,
 Which that they knewe of accidence
 And nought by way of kinde is falle.
 3210 And therto they accorden alle
 As for finall conclusion
 And tolden her opinion
 To themperour. And he anone
 His counſeil toke, and therupon
 3215 With letters and with ſeales out
 They ſend in every londe about
 The yonge children for to feche,
 Whose blood, they ſaid, ſhulde be leche
 For themperours maladie.

3220 There was inough to wepe and crie
 Among the moders, whan they herde,
 How wofully this caufe ferde.

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innumera multitudo
 matrum cum filiis hu-
 usmodi medicine cau-
 fa in circuitu palacii
 affuiffet imperator-
 que eorum gemitus et
 clamores percepifset,
 charitate motus inge-
 mifcens ſic ait: O vere
 eft ipfe dominus, qui
 ſe facit fervum pietatis.
 Et his dictis ſta-
 tum ſuum cunctipot-
 entis medele com-
 mittens, ſui ipfius
 morbum pocius quam
 infancium mortem
 benignius elegit, unde
 ipfe, qui antea pag-
 nus et leproſus exti-
 terat, ex unda baptif-
 matis renatus utrius-
 que materie tam cor-
 poris quam anime
 divino miraculo con-
 fecutus eft falutem.

But netheles they moten bowe,
 And thus women there come inowe,
 3225 With children soukend on the tete
 Tho was there many teres lete.

But were hem liefe or were hem loth,
 The women and the children both
 Into the paleis forth be brought
 3230 With many a fory hertes thought
 Of hem, whiche of her body bore
 The children hadde, and so forlore
 Within a while shulden se.
 The moders wepe in her degré
 3235 And many of hem a swoune falle,
 The yonge babies crieden alle.
 This noise arose, this lorde it herde
 And loked out, and how it ferde
 He sigh, and as who faith abraide
 3240 Out of his slepe and thus he saide :

O thou divine purveaunce,
 Which every man in the balaunce
 Of kinde hast formed to be liche,
 The pouer is bore as is the riche
 3245 And dieth in the same wife,
 Upon the fole, upon the wife
 Siknesse and hele enter comune,
 May none escheue that fortune,
 Which kinde in her lawe hath sette.
 3250 Her strengthe and beaute ben besette
 To every man aliche free,
 That she preferreth no degree

- As in the disposicion
Of bodely complexion.
- 3255 And eke of soule resonable
The pouer childe is bore as able
To vertue as the kinges sone.
For every man his owne wone
After the lust of his assay
- 3260 The vice or vertue chese may.
Thus stonden alle men fraunchised,
But in estate they ben devised,
To some worship and richefesse,
To some pouerte and distrefesse.
- 3265 One lordeth and an other serveth,
But yet as every man deserveth
The world yeveth nougth his yeftes here.
But certes he hath great matere
To ben of good condicion,
- 3270 Whiche hath in his subjection
The men, that ben of his semblaunce.
And eke he toke his remembraunce,
How he that made lawe of kinde
Wolde every man to lawe binde
- 3275 And bad a man, fuche as he wolde,
Toward him self right such he sholde
Toward an other done also.
And thus this worthy lord as tho
Set in balaunce his owne estate
- 3280 And with him self stood in debate
And thoughte, howe it was nougth good
To se so mochel mannes blood

Be spilt by cause of him alone.

- He sigh also the grete mone
 3285 Of that the moders were unglad
 And of the wo the children made,
 Wherof that all his herte tendreth
 And such pite within engendreth,
 That him was lever for to chese
 3290 His owne body for to lese,
 Than se so great a mordre wrought
 Upon the blood, which gilteth nought.
 Thus for the pite, whiche he toke,
 All other leches he forsoke
 3295 And put him out of aventur
 Alonly into goddes cure
 And saith: who that woll maister be
 He mot be servaunt to pite.*
 So ferforth he was overcome
 3300 With charite, that he hath nome
 His counseil and his officers,
 And badde unto his treforers,
 That they his trefour all about
 Departe among the pouer route
 3305 Of women and of children both,
 Wherof they might hem fede and cloth
 And saufly tornen home ayein
 Withoute losf of any grein.
 Through charite thus he dispendeth
 3310 His good, wherof that he amendeth
 The pouer people and countrevaileth
 The harm, that he hem so travaileth.

And thus the wofull nightes forwe
To joie is torned on the morwe.

3315 All was thanking, all was blessing,
Whiche erſt was wepinge and cursing.
These women gone home glad inough,
Echone for joie on other lough
And praiden for this lordes hele,
3320 Whiche hath releſed the quarele
And hath his owne will forsake
In charite for goddes sake.
But now hereafter thou ſhalte here
What god hath wrought in this matere,
3325 As he that doth all equite.

To him that wroughte charite
He was ayeinward charitous
And to pite he was pitous.
For it was never knowe yit,

3330 That charite goth unaquit.
The night whan he was laid to flepe,
The highe god, which wold him kepe,
Saint Peter and saint Poule him fende,
By whom he wolde his lepre amende.

3335 They two to him ſlepend appere
Fro god and ſaid in this manere :
O Constantin, for thou haſt ſerved
Pite, thou haſt pite deſerved.
Forthy thou ſhalt ſuch pite have,
3340 That god through pite woll the fave.
So ſhalt thou double hele finde,
First for thy bodeliche kinde,

- And for thy wofull soule also.
 Thou shalt ben hole of bothe two.
- ³³⁴⁵ And for thou shalt the nought despeire,
 Thy lepre shall no more empeire
 Till thou wolt sende therupon
 Unto the mount of Celion,
 Where that Silvester and his clergie
³³⁵⁰ To-gider dwelle in compaignie
 For drede of the, which many a day
 Hast ben a fo to Cristes lay
 And hast destruied to mochel shame
 The prechours of his holy name.
- ³³⁵⁵ But now thou hast somdele appesed.
 Thy god and with good dede plesed,
 That thou thy pite hast bewared
 Upon the blood, which thou hast spared.
 Forthy to thy salvacion
- ³³⁶⁰ Thou shalt have informacion,
 Such as Silvester shall the teche,
 The nedeth of none other leche.
 This emperor, whiche all this herde :
 Graunt mercy lorde, he answerde,
- ³³⁶⁵ I woll do so as ye me say.
 But of o thing I wolde pray,
 What shall I telle unto Silvestre
 Or of your name or of your estre ?
 And they him tolden what they hight
- ³³⁷⁰ And forth with all oute of his fight
 They passen up into the heven.
 And he awoke out of his sween

- And clepeth, and men come anone
 And tolde his dreme, and therupon
 3375 In suche a wise as he hem telleth
 The mount, wher that Silvester dwelleth,
 They have in alle haste sought,
 And founde he was, and with hem brought
 To themperour, which to him tolde
 3380 His sweven and elles what he wolde.
 And whan Silvester hath herd the king,
 He was right joyfull of this thing
 And him began with all his wit
 To techen upon holy writ.
 3385 First how mankinde was forlore,
 And how the highe god therfore
 His sone fende from above,
 Which bore was for mannes love,
 And after of his owne chois
 3390 He toke his deth upon the crois.
 And how in grave he was beloke,
 And how that he hath helle broke
 And toke hem out, that were him leve.
 And for to make us full beleve
 3395 That he was verray goddes sone
 Ayein the kinde of mannes won
 Fro deth he rose the thridde day.
 And whan he wolde, as he well may,
 He stigh up to his father even
 3400 With flesh and blood into the heven.
 And right so in the same forme
 In flesh and blood he shall reforme,

- Whan time cometh, the quicke and dede
 At thilke wofull day of drede,
- ³⁴⁰⁵ Where every man shall take his dome
 Als well the maister as the grome.
 The mighty kinges retenue
 That day may stonde of no value
 With worldes strengthe to defende.
- ³⁴¹⁰ For every man mot than entende
 To stond upon his owne dedes
 And leve all other mennes nedes.
 That day may no counseil availe,
 The pledour and the plee shall faile
- ³⁴¹⁵ The sentence of that ilke day,
 May none appele sette in delay.
 There may no gold the juge plie,
 That he ne shall the sothe trie
 And setten every man upright,
- ³⁴²⁰ As well the plowman as the knight.
 The leude man, the grete clerke
 Shall stonde upon his owne werke,
 And fuche as he is founde tho,
 Such shall he be for evermo.
- ³⁴²⁵ There may no peine be relefed,
 There may no joie ben encrefed,
 But endeles as they have do
 He shall receive one of two.
 And thus Silvester with his sawe
- ³⁴³⁰ The ground of all the newe lawe
 With great devocion he precheth
 Fro point to point and plainly techeth

Unto this hethen emperour
And faith : the highe creatour
3435 Hath underfonge his charite
Of that he wroughte suche pite,
Whan he the children had on honde.

Thus whan this lord hath understande
Of all this thing how that it ferde,
3440 Unto Silvester he than answerde
With all his hole herte and faith,
That he is redy to the feith.
And so the vessell, which for blood
Was made, Silvester, there it stood
3445 With clene water of the welle
In alle haste he let do felle
And sette Constantin therinne
All naked up unto the chinne.
And in the while it was begunne
3450 A light, as though it were a sunne,
Fro heven into the place come,
Where that he toke his christendome,
And ever amonge the holy tales
Lich as they weren fishes scales
3455 They fallen from him now and efte,
Till that there was nothing belefte
Of all this grete maladie.
For he that wolde him purifie
The highe god hath made him clene,
3460 So that there lefte nothing sene.
He hath him clenched bothe two
The body and the soule also.

- Tho knew this emperour in dede,
That Cristes feith was for to drede,
3465 And fende anone his letters out
And let do crien all aboute
Up pein of deth, that no man weive,
That he baptisme ne receive.
After his moder quene Eleine
3470 He fende, and so betwene hem tweine
They treten, that the citee all
Was christned, and she forth with all.
This emperour, which hele hath found,
Withinne Rome anone let founde
3475 Two churches, whiche he did make
For Peter and for Poules sake,
Of whom he hadde a vision
And yaf therto posseffion
Of lordship and of worldes good.
3480 But how so that his will was good
Toward the pope and his fraunchise,
Yet hath it proved otherwise
To se the worching of the dede.
For in cronique thus I rede
3485 Anone as he hath made the yefte
A vois was herde on high the lefte,
Of which all Rome was adradde
And said: this day is venim shadde
In holy chirche of temporall,
3490 Which medleth with the spirituall.
And how it stant of that degré
Yet a man may the sothe se,

God may amende it, whan he wille,
I can therto none other skille.

³⁴⁹⁵ But for to go there I began, Confessor.
How charite may helpe a man
To bothe worldes, I have saide.
And if thou have an ere laide,
My sone, thou might understande,
³⁵⁰⁰ If charite be take on honde,
There folweth after mochel grace.
Forthy if that thou wolt purchace
How that thou might envie flee,
Acqueinte the with charite,
³⁵⁰⁵ Whiche is the vertue sovereine.

My fader, I shall do my peine.
For this ensample whiche ye tolde
With all min herte I have withholde,
So that I shall for evermore
³⁵¹⁰ Escheue envie well the more.
And that I have er this misdo
Yive me my penaunce er I go.
And over that to my matere
Of shrifte, why we fitten here
³⁵¹⁵ In privat betwene us twey,
Now axeth, what there is I prey.

My gode sone, and for thy lore
I woll the telle, what is more,
So that thou shalt the vices knowe.
³⁵²⁰ For whan they be to the full knowe,
Thou might hem wel the better eschue.
And for this cause I thenke sue

A mans.

Confessor.

The forme bothe and the matere,
As now fuende thou shalt here,
³⁵²⁵ Which vice stant nexte after this.
And whan thou wost, how that it is,
As thou shalt here my devise,
³⁵²⁸ Thou might thy self the better avise.

Explicit liber secundus.



Incipit Liber Tercius.

*Ira suis paribus est par furiis Acherontis,
Quo furor ad tempus nil pietatis habet.
Ira malencolicos animos perturbat, ut equo
Jure sui pondus nulla statera tenet.
Omnibus in causis gravat ira sed inter amantes,
Illa magis facilis forte gravamen agit.
Est ubi vir discors leviterque repugnat amori,
Sepe loco ludi fletus ad ora venit.*

1.

F thou the vices list to knowe,
My sone, it hath nought be
unknowe
Fro first, that men their
swerdeſ grounde,
That there nis one upon this grounde
¶ A vice foreine fro the lawe,
Wheroſ that many a good felawe
Hath be deſtraught by ſodein chaunce.
And yet to kinde no plesaunce
It doth, but where he most achieveth
¶ His purpose moſt to kinde he greveth
As he, whiche out of conſcience
Is enemy unto pacience.
And is by name one of the ſeven,
¶ Whiche oft hath fet the world uneven,

Hic in tercio libro
tractat super quin-
que ſpeciebus ire,
quarum prima ma-
lencolia dicitur,
cuius vicium con-
fessor primo descri-
bens amanti ſuper
eodem confeſſionem
ter opponit.

15 And cleped is the cruel ire,
 Whose herte is evermore on fire
 To speke amis and to do bothe,
 For his sercaunts ben ever wrothe.

Amans.

My gode fader, tell me this

Confessor.

What thinge is ire? Sone, it is
 That in our englisch wrath is hote,
 Whiche hath his wordes ay so hote,
 That all a mannes pacience
 Is fired of the violence.

15 For he with him hath ever five
 Servaunts, that helpen him to strive.
 The first of hem malencoly
 Is cleped, whiche in compaignie
 An hundred times in an houre
 30 Woll as an angry beste loure,
 And no man wot the cause why.
 My sone, shrive the now forthy,
 Haft thou be malencolien?

Amans.

Ye fader, by saint Julien.

35 But I untrewe wordes use
 I may me noughe therof excuse.
 And all maketh love well I wote,
 Of which min herte is ever hote,
 So that I brenne as dothe a glede
 40 For wrathe, that I may noughe spedē.
 And thus full oft a day for noughe
 Saufe onlich of min owne thought
 I am so with my selven wroth,
 That how so that the game goth

Handwritten notes: The next section begins at Malencoly (lines 272-274); Glastonbury (lines 275-277); and the last section begins at the end of the page (lines 2627-2774).

- 45 With other men I am nought glad.
 But I am well the more unglad,
 For that is other mennes game
 It torneth me to pure grame.
 Thus am I with my self oppressed
- 50 Of thought the whiche I have impressed,
 That all wakend I dreme and mete,
 That I with her alone mete
 And pray her of some good answere.
 But for she wol nought gladly swere,
- 55 She faith me nay withouten othe.
 And thus waxe I withinne wrothe
 That outward I am all affraied
 And so distempred and so esmaied.
 A thousand times on a day
- 60 There souneth in min eres nay,
 The which she saide me to-fore.
 Thus be my wittes all forlore.
 And namely whan I beginne
 To reken with my self withinne,
- 65 How many yeres ben agone,
 Sith I have truely loved one
 And never toke of her other hede
 And ever a liche for to spedre,
 I am, the more I with her dele,
- 70 So that min hap and all min hele
 Me thenketh is ay the lenger the ferre.
 That bringeth my gladship out of erre,
 Wheroft my wittes ben empeired
- 75 And I, as who faith, all dispeired,

- 75 For finally whan that I muse
 And thenke, how she woll me refuse,
 I am with anger so bestad,
 For al this world might I be glad.
 And for the while that it lasteth
 80 All up so down my joie it casteth,
 And ay the further that I be
 Whan I ne may my lady se,
 The more I am redy to wrathe,
 That for the touching of a lath
 85 Or for the torning of a stre
 I wode as doth the wilde see
 And am so malencolious,
 That there nis servaunt in min house
 Ne none of tho, that be aboute,
 90 That eche of hem ne stant in doute
 And wenen, that I shulde rave
 For anger, that they se me have.
 And so they wonder more and laffe,
 Til that they seen it overpassē.
 95 But fader, if it so betide,
 That I approche at any tide
 The place, where my lady is,
 And thanne that her like iwis
 To speke a goodly word unto me,
 100 For all the gold that is in Rome
 Ne couth I after that be wroth,
 But all min anger overgoth.
 So glad I am of the prefence
 Of her, that I all offence

- 105 Foryete, as though it were nought
 So over glad is my thought.
 And netheles, the soth to telle,
 Ayeinward if it so befelle,
 That I at thilke time sigh,
- 110 On me that she miscaste her eye
 Or that she liste nought to loke
 And I therof good hede toke,
 Anone into my first estate
 I torne and am with that so mate,
- 115 That ever it is a liche wicke.
 And thus min honde ayein the pricke
 I hurte and have don many a day
 And go so forth as I go may
 Full ofte biting on my lippe
- 120 And make unto my self a whippe,
 With whiche in many a chele and hete
 My wofull herte is so to bete,
 That all my wittes ben unsofte
 And I am wrothe, I not how ofte.
- 125 And all it is malencolie,
 Which groweth on the fantasie
 Of love, that me woll nought loute.
 So bere I forth an angry snoute
 Full many times in a yere.
- 130 But fader, now ye sitten here
 In loves stede, I you beseeche,
 That some ensample ye me teche,
 Wheroft I may my self appese.
- 134 My sone, for thin hertes ese

Confessor.

- 135 I shall fulfille thy praiere,
 So that thou might the better lere,
 What mischefe that this vice stereth,
 Whiche in his anger nought forbereth,
 Wheroft that after him forthenketh,
 140 Whan he is sobre, and that he thenketh
 Upon the folie of his dede.
 And of this point a tale I rede.

* There was a king, whiche Eolus
 Was hote, and it befell him thus,
 That he two children hadde faire,
 The sone cleped was Machaire,
 The doughter eke Canace hight.
 By day bothe and eke by night
 While they be yonge of comun wone
 In chambre they to-gider wone,
 And as they shulden pleid hem ofte,
 Till they be growen up alofte
 In the youthe of lusty age,
 Whan kind affaileth the corage
 With love and doth him for to bowe,
 That he no reson can allowe,
 But halt the lawes of nature,
 For whom that love hath under cure
 As he is blinde him self, right so
 He maketh his client blinde also.
 In such maner, as I you telle,
 As they all day to-gider dwelle,
 This brother might it nought asterte,
 That he with all his hole herte

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra iftos, qui cum vires amoris non sunt realiter experti contra alios amantes malencolica severitate ad iracundiam vindictae provocantur, et narrat, qualem rex Eolus filium nomine Macharium et filiam nomine Canacem habuit, qui cum ab infancia usque ad pubertatem invicem educati fuerant, Cupido tandem cum ignito jaculo amorum cordis desideria amoroſe penetravit, itaque Canacis natura cooperante a fratre suo impregnata parturit, super quo pater intolerabilem juventutis concupiscentiam ignorans nimiaque furorismalen- colia preventus dictam filiam cum partu dolorofissimo casu interfici adjudicavit.

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- 165 His love upon his suster cast.
And so it felle hem ate laſt,
That this Machaire with Canace,
Whan they were in a prive place
Cupide bad hem first to keſſe,
- 170 And after ſhe, whiche is maiftrefſe
In kinde and techeth every life
Withoute lawe poſitife,
Of which ſhe taketh no maner charge,
But kepe her lawes all at large,
- 175 Nature toke hem into lore
And taught hem ſo, that overmore,
She hath hem in ſuch wife daunted,
That they were, as who faith, enchaunted.
And as the blinde an other ledeth
- 180 And till they falle nothing dredeth,
Right ſo they hadde none iſight,
But as a brid, which woll alight
And feeth the mete and nought the nette,
Whiche in deceipt of him is fette,
- 185 These yonge folk no perill ſigh,
But that was liking in her eye.
So that they fell upon the chaunce,
Where wit hath lore his remembraunce,
So longe they to-gider aſſemble.
- 190 The wombe arofe, and ſhe gan tremble
And helde her in her chambre close
For drede it ſhulde be diſclose.
And come unto her faders ere,
- 194 Wheroft the ſone had alſo fere,

- 145 And feigneth cause for to ride,
 For longe durst he nought abide
 In auuter if men wolde fain,
 That he his suster hath forlain.
 For yet she had it nought beknowe,
 150 Whose was the childe at thilke throwe.
 Machaire goth, Canace abit,
 The which was nought delivered yit,
 But right sone after that she was.
 Now list and herken a wofull cas.
 155 The sothe which may nought ben hid,
 Was ate lafte knowe and kid
 Unto the king, how that it stood.
 And whan that he it understood,
 Anone into malencolie,
 160 As though it were a frenesie,
 He fell, as he which nothing couthe,
 How maisterfull love is in youthe.
 And for he was to love straunge
 He wolde nought his herte chaunge
 165 To be benigne and favourable
 To love, but unmerciable
 Betwene the wawe of wode and wroth.
 Into his doughters chambre he goth
 And sigh the childe was late bore,
 170 Wherof he hath his othes fwore,
 That she it shall full fore abie.
 And she began mercy to crie
 Upon her bare knees and prайд
 And to her fader thus she saide :

- 225 Have mercy fader, thenke I am
 Thy childe, and of thy blood I cam,
 That I misdede, youth it made
 And in the floodes bad me wade,
 Where that I sigh no peril tho.
- 230 But nowe it is befalle so,
 Mercy my fader, do no wreche.
 And with that worde she lost speche
 And fell down swounend at his fote,
 As she for forwe nedes mote.
- 235 But his horrible crueltie
 There might atempre no pite.
 Out of her chambre forth he wente
 All full of wrath in his entente
 And toke the counseil in his herte,
- 240 That she shall nought the deth asterte.
 And he, whiche is malencolien,
 Of pacience hath nought lien
 Wheroft his wrath he may restreigne.
 And in this wilde wode peine,
- 245 Whan all his reson was untame,
 A knight he cleped by his name
 And toke him as by way of fonde
 A naked swerde to bere on honde,
 And said him, that he shulde go
- 250 And telle unto his doughter so
 In the maner as he him bade,
 How she that sharpe swerdes blade
 Receive shulde and do withall,
- 254 So that she wot whereto she shall.

- 255 Forth in message goth this knight
 Unto this wofull yonge wight,
 This sharpe fward to her he toke,
 Wherof that all her body quoke.
 For well she wiste what it ment
- 260 And that it was to thilke entent,
 That she her selven shulde flee.
 And to the knight she saide : ye,
 Now that I wot my faders will,
 That I shall in this wife spill,
- 265 I woll obeie me therto,
 And as he woll it shall be do.
 But now this thing may be none other,
 I woll a letter unto my brother,
 So as my feble hond may write,
- 270 With all my wofull herte endite.
 She toke a penne on honde tho
 Fro point to point and all the wo
 Als ferforth as her self it wote
 Unto her dedly frend she wrote
- 275 And told, how that her faders grace
 She mighte for nothing purchace.
 And over that, as thou shalt here,
 She wrote and said in this manere :
 O thou my forwe and my gladnesse,
- 280 O thou my hele and my sikenesse,
 O thou my wanhope and my trust,
 O thou my disease and all my lust,
 O thou my wele, O thou my wo,
 O thou my frende, O thou my fo,

- 285 O thou my love, O thou my hate,
 For the mote I be dede algate.
 Thilk ende may I nought asterte,
 And yet with all min hole herte,
 While that there lasteth me any breth,
- 290 I woll the love unto my deth.
 But of o thinge I shall the preie,
 If that my litel sone deie,
 Let him be buried in my grave
 Beside me, so shalt thou have
- 295 Upon us bothe remembraunce.
 For thus it stondeth of my grevaunce,
 Now at this time, as thou shalt wite,
 With teres and with inke write
 This letter I have in cares colde.
- 300 In my right hond my penne I holde,
 And in my lefste my fwerde I kepe,
 And in my barme there lith to wepe
 Thy childe and min, which sobbeth fast.*
 Nowe am I come unto my last,
- 305 Fare well, for I shall sone deie,
 And thenke, how I thy love abeie.
- The pomel of the fwerd to grounde
 She set, and with the point a wounde
 Through out her hert anone she made†
- 310 And forth with that all pale and fade
 She fell down dede fro ther she stood.
 The child lay bathend in her blood
 Out rollèd fro the mother barme.
- 314 And for the blood was hote and warme,

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* For sone case - sone deth, see Piers Plowman, folio 107v, line 17.
 † Killen, with a self-murdered - c. 1300 - 1320.

- 315 He basketh him about therinne.
 Ther was no bote for to winne,
 For he which can no pite knowe,
 The king cam in the same throwe
 And sigh, how that his daughter died
 320 And how this babe all bloody cried.
 But all that might him nought suffise,
 That he ne bad to do juise
 Upon the childe and bere him out
 And seche in the forest about
 325 Som wilde place, that it were
 To cast him out of honde there,
 So that some beste him may devoure,
 Where as no man him shall socoure.
 All that he bad was done in dede.
 330 Ha, who herd ever sing or rede
 Of suche a thinge, as that was do.
 But he, which lad his wrathe so,
 Hath knowe of love but a lite,
 But for all that he was to wite
 335 Through his fodein malencolie
 To do so great a felonie.

Confessor. Forthy my sone, how so it stonde,
 By this cas thou might understande,
 That if thou ever in cause of love
 340 Shalt deme and thou be so above,
 That thou might lede it at thy wille,
 Let never through thy wrathe spille,
 Whiche every kinde shulde save.
 For it fit every man to have

345 Reward to love and to his might,
 Ayein whos strengthe may no wight.
 And sith an hert is so constreigned,
 The reddour ought to be restreigned
 To him that may us bet awey,

350 Whan he mot to nature obey.
 For it is said thus overall,
 That nedes mot, that nedes shall
 Of that a life doth after kinde,
 Wherof he may no bote finde.

355 What nature hath set in her lawe,
 Ther may no mannes might withdrawe,
 And who that worcheth there ayein,
 Full ofte time it hath be fein,
 There hath befallen great vengeaunce,
 360 Wherof I finde a remembraunce.

Ovide^{*} after the time tho
 Tolde an ensample and faide so,
 How that whilom Tiresias,
 As he walkend goth par cas
 365 Upon an high mountein he sigh
 Two serpentes in his waie nigh.
 And they so, as nature hem taught,
 Assembled were, and he tho caught
 A yerde, which he bare on honde,
 370 And thoughte, that he wolde fonde
 To letten hem, and smote hem bothe,
 Wherof the goddes weren wrothe.
 And for he hath destourbed kinde
 374 And was so to nature unkinde,

Hic narrat, qualiter
 Tiresias in quodam
 monte duos serpen-
 tes inventi pariter
 commiscentes, quos
 cum virga percu-
 fit. Iratidio ob hoc,
 quod naturam im-
 pedivit, ipsum con-
 tra naturam a for-
 ma virili in mulie-
 brem transmuta-
 runt.

See p. 7

* Metamorphoses III, 323-326. Tiresias, slaying the female snake, became a woman; but by a later telling and became a man again.

375 Unkindelich he was transformed,
 That he, which erſt a man was formed,
 Into a woman was forshape,
 That was to him an angry jape.
 But for that he with anger wrought
 380 His anger angerliche he bought.

Confessor. Lo, thus my fone, Ovide hath write,

Wheroſt thou might by reson wite,
 More is a man than ſuche a beſte,
 So might it never ben honest

385 A man to wrathen him to fore
 Of that another doth the lore
 Of kinde, in whiche is no malice,
 But only that it is a vice.

And though a man be resonable,

390 Yet after kinde he is mevable
 To love, where he woll or none.
 Thenk thou, my fone, therupon
 And do malencolie awey,
 For love hath ever his lust to pley
 395 As he, which wold no life greve.

Amans. My fader, that I may well leve
 All that ye tellen it is ſkille,
 Let every man love as he wille,
 Be fo it be nought my lady.

400 For I ſhall nought be wroth thereby.
 But that I wrath and fare amis
 Alone upon my ſelf it is,
 That I with bothe love and kinde
 Am fo beſtad, that I can finde

405 No wey, howe I it may astert,
 Which stant upon min owne hert
 And toucheth to none other life
 Sauf onely to that swete wife,
 For whom, but if it be amended,
 410 My gladde daies ben dispended.
 That I my self shall nought forbere
 The wrath the whiche I now bere,
 For therof is none other liche,
 Nowe axeth forth I you beseeche
 415 Of wrathe, if there ought elles is,
 Wherof to shrieve. Sone yis.

Confessor.

Ira movet litem, que lingue frena resolvens
Laxa per infames currit ubique vias.
Rixarum nutrix quos educat ista loquaces,
Hos Venus a latere linquit habere vagos.
Sed pacienter agens taciturno qui celat ore,
Vincet et optati carpit amoris iter.

2.

Of wrathe the second is cheft,
 Which hath the windes of tempest
 To kepe, and many a sodein blast
 420 He bloweth, wherof ben agast
 They, that desiren pees and rest.
 He is that ilke ungoodliest,
 Which many a lusty love hath twinned,
 For he bereth ever his mouth unpinned,
 425 So that his lippes ben unloke
 And his corage is all to-broke,
 That every thing, whiche he can telle,
 It springeth up as doth a welle,
 Which may none of his stremes hide,
 430 But renneth out on every fide.

Hic tractat confessor super secunda specie ire, que lis dicitur, ex cuius contumelias innumerosa dolorum occasio tam in amoris causa quam aliter in quam pluribus sepissime exorta est.

So boilen up the foule sawes,
 That cheste wote of his felawes.
 For as a five kepereth ale,
 Right so can cheste kepe a tale,
 435 All that he wote, he woll disclose
 And speke er any man oppose.
 As a citee withoute a walle,
 Where men may gon out overalle
 Withouten any resistence,
 440 So with his crooked eloquence
 He speketh all, that he wot withinne,
 Wherof men lese more than winne.
 For often time of his chiding
 He bringeth to house such tiding,
 445 That maketh werre at beddes hede.
 He is the levein of the brede,
 Which soureth all the past about.
 Men ought well suche one to doute.
 For ever his bowe is redy bent,
 450 And whome he hit I tell him shent,
 If he may perce him with his tonge.
 And eke so loude his belle is ronge,
 That of the noise and of the soune
 Men feren him in all the towne,
 455 Well more than they done of thonder.
 For that is cause of more wonder.
 For with the windes, which he bloweth,
 Full ofte sith he overthroweth
 The citees and the polecie,
 460 That I have herd the people crie

And echone saide in his degré :

Ha, wicke tungé, wo thou be.

For men sain, that the harde bone
All though him selve have none,

⁴⁶⁵ A tungé braketh it all to pieces.

He hath so many sondry spieces
Of vice, that I may nought wele
Descreve hem by a thousand dele.

But whan that he to cheste falleth,

⁴⁷⁰ Full many a wonder thing befalleth,
For he ne can no thing forbere.

Now tell, my sone, thin answere,
If it hath ever so betid,

That thou at any time haſt chid

⁴⁷⁵ Toward thy love. Fader nay.

Confessio amantis.

Such cheſte yet unto this day
Ne made I never, god forbede.

For er I ſinge ſuche a crede,
I hadde lever to be lewed,

⁴⁸⁰ For thanne were I all beſhrewed

And worthy to be put abacke

With all the forwe upon my backe,

That any man ordeigne couthe.

But I ſpake never yet by mouthe

⁴⁸⁵ That unto cheſte mighte touche.

And that I durſt right wel avouche

Upon her ſelfe, as for witneſſe.

For I wote of her gentileſſe,

That ſhe me wolde wel excuse,

⁴⁹⁰ That I no ſuche thinges uſe.

And if it shulde so betid,
 That I algates must chid,
 It mighte nought be to my love.
 For so yet was I never above
 495 For all this wide world to winne,
 That I durst any word beginne,
 By which she might have ben amoved,
 And I of cheste also reproved.
 But rather if it might her like,
 500 The beste wordes wolde I pike,
 Whiche I couthe in min herte chefe
 And serve hem forth in stede of chefe.
 For that is helpelich to defie,
 And so I wolde my wordes plie,
 505 That mighten wrath and cheste avale
 With telling of my softe tale.
 Thus dar I make a forward,
 That never unto my lady ward
 Yet spake I word in suche a wise,
 510 Wheroft that cheste shulde arise.
 Thus say I nought, that I full ofte
 Ne have, whan I spake most softe,
 Par cas said more than inough,
 But so well halt no man the plough,
 515 That he ne balketh other while.
 Ne so wel can no man affile
 His tunge, that somtime in rape
 Him may some light word overscape,
 And yet ne meneth he no cheste.
 520 But that I have ayein her heſte

Full ofte spoke, I am beknowe.
And how my wille is that ye knowe,
For whan my time cometh about,
That I dar speke and say all out
525 My longe love, of which she wot,
That ever in one aliche hot
Me greveth, than all my disese
I telle, and though it her displese
I speke it forth and nought ne leve.
530 And though it be beside her leve
I hope and trowe netheles,
That I do nought ayein the pees.
For though I telle her all my thought,
She wot well, that I chide nought.
535 Men may the highe god beseche,
And he wol here a mannes speche
And be nought wroth of that he faith,
So yiveth it me the more feith
And maketh me hardy soth to say,
540 That I dar wel the better prey
My lady, whiche a woman is.
For though I telle her that er is
Of love, which me greveth sore,
Her ought nought be wroth the more,
545 For I withoute noise or cry
My plaint make all buxomly
To putten alle wrath away,
Thus dar I say unto this day
Of cheste, in ernest or in game,
550 My lady shall me no thing blame.

But ofte time it hath betid,
 That with my selven I have chid,
 That no man couthe better chide,
 And that hath ben at every tide,
 55 Whan I cam to my felve alone.
 For than I made a prive mone
 And every tale by and by,
 Whiche as I spake to my lady,
 I thenke and peise in my balaunce
 56o And drawe into my remembraunce.
 And than, if that I finde a lacke
 Of any word, that I misspake,
 Which was to moche in any wife,
 Anone my wittes I despise
 56s And make a chiding in min herte,
 That any word me shulde asterte,
 Whiche as I shulde have holden inne.
 And so forth after I beginne
 And loke if there was elles ought
 57o To speke, and I ne spake it nought.
 And than if I may seche and finde,
 That any word ben left behinde,
 Whiche as I shuld more have spoke,
 I wold upon my self be wroke
 57s And chide with my selven so,
 That all my wit is over-go.
 For no man may his time lore
 Recover, and thus I am therfore
 So overwroth in all my thought,
 58o That I my self chide all to nought.

Thus for to moche, or for to lite
 Full ofte I am my self to wite.
 But all that may me nought availe
 With cheste though I me travaile,
 585 But oule on stoke and stoke on oule,
 The more that a man defoule,
 Men witen wel which hath the werfe.
 And so to me nis worth a kerfe,
 But torneth unto min owne hede,
 590 Though I tell, that I were dede,
 Wolde ever chide in suche a wife
 Of love, as I to you devise.
 But fader, now ye have all herd
 In this maner, howe I have ferd
 595 Of cheste and of diffension,
 Yif me your absolucion.

My sone, if that thou wistest all,
 What cheste doth in speciall
 To love and to his welwilling,
 600 Thou woldest fleen his knowleching
 And lerne to be debonaire.
 For who that most can speke faire
 Is most accordend unto love.
 Fair speche hath ofte brought above
 605 Full many a man, as it is knowe,
 Whiche elles shuld have ben right lowe
 And failed mochel of his wille.
 Forthy hold thou thy tunge stille
 And let thy wit thy will areste,
 610 So that thou falle nought in cheste,

Confessor.

This is a form of the lover. "Tous d'ordres de la mort, &c. sont au contraire de l'amour." *Mémoires*, p. 100.
 "Trop est en ce que le coeur, dans tout ce qu'il fait, est trop égoïste." *Vie d'un poète*, p. 20.
 "Trop est l'avidé de l'appréhension." *Quelques propos sur l'amour*.
 "Qui devient le moins content de son plaisir." *Mémoires de l'auteur*, p. 236 (7).

Whiche is the source of great distaunce,
 And take into thy remembraunce,
 If thou might gete pacience,
 Whiche is the leche of all offence,
 615 As tellen us these olde wife.

- Seneca. *Paciencia est vindicta omnium injuriarum.*
- For whan nought elles may suffise
 By strengthe ne by mannes wit,
 Than pacience it over fit
 And over cometh it at laste.
 620 But he may never longe laste,
 Which woll nought bow er that he breke.
 Take hede, sone, of that I speke.

Amans. My fader, of your goodly speche
 And of the wit, whiche ye me teche,
 625 I thonke you with all min hert.
 For that word shall me never astert,
 That I ne shall your wordes holde
 Of pacience, as ye me tolde,
 Als ferforth as min herte thenketh
 630 And of my wrath it me forthenketh.
 But fader, if ye forth with all
 Some good ensample in speciall
 Me wolden teche of some croniue,
 It shulde well min herte like
 635 Of pacience for to here,
 So that I might in my matere
 The more unto my love obey
 And putten my disease awey.

Hic ponit confessor
 exemplum de pacien-
 cia in amore contra

My sone, a man to bye him pees
 Behoveth suffre as Socrates

Ensample left, whiche is write,*
 And for thou shalt the sothe wite
 Of this ensample, what I mene,
 All though it be now litel sene
 645 Among the men thilke evidence,
 Yet he was upon pacience
 So set, that he him self assay
 In thing, which might him most mispay,
 Desireth and a wicked wife
 650 He weddeth, which in forwe and strife
 Ayein his ese was contraire.
 But he spake ever soft and faire,
 Till it befell, as it is tolde,
 In winter, whan the day is colde,
 655 This wife was fro the welle come,
 Where that a pot with water nome
 She hath and brought it into house,
 And sigh, how that her sely spouse
 Was set and loked on a boke
 660 Nigh to the fire as he, which toke
 His ese as for a man of age.
 And she began the wode rage
 And axeth him, what divel he thought
 And bare on hond, that him nerought
 665 What labour that she toke on honde,
 And faith, that suche an husbonde
 Was to a wife nougnt worth a stre.
 He saide nouther nay ne ye,
 But helde him stille and lete her chide.
 670 And she, which may her self nougnt hide,

lites habenda, et narrat, qualiter uxor Socratis ipsum quodam die multis sermonibus litigavit, sed cum ipse absque ulla responsione omnia probra pacienter sustulit, indignata uxor quandam ydriam plenam aque, quam in manu tenebat, super caput viri sui subito effudit, dicens: evigila et loquere, qui respondens tunc ait: O vere jam scio et expertus sum, quod post ventorum rabiem sequuntur ymbræ. Et isto modo litis contumeliam sua pacienza devicit.

Began withinne for to swelle
 And that she brought in fro the welle
 The water pot she hent a lofte
 And bad him speke, and he all softe
 45 Sat stille and nought a word answerd.
 And she was wroth, that he so ferd,
 And axeth him, if he be dede,
 And all the water on his hede
 She poured out and bad him awake.
 50 But he, whiche wol nought forfiske
 His pacience, thanne spake
 And said, how that he fond no lake
 In nothing which she hadde do,
 For it was winter time tho
 55 And winter, as by wey of kinde,
 Which stormy is as men it finde,
 First maketh the windes for to blowe
 And after that within a throwe
 He reineth and the water gates
 60 Undothe, and thus my wife algates,
 Which is with reson well befein,
 Hath made me bothe winde and rein
 After the reson of the yere.
 And than he set him ner the fire
 65 And as he might his clothes dreide,
 That he nomore o word ne saide,
 Wherof he gat him somdele rest,
 For that him thought was for the best.

Confessor. I not if thilke ensample yit
 70 Accordeth with a mannes wit

1. mal faire le conseil de faire
 2. car plusie doif laire tant que
 3. Prenez ne fist le vent se le
 4. de rance le dont a nufre
 5. Medocq celle que il regule et
 6. qui estoit assante la vache le
 7. le neveu le fait sans nuth
 8. Je l'avois apporté à monsieur le 4/165

To suffre, as Socrates dede.
 And if it fal in any stede
 A man to lese so his galle,
 Him ought among the women alle
 705 In loves court by judgement
 The name bere of pacient
 To yive ensample to the good
 Of pacience how that it stood,
 That other men it mighte knowe.

710 And sone, if thou at any throwe
 Be tempted ayein pacience,
 Take hede upon this evidence,
 It shall par cas the lasse greve.

My fader, so as I believe

Amans.

715 Of that shall be no maner nede,
 For I woll take so good hede,
 That er I fall in suche assay
 I thenke escheue, if that I may.
 But if there be ought elles more,
 720 Wheroft I mighte take lore
 I praie you, so as I dare,
 Now telleth, that I may beware,
 Some other tale of this mater.

Sone, it is ever good to lere,

Confessor.

725 Wheroft thou might thy word restreigne,
 Er that thou falle in any peine.
 For who that can no counseil hide,
 He may nought faile of wo beside,
 Which shall befalle, er he it wite,
 730 As I finde in the bokes write.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum, quod de alterius lite intromittere cavendum est. Et narrat, qualiter Jupiter cum Junone super quadam questione litigabat, vide licet utrum vir an mulier in amoris concupiscencia fervens ardebat, super quo Tiresiam eorum judicem constituebant. Et quia ille contra Junonem in dicta litis causa sentenciam diffinivit, irata dea ipsum amborum oculorum lumine claritatis absque remissione privavit.

Yet cam there never good of strife
To seche in all a mannes life,
Though it beginne on pure game,
Full ofte it torneth into grame
And doth grevaunce on som side.
Wheroft the grete clerk Ovide*
After the lawe, which was tho,
Of Jupiter and of Juno
Maketh in his bokes mencion,
How they felle at diffencion
In maner as it were a borde,
As they begunne for to worde
Among hem self in private.
And that was upon this degré,

745 Whiche of the two more amorous is
Or man or wife. And upon this
They mighten nought accorde in one
And toke a juge therupon,
Which cleped is Tiresias
750 And bede him demen in this cas.
And he withoute avisement
Ayein Juno yaf jugement.
This goddesse upon his answere
Was wroth and wolde nought forbere,
755 But toke awey for evermo
The light from both his eyen two.
Whan Jupiter this harm hath fein
Another bienfait there ayein
He yaf and suche a grace him doth,
760 That for he wiste he saide soth

A soth-saier he was for ever.
But yet that other were lever
Have had the loking of his eye
Than of his word the prophecie.

765 But how so that the sothe went,
Strife was the cause, of that he hent
So great a peine bodily.

My sone, be thou ware thereby
And hold thy tunge stille close,

770 For who that hath his word disclose
Er that he wite what he mene
He is full ofte nigh his tene
And lefeth full many time grace,
Wher that he wold his thank purchace

775 And over this, my sone dere,
Of other men, if thou might here
In privite, what they have wrought,
Hold counseil and discover it nougħt,
For cheste can no counseil hele,

780 Or be it wo or be it wele,
And take a tale into thy minde,
The which of olde ensample I finde.

* Phebus, which maketh the daies ligh
A love he hadde, which tho hight
785 Cornide, whom aboven alle
He pleseth. But what shall befalle
Of love, there is no man knoweth.
But as fortune her happenes throweth,
So it befell upon a chaunce

790 A yonge knight toke her acqueintaunce

Quia litigantes ora sua
cohibere nequeunt,
hic ponit confessor
exemplum contra il-
los, qui in amoris
causa alterius consi-
lium revelare presu-
munt. Et narrat,
qualiter quedam avis
tunc albissima nomine
Corvus, consilium do-
mine sue Cornide
Phebo denudavit,
unde contigit non so-

lum ipsam Cornidem
interfici, sed et Cor-
vum, qui antea tan-
quam nix albus fuit,
in piceum colorem
pro perpetuo trans-
mutari.

And had of her all that he wolde.
But a fals bird, which she hath holde
And kept in chambre of pure youthe
Discovereth all that ever he couthe.

- 795 The briddes name was as tho
Corvus, the which was than also
Well more white than any swan,
And he the shrewe all that he can
Of his lady to Phebus faide.
- 800 And he for wrath his swerd out braide,
With which Cornide anone he slough,
But after him was wo inough
And toke a full great repentaunce,
Wheroft in token and remembraunce
- 805 Of hem, whiche usen wicke speche,
Upon this brid he toke his wreche,
That there he was snow-white to-fore
Ever afterward cole black therfore
He was transformed, as it sheweth.
- 810 And many a man yet him beshreweth
And clepen him into this day
A raven, by whom yet men may
Take evidence, whan he crieth,
That some mishap it signifieth.
- 815 Beware therfore and say the best,
If thou wolt be thy self in rest,
My gode sone, as I the rede.

Hic loquitur super
eodem et narrat, qua-
liter Laar nimpha eo,
quod Jupiter Jutur-
nam adulteravit, Ju-

For in another place I rede
Of thilke nimphe, which Laar hight.
For she the private by night,

How Jupiter lay by Jutorne,
 Hath told, god made her overtorne,
 Her tunge he cut and into helle
 For ever he sent her for to dwelle,
 As she that was nought worthy here
 To ben of love a chamberere,
 For she no counseil couthe hele.
 And suche a daies be now fele
 In loves courte, as it is faide,
 That let her tunges gone unteide.
 My sone, be thou none of tho
 To jangle and telle tales fo,
 And namely that thou ne chide,
 For cheste can no counseil hide,
 For wrathe faide never wele.

My fader, sothe is every dele,
 That ye me teche, and I woll holde
 The reule to whiche I am holde,
 To fle the cheste, as ye me bidde.
 For well is him, that never chidde.
 Now telle me forth if there be more,
 As touchinge unto wrathes lore.

*Demonis est odium quasi scriba, cui dabit ira
 Materiam scripti cordis ad antra sui.
 Non laxabit amor, odii quem frena restringunt
 Nec secreta sui juris adire scivit.*

Of wrathe yet there is another,
 Whiche is to cheste his owne brother,
 And is by name cleped hate,
 That suffreth nought within his gate,

noni Jovis uxori se-
 cretum revelavit.
 Quapropter Jupiter
 ira commotus lingua
 Laaris prius absessa
 ipsam postea in pro-
 fundum Acherontis
 exulem pro perpetuo
 mancipavit.

Amans.

3.

Hic tractat confeſ-
 for de tercia specie
 ire, que odium di-
 citur, cuius natu-
 ra omnes ire inimi-
 cicias ad mentem
 reducens illas usque

ad tempus vindictæ
velut scriba demo-
nis in cordis papiro
commemorandas
inserit.

That there come other love or pees,
For he woll make no relefe
Of no debate, whiche is befallé.
 850 Now speke, if thou arte one of alle,
That with this vice hath be witholde.

Amans. As yet for ought that ye me tolde,
My fader, I not what it is.

Confessor. In good feith, sone, I trowe yis.

Amans. My fader, nay, but ye me lere.

Confessor. Now list, my sone, and thou shalt here.
Hate is a wrathe nougħt shewend,
But of long time gaderend,
And dwelleth in the herte loken

860 Till he se time to be wroken.
And than he sheweth his tempest
More fodein than the wilde beste,
Which wot nothing, what mercy is.
My sone, art thou knowen of this?

Confessio amantis. My gode fader, as I wene,
Now wote I somedele what ye mene,
But I dare saufly make an othe,
My lady was me never lothe.

I woll nougħt swere netheles,
870 That I of hate am gilteles.

For whan I to my lady ply
Fro day to day and mercy cry,
And she no mercy on me laith,
But shorte wordes to me faith,

875 Though I my lady love algate,
Tho wordes mote I nedes hate

And wolde they were all dispent
Or so fer out of londe went,
That I never after shuld hem here.

- 880 And yet love I my lady dere.
Thus is there hate, as ye may se,
Betwene my ladies word and me.
The worde I hate and her I love,
What so me shall betide of love.
- 885 But furthermore I woll me shrive,
That I have hated all my live
These janglers, whiche of her envie
Ben ever redy for to lie.
For with her fals compassement
- 890 Full often they have made me shent
And hindred me full ofte time,
Whan they no cause wisten byme,
But onlich of her owne thought.
And thus full ofte have I bought
- 895 The lie and drank nougnt of the wine.
I wolde her hap were such as mine.
For how so that I be now shrive,
To hem ne may I nougnt foryive,
Till I se hem at debate
- 900 With love, and thanne min estate
They mighten by her owne deme
And loke, how wel it shuld hem queme
To hinder a man, that loveth sore.
And thus I hate hem evermore,
- 905 Til love on hem wold done his wreche,
For that I shall alway beseeche

Unto the mighty Cupido,
 That he so mochel wolde do,
 So as he is of love a god,
 910 To smite hem with the same rod,
 With whiche I am of love smiten,
 So that they mighten know and witen,
 How hindring is a wofull peine
 To him, that love wold atteigne.
 915 Thus ever on hem I wait and hope,
 Till I may se hem lepe a lope
 And halten on the same fore,
 Whiche I do now for evermore.
 I wolde thanne do my might
 920 So for to stonden in her light,
 That they ne shulden have a wey
 To that they wolden put awey.
 I wolde hem put out of the stede
 Fro love, right as they me dede
 925 With that they speke of me by mouthe,
 So wolde I do, if that I couthe
 Of hem, and thus so god me save
 Is all the hate that I have
 Toward these janglers every dele,
 930 I wolde all other ferde wele.
 Thus have I, fader, said my wille.
 Say ye now forth, for I am stille.

Confessor. My sone, of that thou hast me said
 I holde me nought fully paid,
 935 That thou wold haten any man
 To that accorden I ne can,

- Though he have hindred the to-fore.
But this I telle the therfore,
Thou might upon my benison
940 Well haten the condicion
Of tho janglers, as thou me toldest,
But furthermore, of that thou woldest
Hem hinder in any other wife,
Suche hate is ever to despise.
- 945 For thy my sone, I wold the rede,
That thou drawe in by frendly hede,
That thou ne might nought do by hate,
So might thou gete love algate
And sette the, my sone, in rest.
- 950 For thou shalt finde it for the best,
And over this so as I dare
I rede, that thou be right ware
Of other mennes hate about,
Whiche every wife man shulde dout,
- 955 For hate is ever upon await.
And as the fissher on his bait
Sleeth, whan he seeth the fishes faste,
So whan he seeth time ate last,
That he may worche an other wo,
- 960 Shall no man tornen him ther fro,
That hate nill his felonie
Fulfill and feigne compaignie.
Yet netheles for fals semblaunt
Is toward him of covenauant
- 965 Witholde, so that under bothe
The prive wrathe can him clothe,

That he shall feme a great beleve.
 But ware the well, that thou ne leve
 All that thou seeſt to-fore thin eye,
 So as the Gregois whilom ſigh,
 The boke of Troie who fo rede,
 There may he finde enſample in dede.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui cum ire ſue odium aperte vindicare non poſſint, fieta diſſimulacione vindicatam ſubdole aſſequentur. Et narrat, quod cum Palamides princeps Grecorum in obſidione Troie a quibusdam ſuis emulis proditorie interfectus fuifet paterque ſuus rex Nanplus in patria ſua tunc existens hu- iuſmodi eventus certitudinem ſciviffet, Grecos in ſui cordis odium ſuper omnia reſcollegit, unde con- tigit, quod cum Greci deviēta Troia per al- tum mare verſus Gre- ciam navigio remean- tes obſcuriſſimo noctis tempore nimia vento- rum tempeſtate jacta- bantur, rex Nanplus in terra ſua contra li- tus maris, ubi majora faxorum eminebant pericula ſuper cacu- mina monciū, gran- diſſimos noctanter fecit ignes, quos Greci aſpicientes falvum portum ibidem inve- nire certiſſime puta- bant, et terram ap- proximantes diruptis navibus magna pars Grecorum periclitata-

Sone, after the deſtruction,
 Whan Troy was alle bete down
 And ſlain was Priamus the king,
 The Gregois, which of all this thing Ben cauſe, tornen home ayein.
 There may no man his hap withſain,
 It hath ben ſene and felt full ofte,
 The harde time after the ſofte.
 By fee as they forth homeward went,
 A rage of great tempeſt hem hent.
 Juno let bende her partie bow,
 The ſky wax derke, the wind gan blow,
 The firy welken gan to thonder,
 As though the world ſhuld al afonder.
 From heven out of the water gates
 The reiny ſtorm fell down algates,
 And all her tacle made unwelde,
 That no man might him ſelf bewelde.
 There may men here ſhipmen crie,
 That stood in aunder for to die.
 He that behinde ſat to ſtere
 May nougat the fore ſtempne here,
 The ſhip arose ayein the wawes,
 The lodesman hath lost his lawes,

MS. B. 1. 1. fol. 16 v. - In this Poem de Troye, 2751, it changes a little from the old text, also in Proprietary MSS., but follows the old text in the folio last, also in Proprietary MSS., Feb. 1871, 2751.

The see bet in on every side,
 They nisten what fortune abide,
 But setten hem all in goddes will,
 Where he wolde hem save or spill.
 And it fell thilke time thus,
 There was a kinge, which Nanplus
 Was hote, and he a sone hadde
 At Troie, which the Gregois ladde
 As he, that was made prince of alle,
 Till that fortune let him falle.
 His name was Palamides,
 But through an hate netheles
 Of som of hem his deth was caste
 And he by treson overcaste.
 His fader, whan he herde it telle,
 He swore, if ever his time felle,
 He wolde him venge if that he might,
 And therto his avow he hight.
 And thus this king through prive hate
 Abode upon a waite algate,
 For he was nougnt of suche emprise,
 To vengen him in open wife.
 The fame, which goth wide where,
 Maketh knowe, how that the Gregois were
 Homward with al the felaship
 Fro Troy upon the see by ship.
 Nanplus, whan he this understood
 And khew the tides of the flood
 And sigh the wind blow to the londe,
 A great deceipt anone he fonde

batur. Et sic, quod
 Nanplus viribus ne-
 quiit, odio latitante
 per dissimulacionis
 fraudem vendicavit.

Of prive hate, as thou shalte here,
Wheroft I telle all this matere.

- This king the weder gan beholde
- ¹⁰³⁰ And wiste well, they moten holde
Her cours endlonge his marche right,
And made upon the derke night
Of grete shides and of blockes
Great fire ayeine the great rockes,
- ¹⁰³⁵ To shew upon the hilles high,
So that the flete of Grece it sigh.
And so it fell right as he thought,
This flete, which an haven sought,
The brighte fires sighe a fer,
- ¹⁰⁴⁰ And they ben drawen ner and ner
And wende well and understood,
How all that fire was made for good
To shewe where men shulde arrive.
And thiderward they haften blive.
- ¹⁰⁴⁵ In semblaunt as men fain is guile.
And that was proved thilke while.
The ship, which wend his helpe accroche,
Drof all to pieces on the roche.
And so there deden ten or twelve
- ¹⁰⁵⁰ There no man mighte helpe him selve,
For there they wenden deth escape
Withouten helpe her deth was shape.
Thus they that comen first to-fore
Upon the rockes ben forlore.
- ¹⁰⁵⁵ But through the noise and through the cry
The other weren ware therby,

And whan the day began to rowe,
 Tho mighten they the sothe knowe,
 That where they wenden frendes finde,
 1060 They fonde frendship all behinde.

The londe than was sone weived,
 Where that they hadden be deceived,
 And toke hem to the highe see,
 Therto they faiden alle ye,
 1065 Fro that day forthe and ware they were
 Of that they had affaied there.

My sone, wheroft thou might avise,

Confessor.

How fraude stant in many wife
 Among hem, that guile thinke.

1070 There is no scrivener with his inke,
 Whiche half the fraude write can,
 That stant in suche a maner man.
 Forthy the wise men ne demen
 The thinges after that they semen,
 1075 But after that they knowe and finde.

The mirrour sheweth in his kinde,
 As he had all the world withinne
 And is in sooth nothing therinne.
 And so fareth hate for a throwe,

1080 Till he a man hath overthrowe,
 Shall no man knowe by his chere,
 Whiche is avaunt, ne whiche arere.
 Forthy my sone, thenke on this.

My fader, so I woll iwis,

Amans.

1085 And if there more of wrathe be,
 Nowe axeth forth pour charite,

* See my notes on Shakespear, vol. III, p. 167.

As ye by your bokes knowe,
And I the sothe shallbeknowe.

4. *Qui cohibere manum nequit et sic spem eius
Naribus hic populo sepe timendus erit.
Sepius in luctum Venus et sua gaudia transfert,
Cumque suis thalamis talis amicus adeat.
Est amor amplexu non ietibus alliciendus,
Frangit amicicias impetuosa manus.*

Hic tractat confessor super quarta et quinta specie ire, que impetuositas et homicidium dicuntur. Sed primo de impetuositate specialiter tractare intendit, cuius natura spiritum in naribus gestando ad omnes iremociones in vindictam parata paciem nullatenus observat.

- My sone, thou shalt understande,
That yet towarde wrathe stonde
Of dedly vices other two.
And for to telle her names so
It is contek and homicide,
That ben to drede on every fide.
Contek so as the bokes fain
Foolhaſt hath to his chamberlain,
By whose counſeil all unavised
Is pacience moſt despifed,
Till homicide with him mete.
1100 Fro mercy they ben all unmete
And thus ben they the worſt of alle
Of hem, whiche unto wrathe falle
In dede both and eke in thought.
For they accompte her wrath at nougħt,
1105 But if there be ſheding of blood.
And thus liche to a beſte wode
They knownen nougħt the god of life,
Be ſo they have ſwerde or knife
Her dedly wrathe for to wreke,
1110 Of pite liſt hem nougħt to ſpeke.
None other reſon they ne fonge,
But that they ben of mightes ſtronge.

Transcribed by G. E. R. Smith, 1953.

But ware hem well in other place,
Where every man behoveth grace.

¹¹¹⁵ But there I trowe it shall him faile,
To whom no mercy might availe,
But wroughten upon tirannie,
That no pite ne might hem plie.

Now tell, my sone. My fader, what?

Opponit confessor.

¹¹²⁰ If thou hast be coupable of that?

My fader, nay, Crist me forbede,
I speke onliche of the dede,
Of which I was never coupable
Without cause resonable.

Confessio amantis.

¹¹²⁵ But this is nought to my matere
Of shrifte, why we fitten here.
For we ben set to shrive of love,
As we beganne first above.

And netheles I ambeknowe,

¹¹³⁰ That as touchend of loves throwe,
Whan I my wittes overwende,
Min hertes contek hath none ende,
But ever stant upon debate
To great disese of min estate,

¹¹³⁵ As for the time that it lasteth.

For whan my fortune overcasteth
Her whele and is to me so straunge
And that I se, she woll nought chaunge,
Than cast I all the worlde about

¹¹⁴⁰ And thenk, howe I at home in dout
Have all my time in vein despended
And se nought how to be amended,

See

But rather for to be empeired,
 As he that is well nigh despeired.

¹¹⁴⁵ For I ne may no thank deserve,
 And ever I love and ever I serve
 And ever I am a liche nere,
 Thus, for I stonde in suche a were,
 I am as who faith out of herre.

¹¹⁵⁰ And thus upon my self I werre,
 I bringe and put out alle pees,
 That I full ofte in such a rees
 Am wary of min owne life,
 So that of contek and of strife

¹¹⁵⁵ I am beknowe and have answarde,
 As ye, my fader, now have herde.
 Min herte is wonderly begone
 With counseil, wherof wit is one,
 Whiche hath reson in compaignie

¹¹⁶⁰ Ayein the whiche stant partie
 Will, which hath hope of his accorde.
 And thus they bringen up discorde,
 Witte and reson counseilen ofte,
 That I min herte shulde softe

¹¹⁶⁵ And that I shulde will remue
 And put him out of retenu
 Or elles holde him under fote.

For as they fain, if that he mote,
 His owne reule have upon honde,

¹¹⁷⁰ There shall no wit ben understande
 Of hope, also they tellen this,
 That over all where that he is

- He set the herte in jeopartie
 With wiſhing and with fantafie,
 "175 And is noug̃t trewe of that he faith,
 So that there is on him no feith.
 Thus with reson and witte avised
 Is will and hope all day despised.
 Reson faith, that I shulde leve
 "180 To love, where there is no leve
 To spede, and will faith there ayein,
 That ſuch an herte is to vilain,
 Which dare noug̃t love, till that he spede.
 Let hope ſerve at ſuche nede.
 "185 He faith eke, where an herte fit
 All hole governed upon wit,
 He hath this lives lust forlore.
 And thus min herte is all to-tore
 Of ſuche a contek, as they make.
 "190 But yet I may noug̃t will forſake,
 That he nis maister of my thought,
 Or that I spede, or spede noug̃t.
 Thou doſt, my ſone, ayeinst the right, Confessor.
 But love is of ſo great a might,
 "195 His lawe may no man refufe,
 So might thou there the better excuse.
 And netheles thou ſhalt be lerned,
 That will shulde be governed
 Of reson more than of kinde,
 "200 Wheroſt a tale write I finde.
 A philofophre of which men tolde
 There was whilom by daies olde,

Hic ponit confessor
 exemplum, quod
 omnis impetuosa

voluntas fit discre-
cionis moderamine
gubernanda. Et
narrat, qualiter Di-
ogenes, qui motus
animi sui rationi
subjugaverat, re-
gem Alexandrum
super isto facto sibi
opponente plenius
informavit.

- And Diogenes than he hight.*
 So olde he was, that he ne might
 The world travaile, and for the best
 He shope him for to take his rest
 And dwelle at home in suche a wife,
 That nigh his house he let devise
 Endlonge upon an axel tree
 1210 To set a tonne in suche degree,
 That he it mighte torne aboute,
 Wheroft one heed was taken oute,
 For he therinne fitte shulde
 And torne him selve as he wolde
 1215 And take the eire and se the heven
 And deme of the planetes seven
 As he, which couthe mochel what.
 And thus full ofte there he sat
 To muse in his philosophie
 1220 Sole withouten compaignie,
 So that upon a morwe tide
 A thing, which shulde tho betide,
 Whan he was sette, here as him list
 To loke upon the sonne arist,
 1225 Wheroft the propertie he sigh,
 It felle, there cam ridend nigh
 King Alifaundre with a route.
 And as he cast his eye aboute
 He sigh this tonne, and what it ment
 1230 He wolde wite, and thider sent
 A knight, by whom he might it knowe.
 And he him self that ilke throwe

MS. B. 1. 1. fol. 122v. 2. 2. 3. 4.

Abode and hoveth there stille.
This knight after the kinges wille
1235 With spore made his horse to gone
And to the tonne he cam anone,
Where that he fonde a man of age,
And he him tolde the message,
Suche as the kinge him had bede,
1240 And axeth why in thilke stede
The tonne stood and what it was.
And he, which understood the cas,
Sat still and spake no worde ayein.
The knight bad speke and faith : Vilain,
1245 Thou shalt me telle, er that I go,
It is thy king, whiche axeth so.
My king, quod he, that were unright.
What is he thanne ? faith the knight,
Is he thy man ? That say I nought,
1250 Quod he, but this I am bethought,
My mannes man how that he is.
Thou liest, false cherle, iwis,
The knight him said and was right wroth,
And to the kinge ayein he goth
1255 And told him, how this man ansWERDE.
The king, whan he this tale herde,
Bad that they shulden all abide,
For he him self wold thider ride.
And whan he came to-fore the tonne,
1260 He hath his tale thus begonne :
Al heil, he faith, what man art thou ?
Quod he : Such one as thou feest now.

- The king, which hadde wordes wise,
 His age wolde nought despise
- ¹²⁶⁵ But faith: My fader, I the pray,
 That thou me wolt the cause say,
 How that I am thy mannes man?
 Sire king, quod he, and that I can,
 If thou wilt. Yes, saith the king.
- ¹²⁷⁰ Quod he: This is the soth thing
 Sith I first reson understood
 And knew what thing was evil and good,
 The will, whiche of my body moveth,
 Whos werkes that the god reproveth,
- ¹²⁷⁵ I have restreigned evermore
 Of him, which stant under the lore
 Of reson, whos subiect he is,
 So that he may nought done amis.
 And thus by wey of covenauant
- ¹²⁸⁰ Will is my man and my servaunt
 And ever hath be and ever shall.
 And thy will is thy principal
 And hath the lordship of thy wit,
 So that thou coutest never yit
- ¹²⁸⁵ Take a day rest of thy labour.
 But for to be a conquerour
 Of worldes good, which may nought laste,
 Thou hiest ever a liche faste,
 Where thou no reson haft to winne.
- ¹²⁹⁰ And thus thy will is cause of finne
 And is thy lord to whom thou servest,
 Wherof thou litel thank deservest.

The king, of that he thus answerd,
 Was nothing wroth, but when he herd
 1295 The highe wisedom, whiche he saide,
 With goodly wordes this he prайд,
 That he him wolde tell his name.
 I am, quod he, that ilke fame,
 Which men Diogenes calle.

1300 Tho was the king right glad with alle,
 For he had herd ofte to-fore
 What man he was, so that therfore
 He saide: O wife Diogene,
 Now shall thy grete wit be fene,
 1305 For thou shalt of my yifte have,
 What worldes thinge thou wolt crave.
 Quod he: Than hove out of my sonne
 And lete it shine into my tonne,
 For thou benimst me thilke yifte,
 1310 Which lith nought in thy might to shifte,
 None other good of the me nedeth.

The king, whom every contre dredeth,
 Lo, thus he was enformed there,
 Wherof, my sone, thou might lere,
 1315 How that thy wil shal nought be leved,
 Where it is nought of wit releved.
 And thou haft said thy self er this,
 How that thy wil thy maister is,
 Through which thin hertes thought with-
 1320 Is ever of contek to beginne, [inne
 So that it is greatly to drede,
 That it no homicide brede.

For love is of a wonder kinde
 And hath his wittes ofte blinde,
 1325 That they fro mannes reson falle.
 But whan that it is so befalle,
 That will shall his corage lede
 In loves cause, it is to drede,
 Wheroft I finde ensample write,
 1330 Whiche is behovely for to wite.

Hic in amoris causa
 ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui
 in sua dampna nimis
 accelerantes ex impietate se ipsos multo
 ciosi offendunt. Et
 narrat, qualiter Piramus cum ipse Tisbe
 amicam suam in loco
 inter eosdem deputato
 tempore adventus sui
 promptam non inventit, animo impetuoso
 se ipsum pre dolore
 extracto gladio mortaliter
 transfodit, que
 postea infra breve veniens
 cum ipsum sic mortuum invenisset,
 eciam et illa in sue
 ipsius mortem impetuose
 festinans eiusdem
 gladii cuspidem
 sui cordis intima per
 medium penetravit.

* I rede a tale, and telleth this,
 The citee, which Semiramis
 Enclosed hath with walle about
 Of worthy folk with many a rout
 Was inhabited here and there.
 Amonge the which two there were
 Aboven all other noble and great,
 Dwellend tho within a strete
 So nigh to-gider, as it was sene,
 That there was nothing hem betwene
 But wowe to wowe and walle to walle.
 This o lord hath in speciale
 A sone, a lusty bacheler,
 In all the towne was none his pere.
 That other had a doughter eke
 In all the lond that for to feke
 Men wisten none so faire as she.
 And fell so, as it shulde be,
 This faire doughter nigh this sone,
 1350 As they to-gider thanne wone,
 Cupid hath so the thinges shape,
 That they ne might his honds escape,

*Pyramus & Thisbe, from Ovid, Metamorphoses, 4. 35. 6. The walle which Theseus met was 200 ft. long. Much
 of it is now lost, but the mound of earth upon which the city stood is still to be seen. The legend of Pyramus
 and Thisbe is given in full in the notes.*

That he his fire on hem ne caste,
Wheroft her herts he overcaste

1355 To folwe thilke lore and sue,
Which never man yet might escheue.
And that was love, as it is happed,
Whiche hath her hertes so betrapped,
That they by alle waies seche,

1360 How that they mighten winne a speche
Her wofull peine for to lesse.
Who loveth wel, it may nought misse.
And namely whan there ben two
Of one accord, how so it go,

1365 But if that they some waie finde,
For love is ever of suche a kinde
And hath his folk so wel affaited,
That how so that it be awaited,
There may no man the purpos let.

1370 And thus betwene hem two they set
An hole upon a wal to make,
Through which they have her counsel take
At alle times, whan they might.
This faire maiden Tisbe hight

1375 And he, whom she loved hote,
Was Piramus by name hote.
So longe her lesson they recorden,
Til ate laste they accorden
By nightes time for to wende

1380 Alone out fro the townes ende,
Where was a welle under a tree,
And who cam first or she or he

He shulde stille there abide.
 So it befell the nightes tide
 1385 This maiden, which desguised was,
 All prively the softe pas
 Goth through the large town unknowe,
 Till that she cam within a throwe,
 Where that she liked for to dwelle
 1390 At thilke unhappy freshe welle,
 Which was also the forest nigh,
 Where she comend a leon sigh
 Into the feld to take his pray
 In haste. And she tho fledde away,
 1395 So as fortune shulde falle,
 For fere and let her wimpel falle
 Nigh to the wel upon therbage.
 This wilde leon in his rage
 A beste, whiche he found there out,
 1400 Hath slain and with his bloody snout,
 Whan he hath eten what he wolde,
 To drinke of thilke stremes colde
 Come unto the welle, where he fonde
 The wimpel, whiche out of her honde
 1405 Was falle, and he it hath to-drawe,
 Bebledde aboute and all forgnawe.
 And than he straught him for to drinke
 Upon the freshe welles brink,
 And after that out of the plein
 1410 He torneth to the wode ayein.
 And Tisbe durste nought remewe,
 But as a brid, which were in mewe,

- Within a bush she kept her close
 So stille that she nought arose
¹⁴¹⁵ Unto her self and pleigneth ay.
 And fell, while that she there lay,
 This Piramus cam after sone
 Unto the welle and by the mone
 He found her wimpel bloody there.
- ¹⁴²⁰ Cam never yet to mannes ere
 Tidinge ne to mannes fight
 Merveille, which so fore aflight
 A mannes herte, as it tho dede
 To him, whiche in the same stede
¹⁴²⁵ With many a woful compleaigninge
 Began his hondes for to wringe
 As he, which demeth fikerly,
 That she be dede. And sodeinly
 His swerd all naked out he braide
- ¹⁴³⁰ In his fool haste and thus he faide :
 I am cause of this felonie,
 So it is reson, that I deie,
 And she is dede by cause of me.
 And with that worde upon his kne
- ¹⁴³⁵ He fell, and to the goddes alle
 Up to the heven he gan to calle
 And praidie sithen it was so,
 That he may nought his love as tho
 Have in/ this world, that of her grace
- ¹⁴⁴⁰ He might her have in other place,
 For here wolde he nought abide,
 He faith. But as it shall betide,

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1295

- The pomel of his fwerd to ground
 He set and through his hert a wound
- ¹⁴⁴⁵ He made up to the bare hilte
 And in this wise him self spilte
 With his foolhaste and deth he nam.
 For she within a while cam,
 Where he lay dede upon his knife,
- ¹⁴⁵⁰ So woful yet was never life
 As Tisbe was. Whan she him sigh,
 She mighte nought one worde on high
 Speke out, for her herte shette,
 That of her life no pris she sette,
- ¹⁴⁵⁵ But dede swounend down she felle,
 Till after whan it so befelle,
 That she out of her traunce awoke,
 With many a wofull pitous loke
 Her eye alwey among she caste
- ¹⁴⁶⁰ Upon her love and ate laste
 She caught breth and faide thus :
 O thou, which cleped art Venus,
 Goddefe of love, and thou Cupide,
 Which loves cause hast for to guide,
- ¹⁴⁶⁵ I wot now wel, that ye be blinde
 Of thilke unhap, whiche I now finde
 Only betwene my love and me.
 This Piramus, whiche here I se
 Bledend, what hath he deserved ?
- ¹⁴⁷⁰ For he your heft hath kept and served,
 And was yonge and I both also,
 Alas, why do ye with us so ?

Ye set our hertes both on fire
 And made us suche thing desire,
 1475 Wheroft that we no skille couthe.
 But thus our freshe lusty youthe
 Withouten joy is all despended,
 Which thing may never ben amended.
 For as for me this woll I say,
 1480 That me is lever for to deie
 Than live after this forwefull day.
 And with this word where as he lay
 Her love in armes she embrafeth
 Her owne deth and so purchafeth,
 1485 That now she wepte and now she kiste,
 Till ate lafte, er she it wiste,
 So great a forwe is to her falle,
 Whiche overgoth her wittes alle,
 And she, which mighte nougnt asterte,
 1490 The swerdes pointe ayein her herte
 She set and fell down therupon,
 Wheroft that she was dede anone.
 And thus both on a swerd bledend
 They were found dede liggend.

1495 Now thou, my sone, hast herd this tale Confessor.
 Beware that of thin owne bale
 Thou be nougnt cause in thy foolhaste,
 And kepe that thou thy wit ne waste
 Upon thy thought in aventure,
 1500 Wheroft thy lives forfeiture
 May falle. And if thou have so thought
 Er this, tell on and hide it nougnt.

- Amans. My fader, upon loves fide
 My conscience I wol nought hide,
 1505 How that for love of pure wo
 I have ben ofte moved so,
 That with my wiſhes if I might
 A thouſand times, I you plight,
 I hadde storven in a day.
 1510 And therof I me ſhrive may,
 Though love fully me ne flough,
 My will to deie was inough.
 So am I of my will coupable
 And yet is ſhe nought merciable,
 1515 Which may me yive life and hele,
 But that her liſt nought with me dele,
 I wot by whos counſeil it is
 And him wolde I long time er this,
 And yet I wolde and ever shall,
 1520 Sleen and deſtruie in ſpeciall.
 The golde of nine kinges londes
 Ne ſhulde him ſave fro min hondes,
 In my power if that he were.
 But yet him ſtant of me no fere,
 1525 For nought that ever I can manace,
 He is the hinderer of my grace,
 Til he be dede I may nought ſpede.
 So mote I nedes taken hede
 And ſhape, how that he were awey,
 1530 If I therto may finde a wey.
 Confessor. My ſone, tell me now forthy,
 Whiche is that mortal enemy,

That thou manacest to be dede.

My fader, it is suche a quede,

Amans.

1535 That where I come, he is to-fore
And doth so, that my cause is lore.

What is his name? It is daunger,
Whiche is my ladies counfeiler.

Confessor.
Amans.

1540 To come in any place nigh,
Where as she was by night or day,
That daunger ne was redy ay,
With whom for speche ne for mede
Yet might I never of love spedē.

1545 For ever this finde I soth,
All that my lady faith or doth
To me daunger shall make an ende.
And that maketh al my world miswende,
And ever I axe his helpe, but he
1550 May be wel cleped fauns pite.
For ay the more I to him bowe,
The lasse he woll my tale allowe.
He hath my lady so engleued,
She woll nought, that he be remeued.

1555 For ever he hongeth on her saile
And is so prive of counfeile,
That ever whan I have ought bede,
I finde daunger in her stede
And min answere of him I have.
1560 But for no mercy, that I crave,
Of mercy never a point I hadde.
I find his answēr ay so badde,

That worse might it never be.
 And thus betwen daunger and me
 1565 Is ever werre til he deie.
 But might I ben of such maistrie,
 That I daunger had overcome,
 With that were all my joie come.
 Thus wolde I wonde for no sinne
 1570 Ne yet for all this world to winne,
 If that I might finde a sleight
 To lay all min estate in weight,
 I wolde him fro the court desever,
 So that he come ayeinward never,
 1575 Therfore I wishe and wolde fain,
 That he were in some wise slain.
 For while he stant in thilke place
 Ne gete I nought my ladies grace.
 Thus hate I dedely thilke vice
 1580 And wolde he stood in none office
 In place, where my lady is.
 For if he do, I wot wel this,
 That outhere he shall deie or I
 Within a while, and nought forthy
 1585 On my lady full ofte I muse,
 Now that she may her self excuse.
 For if that I deie in suche a plite
 Me thenketh she might nought be quite,
 That she ne were an homicide.
 1590 And if it shulde so betide,
 As god forbede it shulde be,
 By double way it is pite.

- For I, which all my will and wit
 Have yove and served ever yit,
 1595 And than I shuld in suche a wife
 In rewarding of my service
 Be dede, me thenketh it were routh.
 And furthermore I telle trouth,
 She that hath ever be wel named,
 1600 She were worthy than to be blamed
 And of reson to ben appealed,
 Whan with o word she might have heled
 A man, and suffreth him to deie.
 Ha, who sigh ever such a way ?
 1605 Ha, who sigh ever such destresse ?
 Withoute pite gentilesse,
 Withoute mercy womanhede,
 That woll so quite a man his mede,
 Whiche ever hath be to love trewe.
 1610 My gode fader, if ye rewe
 Upon my tale, tell me now,
 And I wol stinte and herken you.
 My sone, attempre thy corage
 Fro wrath and let thin hert assuage,
 1615 For who so wol him underfonge,
 He may his grace abide longe,
 Or he of love be received
 And eke also, but it be weived,
 There mighete mochel thing befalle,
 1620 That shulde make a man to falle
 Fro love, that never afterwarde
 Ne durst he loke thiderwarde.

Confessor.

In harde waies men gon softe,
 And er they climbe avise hem ofte,
 1625 And men seen all day, that rape reweth.
 And who so wicked ale breweth,
 Full ofte he mot the worse drinke.
 Better it is to flete than finke,
 Better is upon the bridel chewe
 1630 Than if he fel and overthrew
 The hors and sticked in the mire.
 To cast water in the fire
 Better is than brenne up al the hous.
 The man whiche is malicious
 1635 And foolhaftif, full ofte he falleth.
 And selden is, whan love him calleth.
 Forthy better is to suffre a throwe
 Than to be wilde and overthrowe.
 Suffraunce hath ever be the best
 1640 To wishen him that secheth rest.
 And thus if thou wolt love spedie,
 My sone, suffre, as I the rede.
 What may the mous ayein the cat ?
 And for this cause I axe that,
 1645 Who may to love make a werre,
 That he ne hath him self the werre ?
 Love axeth pees and ever shall.
 And who that fighteth most withall,
 Shall leſt conquerore of his emprise.
 1650 For this they tellen that ben wife,
 Whiche is to ſtrive and have the werfe
 To haſten, is nouȝt worth a kerfe.

Thinge that a man may nought acheve,
That may nought wel be done at eve,
¹⁶⁵⁵ It mot abide till the morwe.
Ne haste nought thine owne forwe,
My sone, and take this in thy witte,
He hath nought lost that wel abitte.
Ensample, that it falleth thus,
¹⁶⁶⁰ Thou might well take of Piramus,
Whan he in haste his swerd out drough
And on the point him selven slough
For love of Tisbe pitously,
For he her wimpel fond bloody
¹⁶⁶⁵ And wende a beste her hadde slain,
Where as him ought have be right fain,
For she was there al sauf beside.
But for he wolde nought abide,
This mischef fell. Forthy beware,
¹⁶⁷⁰ My sone, as I the warne dare,
Do thou no thinge in suche a rees,
For suffraunce is the well of pees,
Though thou to loves court pursue,
Yet fit it wel, that thou escheue,
¹⁶⁷⁵ That thou the court nought overhaste.
For so thou might thy time waste,
But if thin hap therto be shape,
It may nought helpe for to rape.
Therfore attempre thy corage,
¹⁶⁸⁰ Foolhaste doth none avauntage,
But ofte it set a man behinde
In cause of love, and I finde

line 1624

By olde ensample as thou shalt here
Touchend of love in this matere.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui in amoris caufa nimia festinacione concupiscentes tardius expediunt, et narrat, qualiter pro eo, quod Phebus quandam virginem pulcherrimam nomine Daphnem nimia amoris acceleracione insequebatur, iratus Cupido cor Phebi sagitta aurea ignita ardencius vulneravit et econtra cor Daphne quadam sagitta plumbea, que frigidissima fuit, sobrius perforavit, et sic quanto magis Phebus ardencior in amore Daphnem persecutus est, tanto magis ipsa frigidior Phebi concupiscentiam toto corde fugitiva dedignabatur.

* A maiden whilom there was one,
Which Daphne hight, and such was none
Of beaute than, as it was faide.
Phebus his love hath on her laide,
And therupon to her he sought
In his foolhaste and so besought,
That she with him no reste hadde,
For ever upon her love he gradde,
And she said ever unto him nay.
So it befelle upon a day
Cupide, whiche hath every chaunce
Of love under his governaunce,
Sigh Phebus hasten him so fore,
And for he shulde him haste more
And yet nought speden ate laste
A dart throughout his hert he caste,
Which was of golde and all a fire,
That made him many fold desire
Of love more than he dede.
To Daphne eke in the same stede
¹⁷⁰⁵ A dart of led he caste and smote,
Which was all colde and no thing hote.
And thus Phebus in love brenneth
And in his haste aboute renneth
To loke, if that he might winne.
¹⁷¹⁰ But he was ever to beginne,
For ever away fro him she fled,
So that he never his love sped.

Daphne & Phebus, from Caxton, MS. B. 1. 1. folio 3. 482-537

And for to make him full beleve,
 That no foolhaste might achieve
 1715 To gete love in such degre,
 This Daphne into a lorer tre
 Was torned, whiche is ever grene
 In token, as yet it may be fene,*
 That she shall dwelle a maiden stille
 1720 And Phebus failen of his wille.

By suche ensamples as they stonde,
 My sone, thou might understande
 To hasten love is thing in vein,
 Whan that fortune is there ayein,
 1725 To take where a man hath leve
 Good is, and elles he mot leve.
 For whan a mannes happes failen,
 There is none haste may availen.

My fader, graunt mercy of this.

A mans.

1730 But while I se my lady is
 No tree, but holde her owne forme,
 There may me no man so enforme,
 To whether part fortune wende,
 That I unto my lives ende
 1735 Ne wol her serve evermo.

My sone, sithen it is so,
 I say no more, but in this cas
 Beware, howe it with Phebus was.
 Nought only upon loves chaunce,
 1740 But upon every governaunce,
 Which falleth unto mannes dede,
 Foolhaste is ever for to drede,

Confessor.

And that a man good counseil take,
Er he his purpose undertake,
¹⁷⁴⁵ For counseil put foolhaste awey.

Amans. Now gode fader, I you prey,
That for to wiffe me the more,
Some good ensample upon this lore
Ye wold me telle, of that is writ,
¹⁷⁵⁰ That I the better mighte wit,
Howe I foolhaste shulde escheue
And the wisdome of counseil sue.

Confessor. My sone, that thou might enforme
Thy pacience upon the forme
¹⁷⁵⁵ Of olde ensamples as they felle,
Nowe understand, what I shall telle.

* When noble Troie was belein
And overcome, and home ayein
The Gregois torned fro the siege,
The kinges found her owne liege
In many place, as men faide,
That hem forsoke and disobeide.
Among the whiche fell this case
To Demephon and Athemas,
That weren kinges bothe two
And bothe weren served so,
Her leges wolde hem nought receive,
So that they mote algates weive
To seche londe in other place.
For there founde they no grace,
Wheroft they token hem to rede
And soughten frendes ate nede,

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui nimio furore accensi vindictam ire sue ultra quam decet consequi affectant. Et narrat, qualiter Athemas et Demephon reges, cum ipsi a bello Trojano ad propria remeassent et a suis ibidem pacifice recepti non fuissent, congregato aliunde pugnatorum exercitu regiones suas non solum incendio vastare sed et omnes in eisdem habitantes a minimo usque ad majorem in perpetuam vindictam memoriam gladio interficere fervore iracundie proposuerunt. Sed rex Nestor, qui senex et sapiens fuit, ex pacientia tractatus inter ipsos reges et

of Demephon & Athemas from Beaufort de St Maur's Geste of Troye. This is not classical, but Demephon of Athens figures as Athemas' son. In the Alcaeus, he is one of the Greeks in the Locris in Virgil, Aeneid II 263. A Latin a.p. G. d. M. 1770. See also 20025.

- And eche of hem assureth other
 To helpe as to his owne brother
 1775 To vengen hem of thilke oultrace
 And winne ayein her heritage.
 And thus they ride aboute faste
 To geten hem helpe, and ate lafte
 They hadden power suffisaunt
 1780 And maden than a covenauant,
 That they ne shulde no life save,
 Ne prest, ne clerk, ne lord, ne knave,
 Ne wife, ne childe of that they finde,
 Which berth visage of mannes kinde,
 1785 So that no life shall be focoured,
 But with the dedely swerd devoured.
 In such foolhaste her ordinaunce
 They shapen for to do vengeaunce.
 Whan this purpose was wist and knowe
 1790 Among here host, tho was there blowe
 Of wordes many a speche aboute.
 Of yonge men the lusty route
 Were of this tale glad inough.
 There was no care for the plough,
 1795 As they that weren foolhaftif
 They ben accorded to the strife
 And fain, it may nought ben to great
 To vengen hem of such forfeit.
 Thus saith the wilde unwise tongue
 1800 Of hem, that there weren yonge.
 But Nestor, which was olde and hore,
 The salve sigh to-fore the sore

eorum regna inita
 pace et concordia hu-
 iusmodi impetuositatem
 micus pacifica-
 vit.

- As he, that was of counseil wife.
 So that anone by his advise
 1805 There was a prive counseil nome,
 The lordes ben to-gider come.
 This Demephon and Athemas
 Her purpos tolden, as it was.
 They setten alle still and herde,
 1810 Was non but Nestor hem answerde.
 He badde hem, if they wol winne,
 They shulden se, er they beginne,
 Her ende and set her first entent,
 That they hem after ne repent.
 1815 And axeth hem this question,
 To what finall conclusion
 They wolde regne kinges there,
 If that no people in londe were?
 And faith, it were a wonder wierd
 1820 To seen a king become an hierd,
 Where no life is but only beste
 Under the legeaunce of his heste.
 For who that is of man no kinge
 The remenaunt is as no thinge.
 1825 He faith eke, if they pourpose holde
 To flee the people, as they two wolde,
 Whan they it mighte nought restore,
 All Grece it shulde abegge sore
 To se the wilde beste woner,
 1830 Where whilom dwelt a mannes sone.
 And for that cause he bad hem trete
 And stint of tho manaces grete.

Better is to winne by faire speche,
He faith, than such vengeaunce seche.

1835 For whan a man is most above,
Him nedeth most to gete him love.

Whan Nestor hath this tale saide,
Ayein him was no word withsaide.
It thought hem all he saide wele.

1840 And thus fortune her dedly whele
Fro werre torneth into pees.
But forth they wenten netheles.
And whan the contrees herde fain,
How that her kinges be besein

1845 Of suche a power as they ladde,
Was none so bold, that hem ne dradde
And for to seche pees and grith
They fende and prайд anon forthwith,
So that the kinges ben appesed

1850 And every mannes hert is esed.
All was foryete and nought recorded,
And thus they ben to-gider accorded.
The kinges were ayein received,
And pees was take and wrathe weived

1855 And all through counseil, which was good
Of him that reson understood.

By this ensample, sone, attempre
Thin hert and let no will distempre
Thy wit and do no thing by might,
1860 Which may be do by love and right.
Foolhaste is cause of mochel wo,
Forthy my sone, do nought so.

Confessor.

And as touchend of homicide,
Which toucheth unto loves side,

¹⁸⁶⁵ Ful ofte it falleth unavised
Through will, which is nought wel assised,
Whan wit and reson ben awey
And that foolhaste is in the wey,
Wheroft hath falle great vengeance.

¹⁸⁷⁰ Forthy take into remembraunce
To love in suche a maner wife,
That thou deserve no juise.
For well I wot, thou might nought lette,
That thou ne shalt thin herte sette

¹⁸⁷⁵ To love, where thou wolt or none.
But if thy wit be overgone,
So that it torne unto malice,
There wot no man of thilke vice,
What perill that there may befalle.

¹⁸⁸⁰ Wheroft a tale amonges alle
Whiche is great pite for to here
I thenke for to tellen here,
That thou such mordre might withstonde,
Whan thou the tale haft understande.

* Of Troie at thilke noble towne,
Whose fame stant yet of renowne
And ever shall to mannes ere,
The siege laste longe there,
Er that the Grekes it might winne,
While Priamus was king therinne.
But of the Grekes, that lien aboute,
Agamenon lad all the route.

Hic ponit confessor
exemplum contra il-
los, qui ob sue concu-
piscencie desiderium
homicide efficiuntur.
Et narrat, qualiter
Climestra uxor regis
Agamenontis, cum
ipse a bello Trojano
domi redisset, consilio
Egisti, quem adultera
peramavit, sponsum
suum in cubili dormi-
entem sub noctis si-

The me. d. of Agamenon's revenge of his son, derived verbatim from Odyssey III, v. 200-221, but probably directly from de St. Maure's Gestes of Troie. Agestus, & Chrysaorista ster. Agamenon or his retinue at a banquet, or (briefly), Agamenon comes for the girl. Tathibun, Agamemnon's herald at Troy, is in concourse with Orestes, his son. They go to Crete or to Knossos. Agestus goes to the temple of Poseid. He is & then returned from Athens & Crete, both Agestus & Agamemnon in the temple of Apollo who had advised him. Then, joined by the messenger, he went to Delphi & Athens, where he was received by the Council of the Areopagus; he afterwards wedded Cassandra, daughter of Nestor, who was not of their Menestheus is a recent addition. See also Lire a. f. 5 ad. No new manuscript, MS. B. 27925-90, 28155-783, - 20139-402.

- This thinge is knownen overall,
 But yet I thenke in speciall
 1895 To my matere therupon
 Telle in what wife Agamenon
 Through chaunce, which may nought be
 Of love untrewe was deceived. [weived,
 An olde fawe is: who that is fligh
 1900 In place were he may be nigh
 He maketh the ferre leve loth
 Of love, and thus ful ofte it goth.
 There while Agamenon batailleth
 To winne Troie and it assailleth
 1905 From home and was long time fer,
 Egistus drough his quene ner
 And with the leiser, whiche he hadde,
 This lady at his will he ladde.
 Climestre was her righte name,
 1910 She was therof greatly to blame
 To love there it may nought laste,
 But fell to mischefe ate laste.
 For whan this noble worthy knight
 Fro Troie came the firste night,
 1915 That he at home a bedde lay
 Egistus longe er it was day,
 As this Climestre him had assent,
 And weren bothe of one assent,
 By treson flough him in his bed.
 1920 But morder, which may nought ben hed,
 Sprong out to every mannes ere,
 Wheroft the lond was full of fere.

lencio trucidabat, cuius mortem filius eius
 Horestes tunc junioris
 etatis postea diis ad-
 monitus crudelissima
 feveritate vindicavit.

Agamenon hath by this quene
 A sone, and that was after sene.
 1925 But yet as than he was of youth,
 A babe, which no reson couth:
 And as god wolde, it felle him thus,
 A worthy knight Taltibius
 This yonge childe hath in keping.
 1930 And whan he herde of this tiding,
 Of this treson, of this misdede,
 He gan within him self to drede
 In auuter if this false Egiste
 Upon him come er he it wiste
 1935 To take and morther of his malice
 This child, whiche he hath to norice,
 And for that cause in alle haste
 Out of the londe he gan him haste
 And to the kinge of Crete he straught
 1940 And him this yonge lorde betaught
 And praid him for his faders sake,
 That he this child wolde undertake
 And kepe him till he be of age,
 So as he was of his lignage,
 1945 And told him over all the cas,
 How that his fader morthred was,
 And how Egistus, as men saide,
 Was king, to whom the londe obeide.
 And whan Ydomeneus the kinge
 1950 Hath understanding of this thinge,
 Which that this knight him hadde told,
 He made forwe manyfold

And toke the childe unto his warde
And saide he wolde him kepe and warde,
¹⁹⁵⁵ Till that he were of such a might
To handle a swerde and ben a knight
To vengen him at his owne will.
And thus Horestes dwelleth still.
Such was the childes righte name,
¹⁹⁶⁰ Whiche after wroughte mochel shame
In vengeance of his faders deth.
The time of yeres overgeth,
That he was man of brede and lengthe,
Of wit, of manhode and of strengthe,
¹⁹⁶⁵ A fair persone amonges alle.
And he began to clepe and calle
As he, which come was to man,
Unto the kinge of Crete than
Praiende, that he wold him make
¹⁹⁷⁰ A knight and power with him take,
For lenger wolde he nought beleve,
He faith, but praieth the kinge of leve
To gone and claim his heritage
And vengen him of thilke oulfrage,
¹⁹⁷⁵ Which was unto his fader do.
The kinge assenteth well therto
With great honour and knight him maketh
And great power to him betaketh.
And gan his journe for to caste,
¹⁹⁸⁰ So that Horestes ate laste
His leve toke and forth he goth
As he, that was in his hert wroth.

His firste pleinte to bemene
 Unto the citee of Athene

1985 He goth him forth and was received,
 So there was he nought deceived.
 The duke and tho that weren wise
 They profren hem to his service,
 And he hem thonketh of her proffer

1990 And faith him self he wol gone offer
 Unto the goddes for his spedē,
 And alle men him yive rede.
 So goth he to the temple forth,
 Of yiftes, that be mochel worth,

1995 His sacrifice and his offringe
 He made. And after his axinge
 He was answerde, if that he wolde
 His state recover, than he sholde
 Upon his moder do vengeaunce

2000 So cruel, that the remembraunce
 Therof might evermore abide,
 As she, that was an homicide
 And of her owne lord mordrice.
 Horestes, whiche of thilke office

2005 Was nothing glad, as than he praidē
 Unto the goddes there and saide,
 That they the jugement devise,
 How she shall take the juise.
 And therupon he had answere,

2010 That he her pappes shulde of-tere
 Out of her breast his owne hondes
 And for ensample of alle londes

With hors she shulde be to-drawe,
 Till houndes had her bones gnawe
 2015 Withouten any sepulture.

This was a wofull aventure.

And whan Horestes hath all herde,
 How that the goddes have answerde,
 Forth with the strengthe, whiche he lad,
 2020 The duke and his power he had
 And to a citee forth they gone,
 The which was cleped Cropheone,
 Where as Phoicus was lord and fire,
 Which profreth him withouten hire
 2025 His helpe and all that he may do
 As he, that was right glad therto
 To greve his mortal enemy
 And tolde him certain cause why,
 How that Egiste in mariage
 2030 His doughter whilom of full age
 Forlay and afterward forsoke,
 Whan he Horestes moder toke.
 Men fain : olde sin newe shame.
 Thus more and more arose the blame
 2035 Ayein Egiste on every side.

Horestes with his host to ride
 Began, and Phoicus with him wente,
 I trowe Egist him shall repente.
 They riden forth unto Micene,
 2040 There lay Climestre thilke quene,
 The whiche Horestes moder is.
 And whan she herde telle of this,

*Croplex & Porcicor p. 11. Boreus (s' Tropio) & Florentis : quandoque 'Horestem & Porcicor' nullus est
 & non obstante q. Dicit. Bell. Ital. cap. II, 3: 'Innotatus cum praedicta non sit script. invenit: et rite
 eius fibra, &c.'*

- The gates were faste shette,
 And they were of her entre lette.
- 2045 Anone this citee was withoute
 Belain and sieged all aboute,
 And ever among they it affaile
 Fro day to night and so travaile,
 Till ate lafte they it wonne,
- 2050 Tho was there forwe inough begonne.
 Horestes did his moder calle
 Anone to-fore the lordes alle
 And eke to-fore the people also,
 To her and tolde his tale tho
- 2055 And saide : O cruel beste unkinde,
 How mightest thou thin herte finde
 For any luste of loves draught,
 That thou accordeſt to the slauth
 Of him, which was thin owne lorde ?
- 2060 Thy trefon stant of ſuch recorde,
 Thou might thy werkes nought forſake,
 So mote I for my faders fake
 Vengeaunce upon thy body do,
 As I commaunded am thereto.
- 2065 Unkindely for thou haſt wrought,
 Unkindelich it ſhall be bought,
 The ſone ſhall the moder flee,
 For that whilom thou ſaideſt ye
 To that thou ſhuldeſt nay have ſaid.
- 2070 And he with that his honds hath laid
 Upon his moder breast anone
 And rent out from the bare bone

Her pappes both and caste away
Amiddes in the carte way

2075 And after toke the dede cors
And lete it be drawe awey with hors
Unto the hounde, unto the raven,
She was none other wife graven.

Egistus, which was elles where,

2080 Tidinges comen to his ere,
How that Micene was belain,
But what was more herd he nought fain.
With great manace and mochel boste
He drough power and made an hoste

2085 And came in the rescoufse of the town.
But all the sleight of his treson
Horestes wist it by a spie
And of his men a great partie
He made in bushemement abide

2090 To waite on him in suche a tide,
That he ne might her hond escape.
And in this wise, as he hath shape,
The thing befell, so that Egist
Was take, er he him selfe it wist,

2095 And was forth brought his hondes bonde,
As whan men have a traitor fonde.
And tho that weren with him take,
Whiche of treson were overtake,
To-gider in one sentence falle.

2100 But false Egiste above hem alle
Was demed to diverse peine,
The worste that men couthe ordeigne,

- And so forth after by the lawe
 He was unto the gibet drawe,
 2105 Where he above all other hongeth,
 As to a traitor it belongeth.
 The fame with her swifte winges
 Aboute fligh and bare tidinges
 And made it couth in alle londes,
 2110 How that Horestes with his hondes
 Climestre his owne moder flough.
 Some fain, he dide well inough,
 And some fain, he did amis.
 Divers opinion there is,
 2115 That she is dede they speken alle,
 But pleinly howe it is befalle
 The matere is so litel throwe
 In sothe there might no man knowe,
 But they that weren at the dede.
 2120 And comunlich in every nede
 The worste speche is rathest herde
 And leved, till it be answarde.
 The kinges and the lordes great
 Begonne Horestes for to threat
 2125 To putten him out of his regne,
 He is nougnt worthy for to regne,
 The child, which flough his moder so,
 They said, and therupon also
 The lordes of comun assent
 2130 The time sette of parlement,
 And to Athenes king and lorde
 To-gider come of one accorde,

To knowe how that the sothe was,
 So that Horestes in this cas
 2135 They fenden after, and he come.

King Menelay the wordes nome
 And axeth him of this matere.
 And he, that all it mighten here,
 Answerde and tolde his tale at large,
 2140 And how the goddes in his charge
 Commaunded him in suche a wise
 His owne hond to do juise.
 And with this tale a duke arose,
 Which was a worthy knight of lufe,
 2145 His name was Menesteus,*
 And saide unto the lordes thus :
 The wreche, whiche Horestes dede,
 It was thinge of the goddes bede,
 And nothinge of his cruelte.
 2150 And if there were of my degré
 In all this place suche a knight,
 That wolde fain, it was no right,
 I woll it with my body prove.
 And therupon he cast his glove
 2155 And eke this noble duke alleide
 Full many an other skill and saide,
 She hadde well deserved wreche,
 First for the cause of spouse breche,
 And after wrought in suche a wife,
 2160 That all the worlde it ought agrise,
 Whan that she for so foul a vice
 Was of her owne lord mordrice.

- They sitten alle still and herde,
 But therto was no man answarde,
- 2165 It thought hem all, he saide skille,
 There is no man withsay it wille.
 Whan they upon the reson musen,
 Horestes alle they excusen,
 So that with great solempnite
- 2170 He was unto his dignite
 Received and corouned kinge.
 And tho befell a wonder thinge.
- * Egiona whan she it wiste,
 Which was the doughter of Egiste
- 2175 And fuster on the moder fide
 To this Horest, at thilke tide,
 Whan she herde how her brother sped,
 For pure forwe, whiche her led,
 That he ne hadde ben exiled,
- 2180 She hath her owne life beguiled
 Anone and henge her self tho.
 It hath and shall ben evermo
 To mordre who that woll assente
 He may nought faile to repente.
- 2185 This false Egiona was one,
 Which to mordre Agamenon
 Yaf her accorde and her assent,
 So that by goddes jugement,
 Though none other man it wolde,
- 2190 She toke her juise as she sholde,
 And as she to an other wrought
 Vengeaunce upon her self she sought

And hath of her unhappy wit
A modre with a modre quit.

²¹⁹⁵ Suche is of modre the vengeaunce.

Forthy my sone, in remembraunce
Of this ensample take good hede.
For who that thenketh his love spedē
With mordre, he shall with worldes shame
²²⁰⁰ Him self and eke his love shame.

Confessor.

My fader, of this aventure,
Whiche ye have tolde, I you affure
My herte is fory for to here,
But onely for I wolde lere
²²⁰⁵ What is to done, and what to leve,
And over this now by your leve.
That ye me wolde telle I pray,
If there be leful any way
Withoute finne a man may flee.

Amans.

Hic queritur, qui-
bus de causis licet
hominem occidere.

²²¹⁰ My sone, in sondry wise ye.
What man that is of traiterie
Of mordre or elles robberie
Atteint, the juge shal not let,
But he shal seen of pure det
²²¹⁵ And doth great finne, if that he wondē.
For who, that lawe hath upon honde,
And spareth for to do justice
For mercy, doth nought his office,
That he his mercy so bewareth,
²²²⁰ Whan for o shrewe, whiche he spareth,
A thousand gode men he greveth.
With such mercy who that beleveth

Confessor.

Seneca. Judex, qui
parcit ulcisci, mul-
tos improbos facit.

To plese god, he is deceived
Or elles reson mot be weived.

2225 The lawe stooode or we were bore,

Apostolus. Non
sine causa judex
gladium portat.

How that a kinges swerde is bore
In signe, that he shall defende
His true people and make an ende
Of suche, as wolden hem devoure.

Confessor. Lo, thus my sone, to succour
The lawe and comun right to winne
A man may flee withoute finne
And do therof a great almesse
So for to kepe rightwisnesse.

2235 And over this for his contree
In time of werre a man is free
Him self, his house and eke his londe
Defende with his owne honde
And sleen, if that he may no bet
2240 After the lawe, whiche is set.

Amans. Now fader, than I you beseeche
Of hem, that dedly werres seche
In worldes cause and sheden blood,
If suche an homicide is good?

Confessor. My sone, upon thy question
The trouth of min opinion,
Als ferforth as my wit arecheth
And as the pleine lawe techeth,
I wol the telle in evidence
2250 To reule with thy conscience.

5. *Quod creat ipse deus, necat hoc homicida creatum,
Ultor et humano sanguine spargit humum.*

*Ut pecoris sic est hominis cruor heu modo fusus,
 Viæta jacet pietas, et furor urget opus.
 Angelus in terra pax dixit, et ultima Christi
 Verba sonant pacem, quam modo guerra fugat.*

The highe god of his justice
 That ilke foul horrible vice
 Of homicide he hath forbede
 By Moises, as it was bede.

2155 Whan goddes sone also was bore,
 He sent his aungel down therfore,
 Whom the shepherdes herden singe :
 Pees to the men of welwillinge
 In erthe be amonge us here.

2160 So for to speke in this matere
 After the lawe of charite,
 There shall no dedly werre be.
 And eke nature it hath defended
 And in her lawe pees commended,

2165 Whiche is the chefe of mannes welth,[†]
 Of mannes life, of mannes helth.
 But dedly werre hath his covine
 Of pestilence and of famine,
 Of pouerte and of alle wo,

2170 Wherof this world we blamen so,
 Which now the werre hath under fote,
 Till god him self therof do bote.
 For alle thing, which god hath wrought,
 In erthe, werre it bringeth to nought.

2175 The chirche is brent, the prest is slain,
 The wife, the maide is eke forlain,
 The lawe is lore and god unserved,
 I not what mede he hath deserved,

Hic loquitur contra motores guerre,
 que non solum homicidii sed universi
 mundi desolationis
 mater existit.

[†] Pees is the chief of al the woldes welthe. Gower. In Praise of Peesce, 78

That suche werres ledeth inne.

²²⁸⁰ If that he do it for to winne,
First to accompte his grete coste,
Forth with the folke that he hath loste
As to the worldes reckeninge,
There shall he finde no winninge.

²²⁸⁵ And if he do it to purchace
The heven, mede of suche a grace
I can nought speke, and netholes
Crist hath commaunded love and pees.
And who that worcheth the revers,

²²⁹⁰ I trowe his mede is full divers.
And sithen thanne that we finde,
That werres in her owne kinde
Ben toward god of no deserfe
And eke they bringen in pouerte

²²⁹⁵ Of worldes good,* it is merveile
Among the men what it may eile,
That they a pees ne connen sette.
I trowe finne be the lette,
And every mede of finne is deth.

Apostolus. Sti-
pendium peccati
mors est. So wote I never howe it geth.
But we, that ben of o beleve
Among us self, this wolde I leve,
That better it were pees to chese
Than so by double weie lese.

²³⁰⁵ I not if that it now so stonde,
But this a man may understande,
Who that these olde bokes redeth,
That covetise is one, which ledeth

And broughte first the werres inne.

²³¹⁰ At Grece if that I shall beginne,
There was it proved howe it stood
To Perse, whiche was full of good.
They maden werre in speciall
And so they didden over all,
²³¹⁵ Where great richeſſe was in londe,
So that they leſten nothing ſtonde
Unwerrēd, but onliche Archade.

For there they no werres made
Because it was barein and pouer,
²³²⁰ Wheroſt they miſtē nought recouer
And thus pouerte was forbore.
He that nought had nought hath lore.
But yet it is a wonder thinge,
Whan that a riche worthy kinge
²³²⁵ Or other lord, what ſo he be,
Woll axe and claime properte
In thing, to whiche he hath no right,
But only of his grete might.
For this may every man well wite,
²³³⁰ That bothe kinde and lawe write
Expressely ſtonden there ayein.
But he mot nedes ſomewhaſt fain,
All though there be no reſon inne,
Which ſecheth cauſe for to winne.
²³³⁵ For wit, that is with will opprefſed,
Whan covetife him hath adrefſed
And alle reſon put away,
He can well finde ſuch a way

Nota, quod Greci
omnem terram fer-
tilem debellabant,
ſed tantum Archadiam pro eo, quod
pauper et ſterilis
fuit, pacifice dimi-
ſerunt.

To werre, where as ever him liketh,
 2340 Wheroft he the worde entritheth,
 That many a man of him compleigneth.
 But yet alway some cause he feigneth
 And of his wrongfull herte he demeth,
 That all is well, what ever him semeth,
 2345 Be so that he may winne inough.
 For as the true man to the plough
 Only to the gaignage entendeth,
 Right so the werriour despendeth
 His time and hath no conscience.
 2350 And in this point for evidence
 Of hem that suche werres make,
 Thou might a great ensample take,
 How they her tirannie excusen
 Of that they wrongful werres usen,
 2355 And how they stonde of one accord,
 The souldeour forth with the lorde,
 The pouer man forth with the riche,
 As of corage they ben liche
 To make werres and to pille
 2360 For lucre, and for none other skille,
 Wheroft a propre tale I rede,
 As it whilom befelle in dede.

* Of him, whom all this erthe dradde,
 Whan he the world so overladdeth
 Through werre, as it fortuned is,
 King Alisaundre, I rede this,
 How in a marche, where he lay,
 It fell parchaunce upon a day

¹ Alexander & the pirate Leonidas (see St Augustin, *De Curiata Beli*, IV, 4; Cicero, *De Republica* III, quotes it from Nonius Marcellus); it is also in Quintus Curtius XIII, 8. Cf Villon, *Grand Testament* 17-20; *Gesta Romanorum* 146; reference in Chaucer, *Knight's Tale* 119.

- A rover of the fee was nome,
 2370 Which many a man had overcome
 And slain and take her good away.
 This pilour as the bokes fay,
 A famous man in sondry stede
 Was of the werkes, whiche he dede.
 2375 This prisoner to-fore the kinge
 Was brought, and therupon this thinge
 In audience he was accused,
 And he his dede hath nought excused
 And praid the king to done him right
 2380 And said : Sire, if I were of might,
 I have an herte liche unto thine,
 For if thy power were mine,
 My wille is most in speciall
 To rifle and geten over all
 2385 The large worldes good about.
 But for I lede a pouer route
 And am as who faith at mischefe,
 The name of pilour and of thefe
 I bere, and thou which routes great
 2390 Might lede and take thy beyete
 And dost right as I wolde do,
 Thy name is nothing cleped so,
 But thou art named emperour.
 Our dedes ben of one colour
 2395 And in effecte of one deserte,
 But thy richesse and my pouerte
 They be nought taken evenliche,
 And netheles he that is riche

coram rege Alexandro produktus et de latricino accusatus dixit : O Alexander, vere quia cum paucis sociis spoliorum causa naves tantum exploro, ego latrunculus vocor, tu autem quia cum infinita bellatorum multitudine universam terram subjugando spoliasti, imperator diceris, itaque status tuus a statu meo differt, sed eodem animo condicionem parilem habemus. Alexander vero eius audaciam in responsione comprobans ipsum penes se familiarem retinuit. Et sic bellicosus bellatori complacuit.

This day, to morwe he may be pouer
 2400 And in contrarie also recouer
 A pouer man to grete richeſſe.
 Men fain forthy let rightwifenesſe
 Be peifed even in the balaunce.

The king his hardy contenaunce
 2405 Behelde, and herd his wordes wife
 And said unto him in this wife :
 Thin anſwere I have underſtonde,
 Wheroſ my will is, that thou ſtonde
 In my ſervice and ſtille abide.

2410 And forth with al the ſame tide
 He hath him terme of life witholde
 The more and for he ſhuld ben holde,
 He made him knight and yaf him lond,
 Whiche afterward was of his honde

2415 An orped knight in many a ſtede
 And great proweſſe of armes dede,
 As the croniques it recorden.
 And in this wife they accorden,
 The whiche of condicion

2420 Be ſet upon deſtruclion.
 Such capitain ſuch reteneue.
 But for to ſee to what iſſue
 The king beſalleth at the laſte,
 It is great wonder that men caſte

2425 Her herte upon ſuch wrong to winne,
 Where no beyete may ben inne,
 And doth diſeſe on every ſide,
 But whan reſon is put aſide

And will governeth the corage,
 2430 The faucon which fleeth ramage
 And suffreth no thing in the way,
 Wheroft he may take his pray,
 Is nougnt more set upon ravine
 Than thilke man, whiche his covine
 2435 Hath set in suche a maner wife.
 For all the world ne may suffise
 To wil, whiche is nougnt resonable.

Wheroft ensample concordable
 Lich to this point, of which I mene,
 2440 Was upon Alisaundre sene,
 Whiche hadde set all his entent
 So as fortune with him went,
 That reson might him non governe,
 But of his wille he was so sterne,
 2445 That all the worlde he overran
 And what him lift he toke and wan.
 In Ynde the superiour
 Whan that he was full conquerour
 And had his wilfull pourpos wonne
 2450 Of all this erth under the sonne
 This king homward to Macedoine
 Whan that he cam to Babiloine
 And wende moste in his empire
 As he, which was hole lorde and fire,
 2455 In honour for to be received,
 Most sodenliche he was deceived
 And with strong poison envenimed.
 And as he hath the world mistimed

Hic secundum ges-
 ta Alexandri de
 guerris illicitis po-
 nit confessor exem-
 plum dicens, quod
 quamvis Alexan-
 der sua potencia
 tocius mundi victor
 sibi subjugarat im-
 perium, ipse tan-
 dem mortis victoria
 subjugatus cuncti-
 potentis sentenci-
 am evadere non po-
 tuit.

Nought as he shulde with his wit,

²⁴⁶⁰ Nought as he wolde, it was acquit.

Thus was he slain, that whilom slough,
And he, which riche was inough

This day, to morwe he hadde nought.
And in such wise as he hath wrought

²⁴⁶⁵ In disturbance of worldes pees,

His werre he fond than endeles,
In which for ever discomfite

He was. Lo, now for what profite
Of werre it helpeth for to ride,

²⁴⁷⁰ For covetise and worldes pride
To flee the worldes men aboute

As bestes, whiche gone there oute.
For every life, which reson can,

Oweth wel to knowe, that a man

²⁴⁷⁵ Ne shulde through no tirannie

Lich to these other bestes deie,
Til kinde wolde for him fende.

I not how he it might amende,
Which taketh awey for evermore

²⁴⁸⁰ The life, that he may nought restore.

Confessor. Forthy my sone, in alle wey
Be wel avised I the prey
Of slaughter that thou be coupable
Without cause resonable.

Amans. My fader, understande it is,
That ye have said, but over this
I pray you telle me nay or ye,
To passe over the great see

- To werre and sle the Sarafin
 2490 Is that the lawe? Sone min,Confessor.
 To preche and suffre for the feith
 That I have herd the gospel saith,
 But for to sle that here I nought,
 Crist with his owne deth hath bought
 2495 All other men and made hem fre
 In token of parfit charite,
 And after that he taught him selve
 Whan he was dede these other twelve
 Of his apostles went aboute
 2500 The holy feith to prechen oute,
 Wherof the deth in sondry place
 They suffre, and so god of his grace
 The feith of Crist hath made arise.
 But if they wolde in other wise
 2505 By werre have brought in the creaunce,
 It hadde yet stonde in balaunce.
 And that may proven in the dede
 For what man the croniques rede,
 Fro first that holy chirche hath weived
 2510 To preche and hath the swerd received,
 Wherof the werres ben begonne,
 A great partie of that was wonne
 To Cristes feith stant now miswent.
 God do therof amendement
 2515 So as he wot what is the best.
 But sone, if thou wilt live in rest
 Of conscience well assised,
 Er that thou slee, be wel avised,

- For man, as tellen us the clerkes,
 2520 Hath god above all erthly werkes
 Ordeigned to be principall,
 And eke of soule in speciall
 He is made lich to the godhede,
 So fit it wel to taken hede
 2525 And for to loke on every fide,
 Er that thou falle on homicide,
 Which finne is now so generall,
 That it wel nigh stant overall
 In holy chirche and elles where.
 2530 But all the while it is so there,
 The world mot nede fare amis.
 For whan the well of pite is
 Through covetise of worldes good
 Defouled with sheding of blood,
 2535 The remenaunte of folke about
 Unnethe stonden in any doubt
 To werre eche other and to flee,
 So it is all nought worth a stre
 The charite, wherof we prechen,
 2540 For we do no thing as we techen.
 And thus the blinde conscience
 Of pees hath lost thilke evidence,
 Which Crist upon this erthe taught.
 Now may men se mordre and manslaughter
 2545 Liche as it was by daies olde,
 Whan men the finnes bought and folde.
 In Grece afore Cristes feith,
 I rede as the cronique faith

Facilitas venie occasione prebet delinquendi.

Touchend of this matere thus,
 2550 In thilke time how Peleus
 His owne brother Phocus slough.
 But for he hadde gold inough
 To yive, his finne was despensed
 With golde, wheroft it was compensated.
 2555 Achaistus which with Venus was
 Her prest affoiled in that cas
 Al were there no repentaunce.*
 And as the boke maketh remembraunce,
 It telleth of Medee also,
 2560 Of that she slough her sones two
 Egeus in the same plite
 Hath made her of her finne quite.†
 The sone eke of Amphioras,
 Whos righte name Almeus was,
 2565 His moder slough Eriphele.
 But Achilo the prest and he,
 So as the bokes it recorden,
 For certain some of golde accorden
 That thilke horrible sinfull dede
 2570 Affoiled was, and thus for mede
 Of worldes good it falleth ofte,
 That homicide is set alofte
 Here in this life, but after this
 There shall be knowe, how that it is
 2575 Of hem that suche thinges wirche,
 And how also that holy chirche
 Let suche finnes passe quite,
 And how they wolde hem self acquite

* From Ovid Fast. II. 39-40. He espoused Pelias after slaying his brother Peleus, who abdicated in his favor. He afformed against all killed Eurytion & warred w/ Acastus, being slain by him. (See Note 2555.)

† Argus of Athens, that stoned Medea - Apollodorus - I. 9

Argus Statius, Teubner II, but confused. Argument says Amphioras etc his mother sophyle, but Medea, failed to slay her, but Peleus did so. Given this, the name of Medea is probably wrong.

Of dedely werres, that they make.

- 2580 For who that wold ensample take,
The lawe, whiche is naturel,
By wey of kinde sheweth wel,
That homicide in no degré,
Which werreth ayein charite,

2585 Among the menne shulde dwelle.
For after that the bokes telle,
To seche in all the worlde riche
Men shall nought finde upon his liche
A beste for to take his prey,

2590 And sithen kind hath suche a wey,
Than is it wonder of a man,
Which kinde hath and reson can,
That he woll outhier more or laffe
His kinde and reson overpassé

2595 And flee that is to him semblable.
So is the man nought resonable
Ne kinde, and that is nought honeste,
Whan he is worse than a beste.

Nota secundum Solinum contra homicidas de natura cuiusdam avis faciem ad similitudinem humanam habentis, que cum de preda sua hominem juxta fluvium occiderit videritque in aqua similem sibi occisum, statim pre dolore moritur.

Among the bokes, which I finde,
Solins speketh of a wonder kinde
And faith of foules there is one,
Whiche hath a face of blood and bone
Like to a man in resemblaunce.
And if it falle so parchaunce
As he, whiche is a foule of pray,
That he a man finde in his way,
He woll him sleen, if that he may.
But afterward the same day,

Whan he hath eten all his felle
2610 And that shall be beside a welle,
In whiche he woll drinke take
Of his visage and seeth the make,
That he hath slain, anone he thenketh
Of his misdede, and it forthenketh
2615 So greatly, that for pure sorwe
He liveth nought till on the morwe.
By this ensample it may well sue,
That man shall homicide escheue,
For ever is mercy good to take.
2620 But if the lawe it hath forfake
And that justice is there ayein,
Ful oftetime I have herd sain
Amonges hem that werres hadden,
That they somwhile her cause ladden
2625 By mercy, whan they might have slain,
Wherof that they were after fain.
And sone, if that thou wolt recorde
The vertue of misericorde,
Thou fighe never thilke place,
2630 Where it was used, lacke grace,
For every lawe and every kinde
The mannes wit to mercy binde,
And namely the worthy knightes,
Whan that they stonden most uprightes
2635 And ben most mighty for to greve,
They shulden thanne most releve
Him, whom they mighten overthrowe,
And by ensample a man may knowe,

Hic ponit confessor
exemplum de pietate
contra homicidium
in guerris habenda,
et narrat, qualiter A-
chilles una cum filio
suo Thelapho contra
regem Mefee, qui
tunc Theucer voca-
batur, bellum inie-
runt, et cum Achilles
dictum regem in bello
prostratum occidere
voluisset, Thelaphus
pietate motus ipsum
clipeo cooperiens ve-
niam pro rege a patre
postulavit, pro quo
facto ipse rex adhuc
vivens Thephalum
regni sui heredem li-
bera voluntate con-
stituit.

He may nought failen of his mede
That hath mercy. For this I rede,
In a cronique I finde thus,
Whan Achilles with Thelaphus
His sone toward Troie were,
It fell hem er they comen there
Ayein Theucer the kinge of Mese
To make werre and for to sefe
His lond, as they that wolden regne
And Theucer put out of his regne.
And thus the marches they affaile,
But Theucer yaf to hem bataile,
They foughten on both fides faste,
But so it hapneth ate laste
This worthy Greke this Achilles
The king amonge all other ches,
As he that was cruel and felle,
With swerd in honde on him he felle,
And smote him with a dethes wounde,
That he unhorsed fell to grounde.
Achilles upon him alight
2655 And wolde anone, as he wel might,
Have slain him fulliche in the place,
But Thelaphus his faders grace
For him besought and for pite
Praith, that he wolde let him be,
2660 And cast his shield betwene hem two.
Achilles axeth him why so.
And Thelaphus his cause tolde
And faith, that he is mochel holde,

Version of a classical story from Beowulf, a poem of Troe. Telephus, the son of Hercules, was born in the land of Mycenae, where his mother, Deidamia, had adopted him. Telephus succeeded him in opposing the Greeks. He, too, was wounded by Achilles, but healed by his spear which had inflicted the wound. (See Keightley, Myth. of Greece, vol. i, p. 162.)

For whilom Theucer in a stede
 2670 Great grace and focour to him dede,
 And faith, that he him wolde acquite
 And praieth his fader to respite.
 Achilles tho withdraweth his honde,
 But all the power of the londe
 2675 Whan that they figh her king thus take
 They fled and han the feld forfake.
 The Grekes unto the chace falle
 And for the moste part of alle
 Of that contre the lordes great
 2680 They toke and wonne a great beyete.
 And anone after this victoire
 The king, whiche hadde memoire,
 Upon the grete mercy thought,
 Which Thelaphus toward him wrought,
 2685 And in prefence of all the londe
 He toke him faire by the honde
 And in this wise he gan to say :
 My sone, I mot by double way
 Love and desire thin encrees,
 2690 First for thy fader Achilles
 Whilom full many a day er this,
 Whan that I shulde have fare amis,
 Rescouffe did in my quarele
 And kept all min estate in hele,
 2695 How so there falle now distaunce
 Amonges us, yet remembraunce
 I have of mercy, whiche he dede
 As than, and thou nowe in this stede

Of gentilesse and of fraunchise
 2700 Haſt do mercy the ſame wife,
 So woll I nought, that any time
 Be loſt of that thou haſt do byme,
 For how ſo this fortune falle
 Yet ſtant my truſte aboven alle
 2705 For the mercy whiche I now finde,
 That thou wolt after this be kinde,
 And for that ſuche is min eſpeir
 And for my ſone and for min heire
 I the receive and all my londe
 2710 I yive and ſeſe into thin honde.
 And in this wife they accorde,
 The cauſe was miſericorde,
 The lordes do her obeifaunce
 To Thelaphus, and purveaunce
 2715 Was made, ſo that he was coroned
 And thus was mercy reguerdoned,
 Whiche he to Theucer did to-fore.

Confessor. Lo, this enſample is made therfore,
 That thou might take remembraunce,
 2720 My ſone, and whan thou feſt a chaunce
 Of other mennes paſſion
 Take pite and compaſſion
 And let nothing to the be lef,
 Which to another man is gref.
 2725 And after this if thou deſire
 To ſtonde ayein the vice of ire,
 Counſeile the with pacience
 And take into thy conſcience

Mercy to be thy governour,

²⁷³⁰ So shalt thou fele no rancour,

Wherof thin herte shall debate

With homicide ne with hate

For cheste or for malencolie.

Thou shalt be softe in compaignie

²⁷³⁵ Withoute contek or foolhaste,

For elles might thou longe waste

Thy time, er that thou have thy wille

Of love, for the weder stille

Men preife and blame the tempestes.

²⁷⁴⁰ My fader, I woll do your heftes,

Amans.

And of this point ye have me taught

Toward my self the better saught

I thenke be, while that I live.

But for als mochel as I am shrive

²⁷⁴⁵ Of wrath and all his circumstaunce,

Yef what ye list to my penaunce

And axeth further of my life,

If other wise I be giltif

Of any thing, that toucheth finne.

²⁷⁵⁰ My sone, er we depart a twinne,

Confessor.

I shall behinde no thing leve.

My gode fader, by your leve

Amans.

Than axeth forth what so ye liste,

For I haue in you such a triste

²⁷⁵⁵ As ye that be my soule hele,

That ye fro me nothing wol hele,

For I shall telle you the trouthe.

My sone, art thou coulable of flouthe

Confessor.

In any point, which to him longeth?

Amans. My fader, of tho points me longeth
To wite pleinly, what they mene,
So that I may me shrive clene.

Confessor. Now herken, I shal tho points devise,
And understand well min apprise.

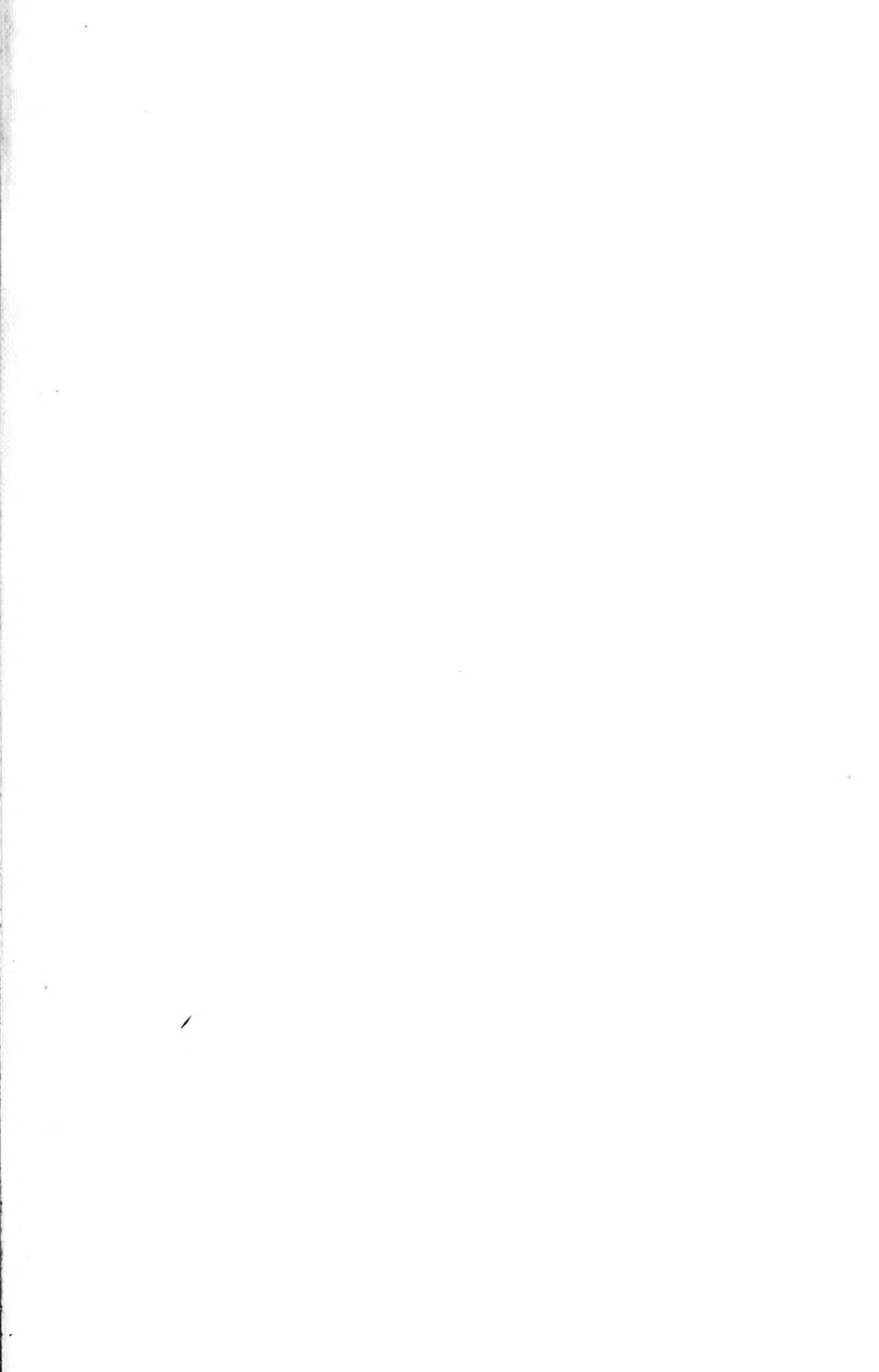
- ²⁷⁶⁵ For shrifte stant of no value
To him, that woll him nought vertue
To leve of vice the folie,
For worde is wind, but the maistrie
Is, that a man him self defende
²⁷⁷⁰ Of thing, whiche is nought to commende,
Wheroft ben fewe now a day.
And netheles so as I may
Make unto thy memorie knowe
²⁷⁷⁴ The points of flouthe, thou shalt knowe.

Explicit liber tercius.

END OF VOL. I.

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